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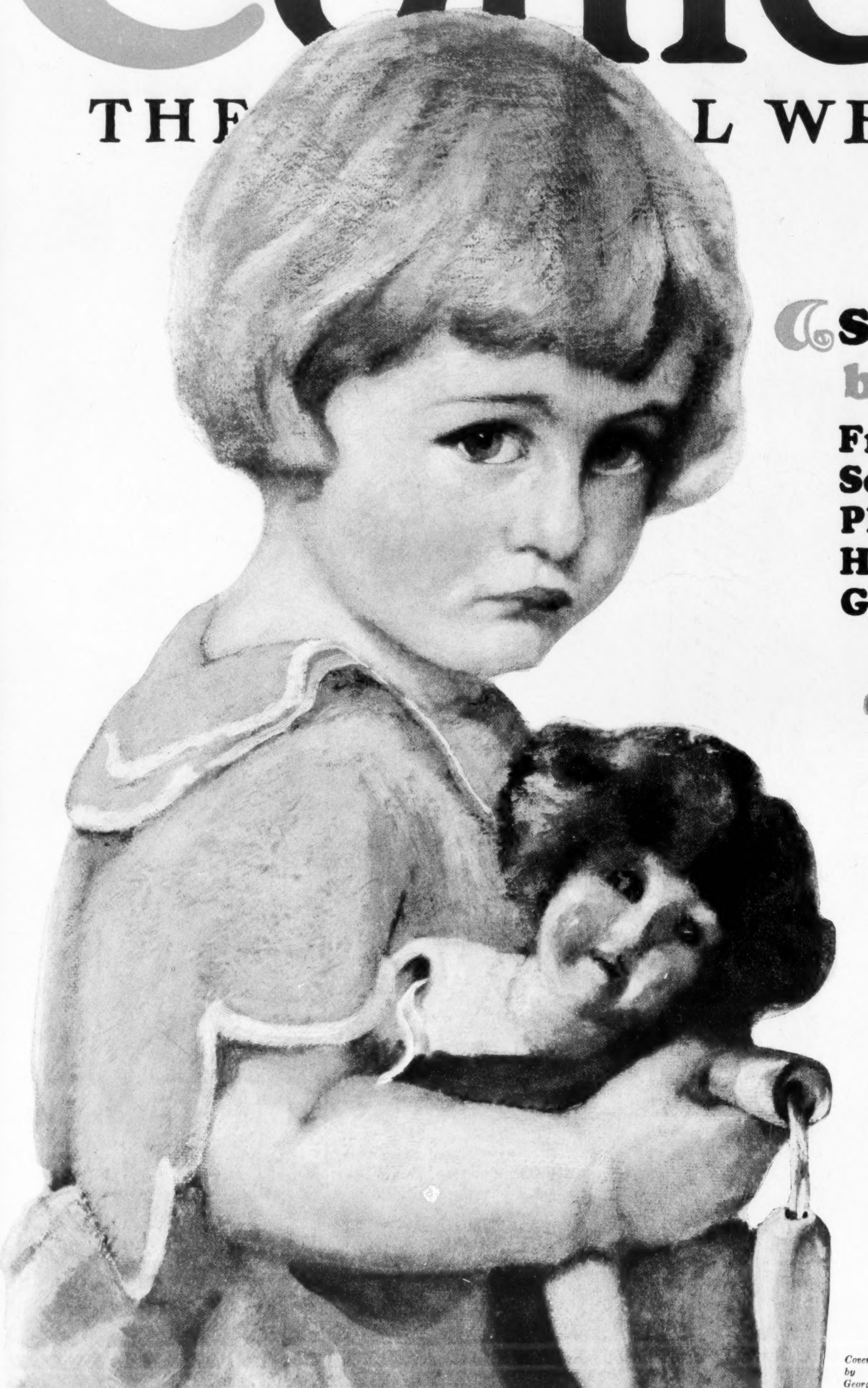
December 26, 1925

Collier's

THE L WEEKLY



Cover by George Howe

Stories

by

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Bruce Barton on

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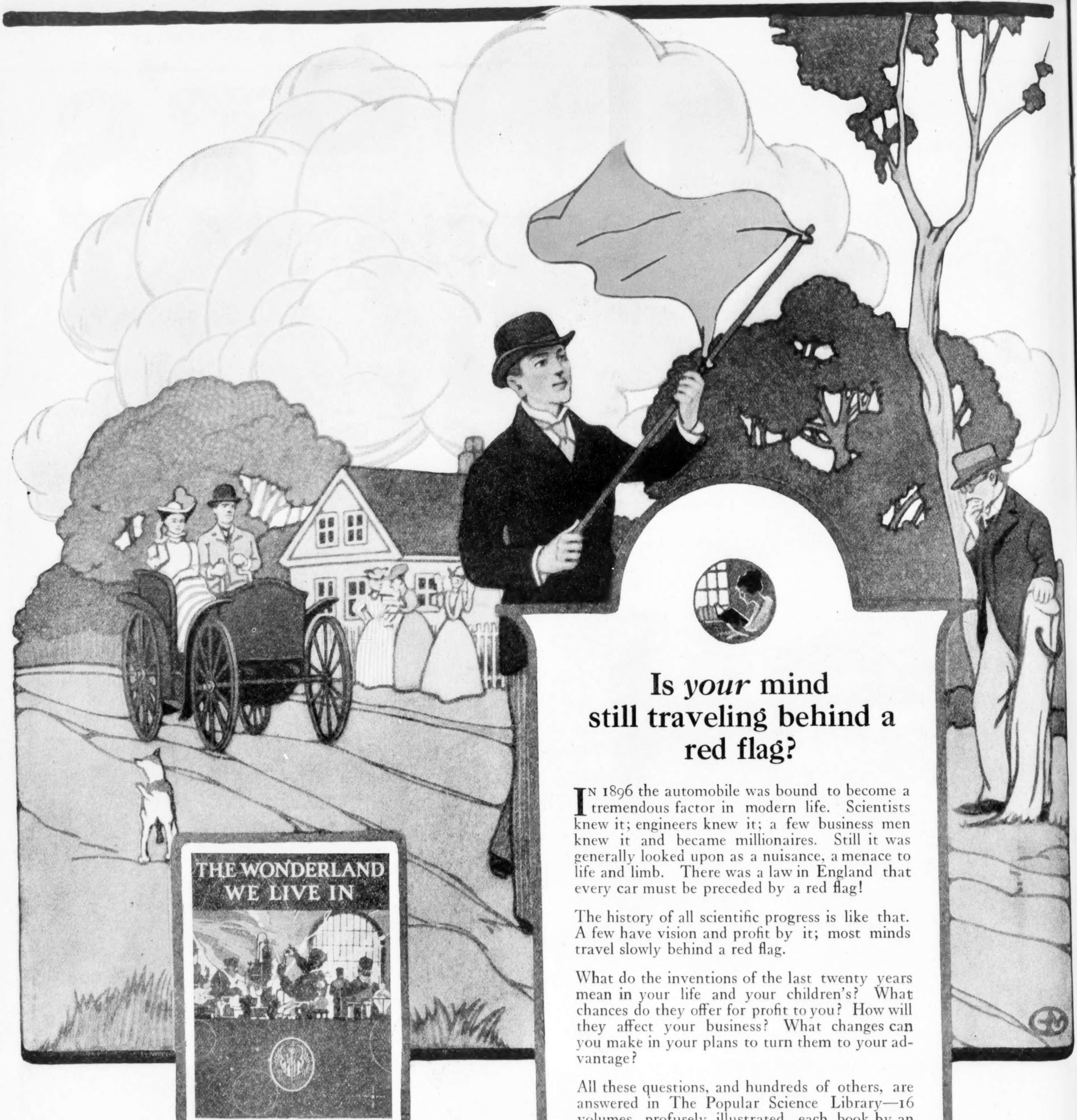

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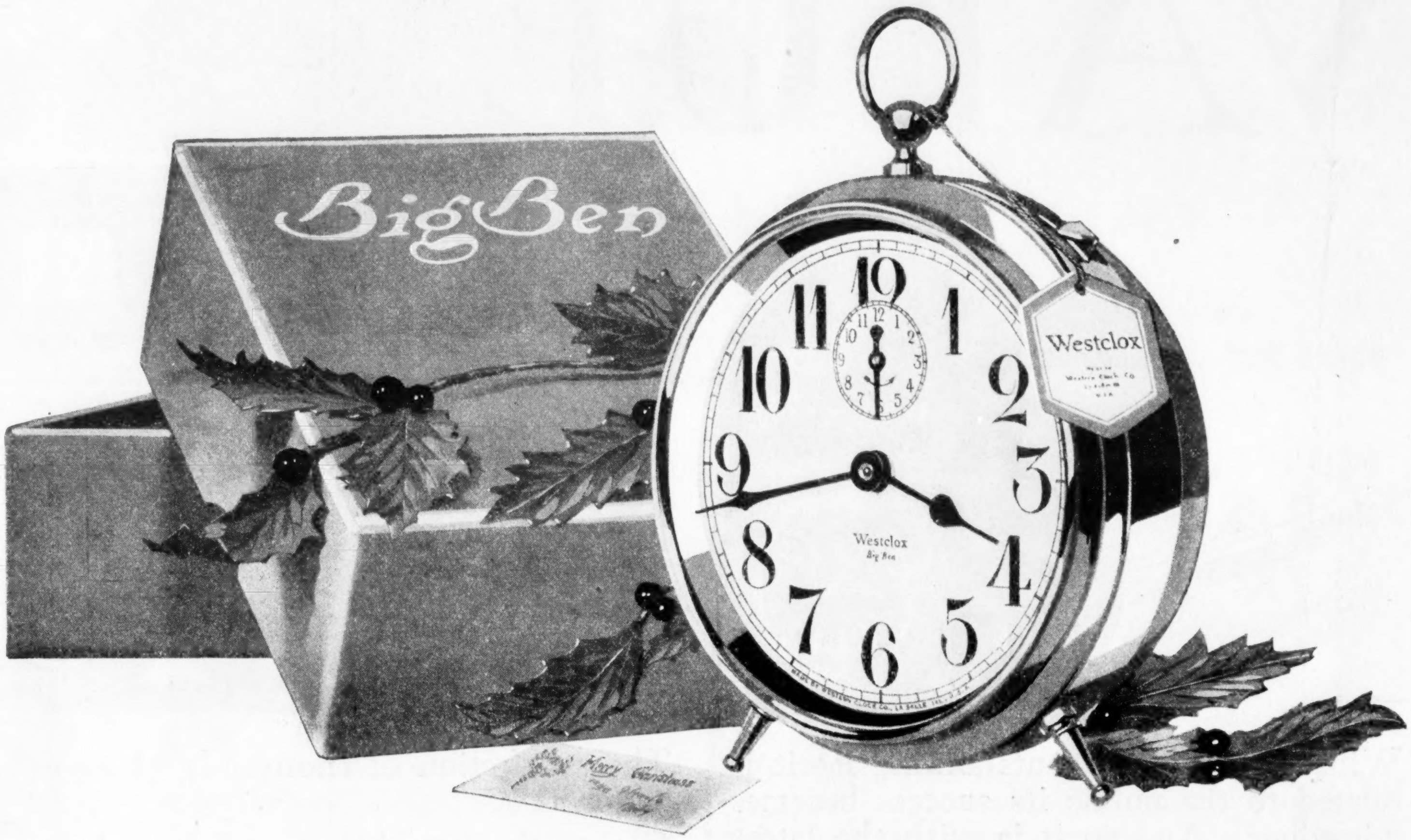

Most men like Big Ben

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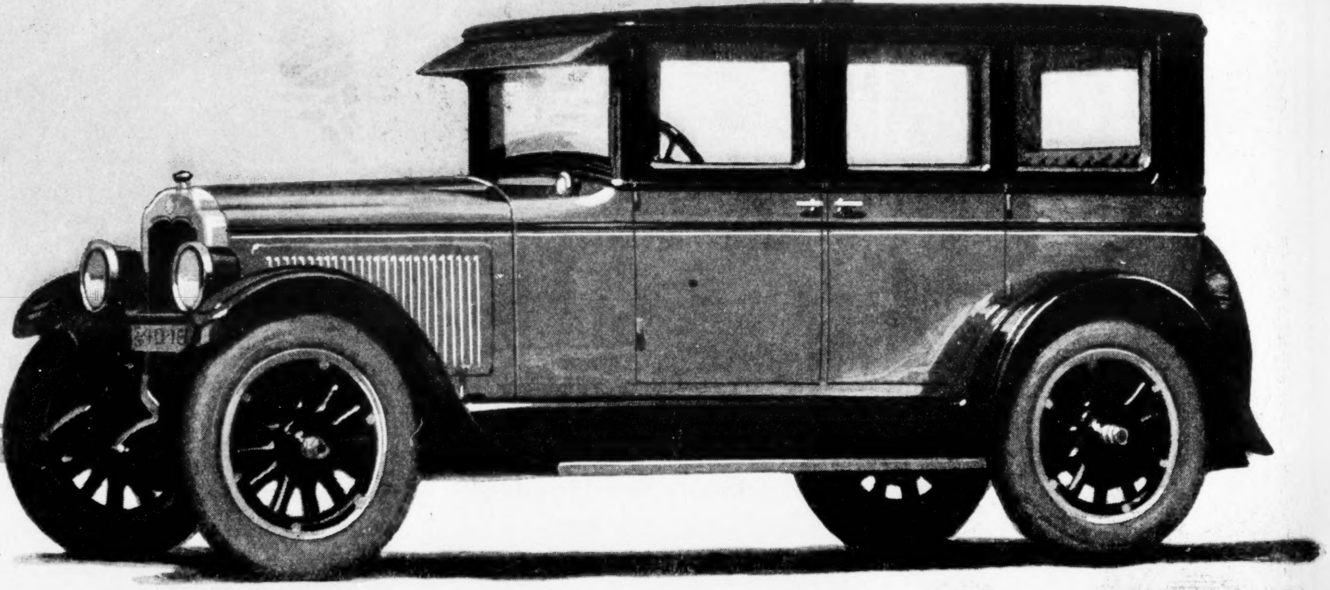

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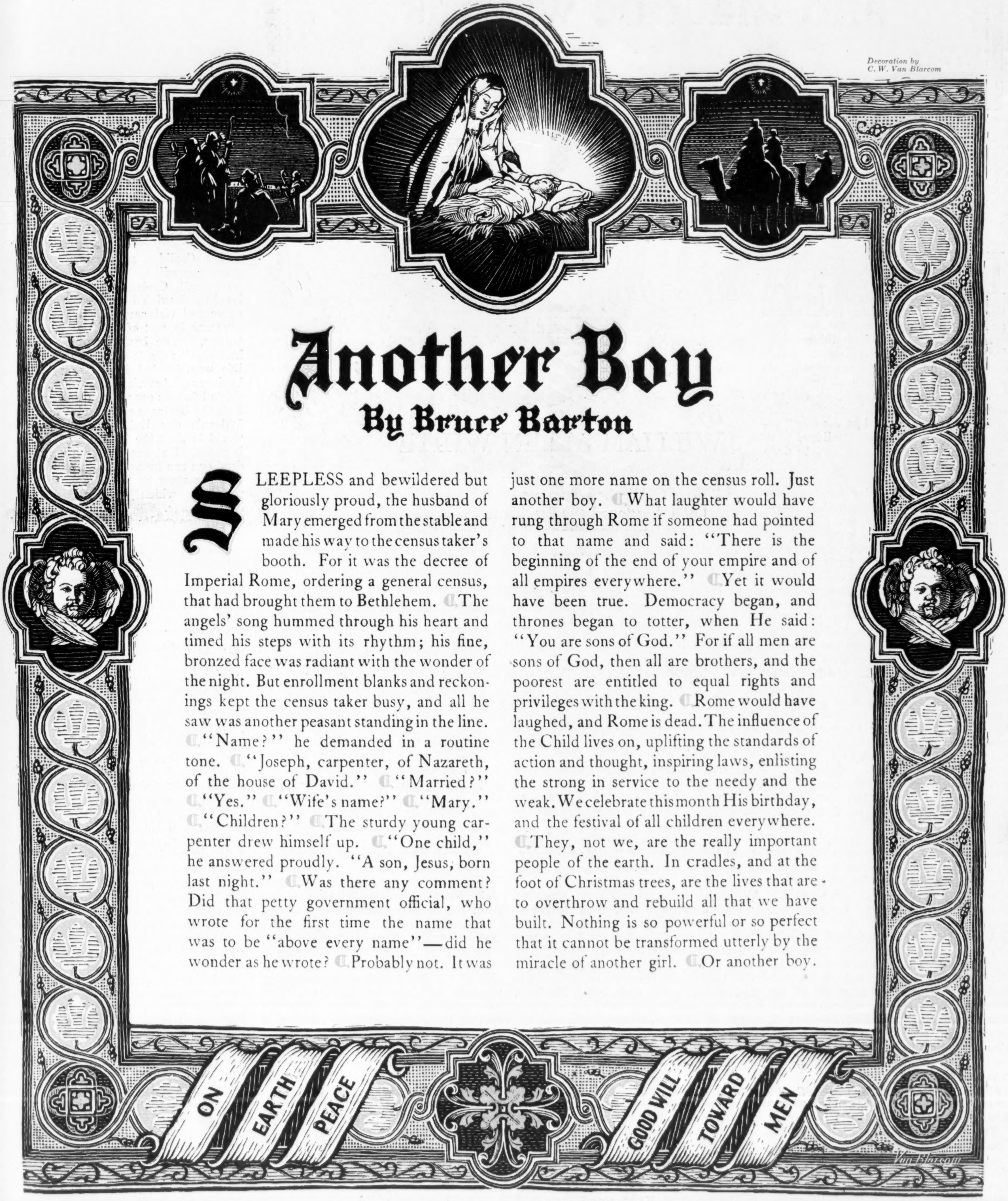
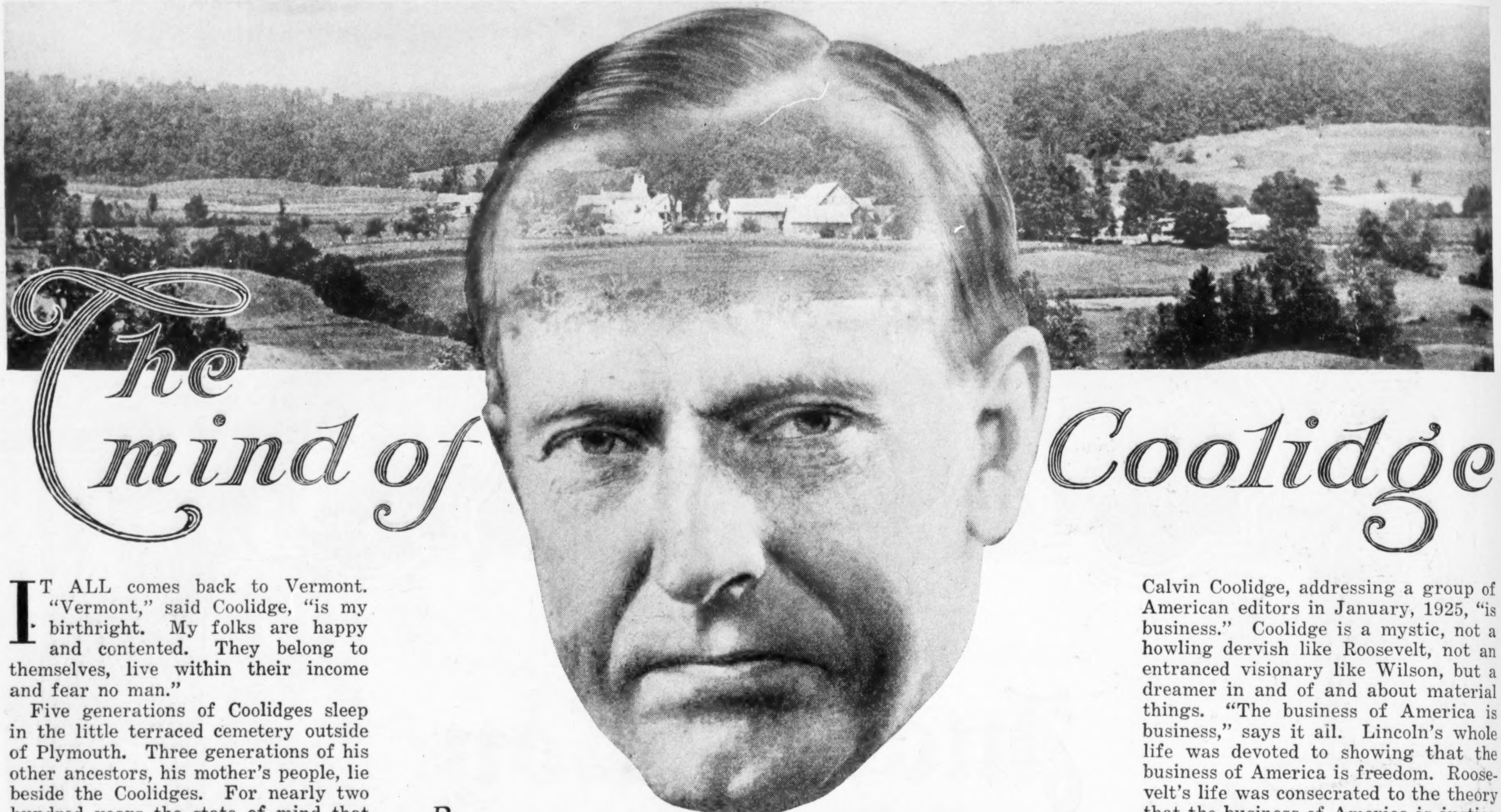


Another Boy

By Bruce Barton

SLEEPLESS and bewildered but gloriously proud, the husband of Mary emerged from the stable and made his way to the census taker's booth. For it was the decree of Imperial Rome, ordering a general census, that had brought them to Bethlehem. ¶ The angels' song hummed through his heart and timed his steps with its rhythm; his fine, bronzed face was radiant with the wonder of the night. But enrollment blanks and reckonings kept the census taker busy, and all he saw was another peasant standing in the line. ¶ "Name?" he demanded in a routine tone. ¶ "Joseph, carpenter, of Nazareth, of the house of David." ¶ "Married?" ¶ "Yes." ¶ "Wife's name?" ¶ "Mary." ¶ "Children?" ¶ The sturdy young carpenter drew himself up. ¶ "One child," he answered proudly. "A son, Jesus, born last night." ¶ Was there any comment? Did that petty government official, who wrote for the first time the name that was to be "above every name"—did he wonder as he wrote? ¶ Probably not. It was just one more name on the census roll. Just another boy. ¶ What laughter would have rung through Rome if someone had pointed to that name and said: "There is the beginning of the end of your empire and of all empires everywhere." ¶ Yet it would have been true. Democracy began, and thrones began to totter, when He said: "You are sons of God." For if all men are sons of God, then all are brothers, and the poorest are entitled to equal rights and privileges with the king. ¶ Rome would have laughed, and Rome is dead. The influence of the Child lives on, uplifting the standards of action and thought, inspiring laws, enlisting the strong in service to the needy and the weak. We celebrate this month His birthday, and the festival of all children everywhere. ¶ They, not we, are the really important people of the earth. In cradles, and at the foot of Christmas trees, are the lives that are to overthrow and rebuild all that we have built. Nothing is so powerful or so perfect that it cannot be transformed utterly by the miracle of another girl. ¶ Or another boy.



The mind of Coolidge

By
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

"MORE than two years in the White House have hardened the President," says Mr. White. "They have not changed him, but they have given him self-reliance and cleared off a certain diffidence which seemed timidity and a certain unfamiliarity with public men which made him taciturn. December, 1925, finds not a different man but a stronger man in the White House than it knew in August, 1923."

The laughing eyes of the Kansas philosopher have seen through the mask worn by the silent man from Vermont, and in this article "Bill" White tells why the biggest job in the world hasn't changed Calvin Coolidge.

IT ALL comes back to Vermont. "Vermont," said Coolidge, "is my birthright. My folks are happy and contented. They belong to themselves, live within their income and fear no man."

Five generations of Coolidges sleep in the little terraced cemetery outside of Plymouth. Three generations of his other ancestors, his mother's people, lie beside the Coolidges. For nearly two hundred years the state of mind that we know as Vermont has bred and inbred itself into Calvin Coolidge, with but one outside strain—a remote drop of Indian blood.

The marvel of these states of our Union is their difference one from another. Something happens at state lines. What, no one knows. State lines are not altogether geographical, although rivers often make state boundaries and sometimes mountain chains separate commonwealths. Your Vermonter is different from your northern New Yorker and from your New Hampshire man, just as the institutions of the three states, carved out of about the same soil, molded in about the same topography, bred in something like the same political institutions, differ from one another. But the difference in the man native to these states is greater than the difference in the externals of the state. Something happens within state lines that accents all the differences of the men and all the differences of the institutions.

The constitution of the state of Vermont, an old constitution, has in its preamble something of the folk wisdom that stamps the Vermonter. The constitution declares that "frequent recurrence to fundamental principles and firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, industry and frugality are absolutely necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty and keep government free."

Upon that constitutional preamble the lines of Coolidge's mind have been griddled in. These lines crisscross his character, as it were, making the outlines of the crossword puzzle of his mentality. There they all are—fundamental principles, justice, moderation, temperance, industry, frugality, precious little aspiration, no urge to adventure, no yearning for larger liberties, no vision of nobler living. Vermont has no room for these things, no economic surplus for these things, no desire for them.

To Vermont, again, one must go for Coolidge's rather definite scorn of passing public opinion. Country life in Vermont, or in any sparsely settled mountain country, is largely conducted without spectators. Your Vermont farmer continues to exist, not by virtue of any appeal to his fellow man either to persuade him or to please him or to master him, but by struggling with the forces of nature. Public opinion congeals in the bulb of the Vermont thermometer. It is one of Coolidge's pardonable boasts that he never has changed his mind upon any public question.

Vermont stands amid her mountains, a state of little things, small industries where contented people have worked at looms by small-paned windows where their grandfathers stood; where little Jersey cows in little meadows dot a little landscape framed by the little arabesques of the little hills. No long, straight, challenging lines, no crags, no cliffs, no awe-inspiring cañons prod the imagination of Vermonters.

In the list of valuable articles made in the United States, maple sugar stands some place below the thousandth item. Vermont proudly boasts that she produces half of the maple sugar made in the world. But her savings account per capita ranks A No. 1. No town is too small to have a savings bank; no home too humble to have a savings account. There is a savings account for practically every house in Vermont. It is the boast of Kansas and Iowa and Nebraska that there is an automobile and a telephone for every house in those states. And, alas, they don't boast that there is a mortgage upon at least a third of the houses!

The Righteousness of a Swap

THE small percentage of mortgages in Vermont is due to two things: first, the thrift of the people; second, the shrewdness of the money lenders. Out of the West, with its broad, muddy, rushing, ugly, ruthless rivers and its vast, mysterious prairies, came Lincoln. Out of the Black Hills—stark, strong, ruthless hills, where he was transplanted in his youth—came Roosevelt. Out of the South, with its vast waste lands, its careless, joyous prodigality and vain social waste, came Wilson. Each of these statesmen brought to the White House the impress of his youthful environment, and each put the impress of his heart and soul upon his time. So out of Vermont, trim, clean, frail, frugal and fastidious, comes Coolidge, tinkering at the times. He will construct nothing, but he will mend, patch, gear up and rebuild everything.

"The business of America," quoth Calvin Coolidge, addressing a group of American editors in January, 1925, "is business." Coolidge is a mystic, not a howling dervish like Roosevelt, not an entranced visionary like Wilson, but a dreamer in and of and about material things. "The business of America is business," says it all. Lincoln's whole life was devoted to showing that the business of America is freedom. Roosevelt's life was consecrated to the theory that the business of America is justice. Wilson's one living message to the world is that the business of America is peace. But one can be a mystic, indeed one can be as fanatic as a dervish or a dreamer and still believe in the mysticism which justifies business for its own sake.

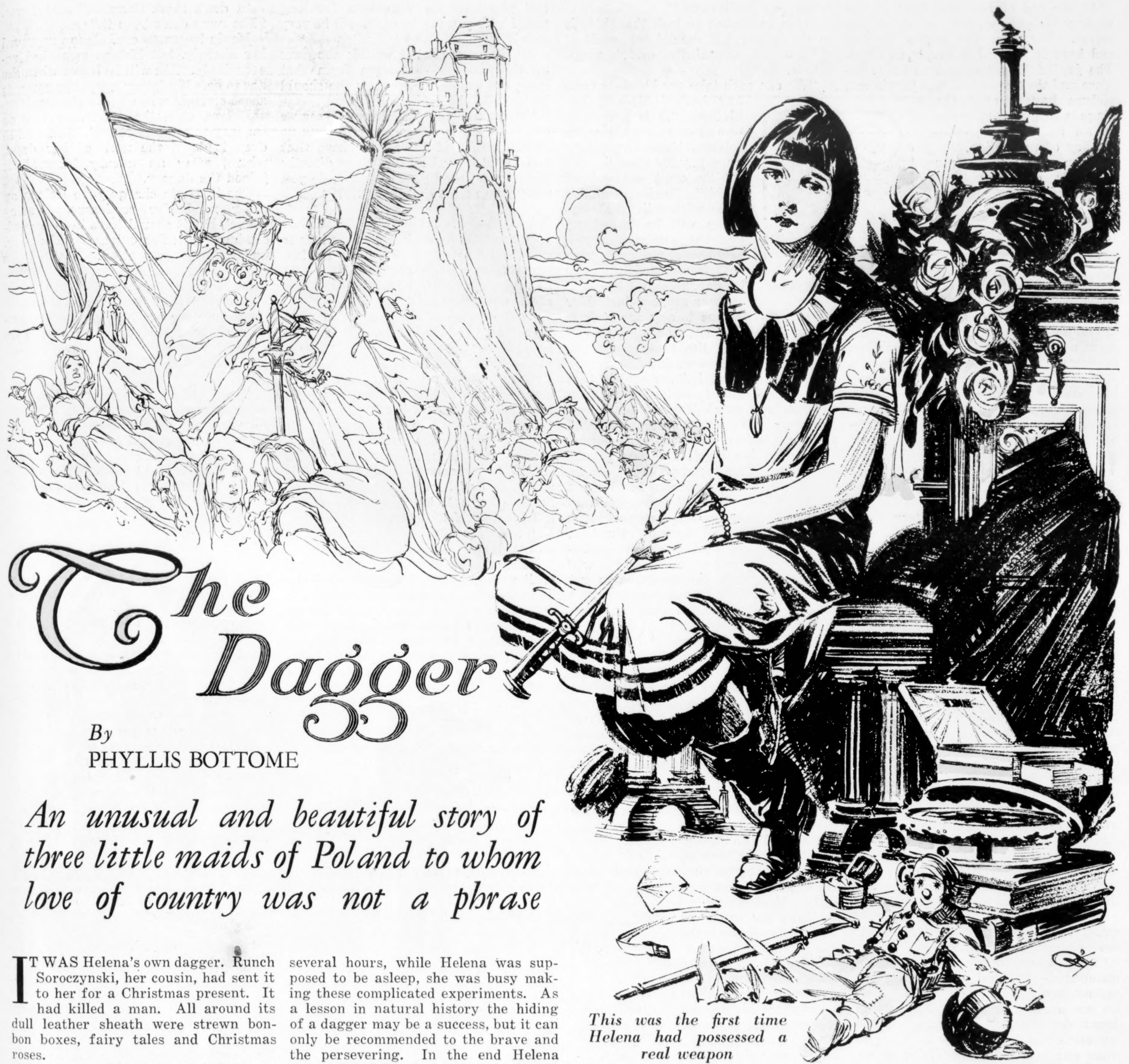
Coolidge exalts the ideals of the peddler, the horse trader, the captain of industry, and believes that in some occult way out of their activities will be secreted, through the distribution of goods under the beneficence of business ethics and business methods, such justice as mankind needs to grease the wheels of progress. In the same address to the editors Coolidge said:

> The chief ideal of the American people is idealism. I cannot repeat too often that America is a nation of idealists. That is the only motive to which they ever give any strong and lasting reaction.

In these two statements, that "the business of America is business" and that "the ideal of the American people is idealism," are found the keys that unlock every chamber of the Coolidge mind: a mystic faith in the righteousness of a swap. He has gone through life accumulating little, but everlastingly saving. He has touched no dirty dollar in all his career. Never has a penny that crossed his palm been smudged. But saving a little every day has been and is the ruling passion of his life. On an income comparatively trivial, when contrasted with the swollen incomes of millions far less able than he, Coolidge, the lawyer, the legislator, the mayor, the governor, saved a few dollars every month in his life. He has made little money and saved much.

When Roosevelt came to the White House he told his friends that he felt a solemn duty to spend every nickel of the salary in the public service. He had a passionate feeling that the salary was given to him to uphold the social dignity of the people of the United States, so he entertained like a prince: kept the White House full of lunchers and diners. And while it was his temperamental habit to look as though he had slept in a new suit of clothes three days after he had begun to wear it, he dressed well and patched little.

Coolidge, with (*Continued on page 32*)



This was the first time Helena had possessed a real weapon

The Dagger

By
PHYLLIS BOTTOME

An unusual and beautiful story of three little maids of Poland to whom love of country was not a phrase

IT WAS Helena's own dagger. Runch Soroczynski, her cousin, had sent it to her for a Christmas present. It had killed a man. All around its dull leather sheath were strewn bonbon boxes, fairy tales and Christmas roses.

To-morrow Helena was being sent back to the kloster of Nowy Sacz, where there would be nothing but nuns and girls, and she would be, her mother said with a sigh of relief, safe.

Not even her mother understood that at thirteen safety is a thing one can very well do without. Helena had been brought up on the fire and tears of Polish history. When she said the word "Poland" she blushed as if it had been a lover's name, and two little sparks of flame sprang within the soft blue of her eyes.

She could ride any of her father's fifty horses, at any of their paces. But this was the first time she had possessed a real weapon.

She was going to take it with her to the kloster to-morrow, but not visibly, because a dagger is not included in the list of things required by the nuns for the use of their charges.

It is not easy to dispose of a twelve-inch dagger upon a slim young person, underneath close-fitting garments. For several hours, while Helena was supposed to be asleep, she was busy making these complicated experiments. As a lesson in natural history the hiding of a dagger may be a success, but it can only be recommended to the brave and the persevering. In the end Helena accomplished her design, but she had to give up moving suddenly, and when she reached Nowy Sacz the Reverend Mother was much gratified to observe the care with which Helena rose and sat down.

Helena was very happy at the kloster. She was proud of its massive four wings with their open loggias, and she loved the chapel in the center, around which the hearts and thoughts of the nuns moved ceaselessly.

EVERY stone of the old palace was steeped in history. A vast park, full of avenues of limes, chestnuts and slim white birches, stretched about its stately walls. You would walk for versts and versts and never leave Nowy Sacz, and your only company would be the solitary crucifixes, watching over endless snow.

Outside the park gates flowed the empty plain, as featureless and impressive as the sea. Far, far away, where the blue cap of the sky fitted down upon the edge of the plain, were little stumpy hills covered with pine forests. The air smelt fine and fragrant, as if it had never been used.

There was hardly any sound except the innocent young laughter of nuns and children, or their crisp, light footsteps on the snow.

A very little way off silence began; you could go on into it, and all that happened was that the silence grew deeper. It grew so deep at last that the human heart fell asleep in it, and what touched it afterward was like a dream.

The nearest village was nothing but a tiny row of wooden huts thatched with straw, and the nearest town was swallowed up hastily in a long wave of the plain. The town was visible only when you were already in it, and lost as soon as the last house was left behind.

It was the winter of 1921. Poland, having already fought for five years, fought on for two more. Across her torn and tortured land the Red and White Armies laid the lash of their passionate antagonisms.

In the kloster they heard whispers of these things. They heard of the Bolsheviki, not as far-away monsters across distant frontiers, but as a menace to their own homes. It was all the difference between being told that wolves exist and suddenly hearing, not far off, their wild, harsh call for blood.

The Sisters, like their charges, belonged to the nobility, and although they knew that God was taking care of everything—especially of the old régime—they could not be quite silent under the pressure of imminent danger. They prayed to be delivered from the Bolsheviki, and perhaps they talked a little.

Certainly Helena knew that not a hundred miles away women and girls of twelve had joined the White Army.

War cannot be hidden from children who eat grit soup and black bread for breakfast, baked grits and turnips for dinner, black bread and grits with a very little jam on them, before they go, swollen and hungry, to bed.

At the end of her first week at the kloster Helena decided to share her secret. She wore the dagger by day and kept it under her pillow at night. The joy of it had ceased to be so intense and the discomfort was persistent. Helena had reached the stage when the presence of an audience enhances the joy of possession.

Irena Makowska was Helena's confidant, and Maria had to be told because Maria was Irena's younger sister and could not be left out.

Irena's temperament was different from Helena's, but she shared Helena's tastes. She had dark, smooth hair with coppery gleams in it, an audacious, turned-up nose, a very short upper lip and a gay, provocative, curling, twisting, heart-rending mouth.

Irena did not look sternly practical, but she was. She had a cautious, prompt, farseeing mind, no nerves and an unswerving will. She lacked Helena's fierce *élan*, but she made a marvelous second.

Maria was clinging and obedient. She could follow wherever she was led if the will obliging her to follow was sufficiently strong. She preferred not to be led into anything very awful, but she always was being led into very awful things by Helena and Irena. All three children were very devout. Helena and Irena used God systematically as a stalking horse for their intentions, and Maria clung persistently for support, physical and moral, to all the Hosts of Heaven.

HELENA showed Irena the dagger in their dormitory at a forbidden hour. They were ostensibly searching for missing pocket handkerchiefs. Maria, who was suffering from the real inconvenience of having mislaid hers, came upon them unawares. On the bed lay the dagger, naked, polished and repellent. Helena caressed the fierce passive weapon with ardent finger tips.

"See," she explained proudly, "it has killed a man!"

Irena too bent over it lovingly.

"What are you going to do with it?" she demanded.

Helena hesitated. A deep flood of rose color spread over her face to the roots of her fine golden hair.

"They are sending children," she whispered—"children of twelve—against the Bolsheviki, and, oh, Irena, we are safe! Think of it! We, the daughters of Polish noblemen, are living idle—idle and safe in a kloster—while our race, our caste, is being destroyed! At our age there is so little time to lose! I am already fourteen, and you are already fifteen. Maria herself is thirteen—and tall for her years, and we have a dagger! We can use it by turns. In the newspapers it says, 'These children are often weaponless except for sticks and staves!'"

"What are staves?" asked Maria, who felt that this was an argument to be attacked by the indirect method.

"They aren't as good as daggers," said Helena impatiently. She didn't know what staves were either, but she had no intention of being caught out by Maria at this stage of the game. "We must escape by night," she added, rocking herself excitedly to and fro on the foot of the bed. "Oh, Irena, say you'll come?"

Irena continued to look thoughtfully at the dagger, but she did not speak.

"It'll be dreadfully cold," urged Maria.

"We can each take our blankets from our beds," Helena explained. "It is a requisition. Fortunately they are soldiers' blankets. Poland must pay for them."

"We can't get out at night," Maria reminded them with relief. "Everything will be locked up and the windows barred. We should be caught at once if we tried to escape by day."

Irena spoke at last. Her silence was not due to any uncertainty about her intention; she had merely been considering the best means for carrying this intention out.

"It will be possible," she said in that tone of calm finality which Maria most dreaded and which Helena found most soothing. "We must steal some bread the night before, when it has been prepared for breakfast, and left in the refectory. The portress' key must be taken on the way to chapel. Helena is the tallest, her veil can get disarranged, and she can stay to put it right and take the key off the wall. But that must be done a week before we go because the key will be missed and it will take a few days for the nuns to get over the fright of having lost it."

"Oh, must we wait a week?" Helena moaned with anguish.

A faint light glimmered in Maria's mind: much might happen in a week; she herself might develop the courage necessary to reveal their plans to the Sister in charge.

"There are the passports to see to," said Irena; "they must be very carefully altered. It is fortunate that Sister Monica permitted me, as a good-conduct reward, to learn illuminating. I have tracing paper, and if I have plenty of time I can, I think, change the letters in each of our names and the figures of our ages so that no one can discover they have been tampered with. Maria need do nothing; she can even forget that she saw the dagger. But, Maria"—Irena's dreamy voice hardened suddenly to the consistency of steel—"if you dare to tell anyone of our plans, or interfere with us in any way, you'll live to be sorry! Don't forget I'm your sister. I shall be your sister for the rest of your life. No one can protect you from my vengeance for long and, I give you my word, it will be very sure!"

Maria knew that it would; she gave up the hope of confession from that hour, but she didn't see why she should go too, and she said so.

"Nonsense," said Irena; "of course you must come with us. You would be so frightened if I was not here that you would let out all our plans directly Sister questioned you. Besides, do you not *wish* to fight the Bolsheviki?"

MARIA did not think that she did, but it would have taken a much braver girl than Maria to make this assertion, standing opposite Irena's steady, probing, dark eyes, and the wild blue flames of the enraptured Helena.

"But of course she wishes to fight them," said Helena kindly. "It is a dishonor to her to suggest otherwise. Why, she is the age of Basia in Sienkiewicz' Trilogy! You remember how many men she killed? She was thirteen when the first fell dead at her feet."

"We may have to kill ourselves, of course," said Irena thoughtfully. "I believe that is more difficult. If it should be necessary—and, you understand, no Polish girl must fall into the hands of the Bolsheviki alive—I will kill Maria. Helena, you must kill me. You are naturally quick. Can you fall on the dagger yourself afterward?"

Helena looked perplexed. "I've fallen on it such heaps of times already," she admitted—"in its sheath, of course. It will get into places I can't stand having it in. I'm all over bruises—not that that matters, of course. I do *know* it better than either of you. But I wish there was time to get hold of some poison."

"I don't think there is," said Irena. "The nuns don't keep it."

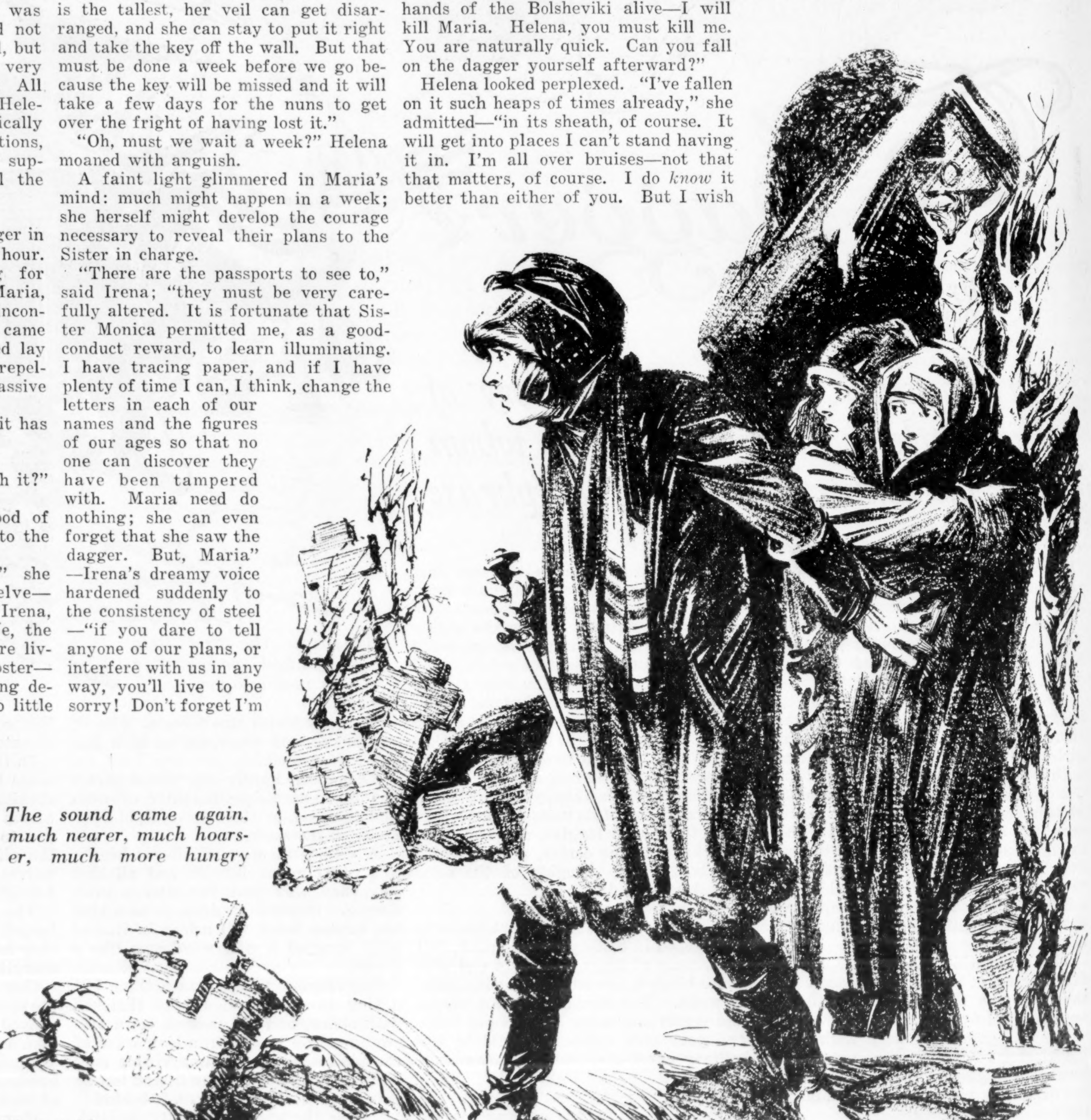
Maria began to cry. Irena reproved her sharply, but Helena remarked reassuringly, "She will be brave when she has to be. My father says even cowards shoot straight when a lion charges!"

Helena stole the front-door key on the way to evening chapel. She had to drop it down the neck of her dress, where, after an uneasy interval, it joined the dagger.

The Sister in charge gave Helena an order mark for restlessness during chapel, but it should have been a good-conduct mark for extreme self-control under sharp provocation.

The next day the portress, white-faced and anxious, questioned them after breakfast as to the awful loss of the front-door key. It had most mysteriously and ominously vanished; gardeners, porters, nuns, novices and postulants had all been questioned in vain.

"Dear children," implored the portress earnestly, "I beg you to examine your consciences, for if one of you has taken the key it is a great sin and for me a terrible calamity. I am responsible and I shall be held responsible by the Reverend Mother." (*Cont'd on page 40*)



The sound came again, much nearer, much hoarser, much more hungry

Illustrated by
NEIL O'KEEFFE

You wouldn't know the old place now

An interview with DANIEL FROHMAN

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

THIS veteran showman says "dirt for dirt's sake" plays are produced primarily because of their appeal to women. Times have changed. Once Daniel Frohman didn't dare produce "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" with his own company.

Moffett

Daniel Frohman, stage pilot, has seen 50 years of change

IF a theatrical producer of fifty years ago did a Rip Van Winkle act and returned to his field in this year of grace, he would recognize only three things as familiar—the back drop, the box office and real acting talent. Daniel Frohman, who for nearly fifty years has been an important figure in the American theatre, is the authority for that assertion. As manager of a famous stock company boasting many stars and as the producer of innumerable popular plays he has seen drastic changes—revolutions in what Broadway, when it speaks without affectation, calls "the show business."

Mr. Frohman sits in a great square office above the Lyceum Theatre in New York, surrounded by pictures and trophies of old, unforgotten days. A wiry, slightly bearded man, with the forehead and tongue of a scholar, he resembles, from the rear, as he steps about his office, a man of thirty, prematurely bald. I have never listened to phrasing more apposite in accent, more cultured than his, and I have interviewed all sorts and conditions of men—and women—from princely cardinals to the world's heavyweight champion.

Daniel Frohman has seen more innovations in the American theatre than any other man connected with it. He has seen our stage break away from the apron strings of Merrie England and come into its birthright of crook plays, mammoth revues and the authentic drab of New England and other native fastnesses; he has seen the old school of all-around actors, who could do "King Lear" one day and "Charley's Aunt" the next, pass out of the picture, to be replaced by the character type; he has seen the first blurred flicker of living pictures and the early stuttering notes of the phonograph grow to the gigantic proportions of the motion picture and the home entertainment industries of to-day.

In short, he has been an eyewitness of the total transformation of the entertainment business which he entered as a boy in the days of dusky minstrelsy.

"When my brother Charles and I entered the theatrical business," he says, "it was as advance agents in one-night stands. I preceded Charles in the field, but our experience was similar before we joined hands in several ventures.

"Fifty years ago minstrel troupes and small repertoire companies were the most familiar touring organizations. Every sizable city had its own resident stock company; minstrels occupied the place of vaudeville.

"As advance agent I did everything from publicity work, which included the 'papering,' or billposting, of a town by night, to pinch-hitting for tenors, bassos and barytones. There was hardly a small town in the West, the Middle West and the Pacific Coast that my company did not cover, and so thoroughly was the job done that when the old Madison Square Theatre owners wanted what they called progressive managership they turned the job over to Charles and me.

"We came into the amusement field when motion pictures were unheard of, when championship prize fights were held on barges, when footlights were of illuminating gas and front curtains were rolled up and down on huge logs. One-night stands in the old opera houses were the entertainment fare of millions of Americans whose children now know the first names of all the movie stars, and to the average family an actor then had about the same social standing as a bootlegger has now."

Stars by Their Own Light

IMMEDIATELY on getting New York headquarters Mr. Frohman proceeded to round up American authors.

"Later," says he, "Charles and I had Maude Adams, John Drew, Julia Marlowe, Ethel Barrymore, James K. Hackett, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and E. H. Sothern. Innumerable lesser lights, who later developed into stars of the first magnitude, were piloted and developed by my brother. This group included Henry Miller, William A. Faversham and others.

"Stars of that time did not require special support. Great figures like Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman would go from New York to Cleveland with their personal manager as their only escort. Booth was the originator of the celebrated saying, 'Never mind the scenery. Give us room and let us act.' Each local company was 'up' in the standard plays.

"He would go to a city like Albany or Buffalo with nothing but his costumes, meet the local stock company on a Monday morning and, after a single run through the play, appear with them in 'King Lear,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth' or some equally difficult piece at night. The local company would, as I said, act at one rehearsal with him, and the night's performance would be word perfect. A utility man once asked Booth where he should stand.

"'On the stage. I'll find you.'

"Compare that right and ready attitude with the careful rehearsal of movement to-day! Now valets, secretaries, publicity batteries, special scenery and special understudies have to be shipped in the wake of most prominent artists.

"True, we ran into temperament in those days, but there was no spoiling of stars. I found the greatest talent to be the easiest managed. When Modjeska was capturing the country in 'Romeo and Juliet' we found a perfect Romeo for her—Eben Plympton. He was one of the handsomest and most conceited actors I have ever known. Modjeska, on the contrary, was always a gracious and modest lady.

"Plympton registered serious objections to speaking in the dark during the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.' While Modjeska was the star she was considerate enough to want to appease her leading man, so that when Plympton declared that the moonlight fell only on Juliet, singling her out for the audience's attention, and I retorted that one moon couldn't be expected to shine in two places, Modjeska solved the problem by suggesting, 'Let us have two moons, one for Mr. Plympton and one for me.' So the matter was compromised.

"The limit in personal conceit was displayed by one great male star who would not even permit the members of his company to bid him good morning or good evening.

"Actors are said to be conceited. I believe that actors should be. It's in the nature of their business. The actor who has no conceit has no self-confidence, and without self-confidence of what use is an actor? He must feel that he's not only good but better than the audience thinks him to be, and he'll work to that end.

"Henry Irving, the most intellectual actor I have ever known, once told me that self-confidence was the intelligent kernel of all good acting—to be able to face an audience with the assurance that you'll make them like you, and like you better as you go along.

"But in all our management of stars, while my brother and I were diplomatic and considerate, we would never permit a star to run a show. We believed in courtesy and equity. I recall once how a well-known leading man, in a company of mine in Philadelphia, fell out with my stage manager. There was some sort of violent verbal collision, ending in the stage manager's knocking the actor down. I was summoned to Philadelphia. I heard the case and after carefully considering it said to the actor:

"'My stage manager was in the right. You must apologize to him or take the usual two weeks' notice.'

"The star apologized, friendship was restored and discipline preserved.

"I found that in such matters as the arrangement of dressing-rooms, hotel accommodations and Pullman berths and parlor-car seats diplomacy did more to preserve the morale of a company than any other item of the

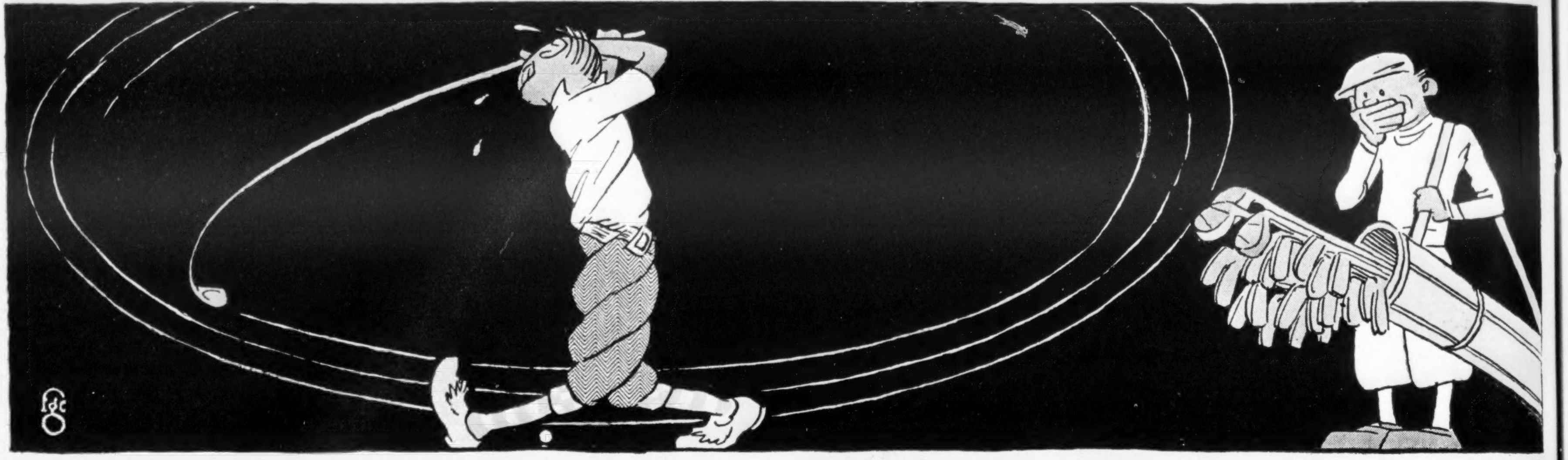
(*Continued on page 44*)

Sarony

Modjeska was an amiable star as Juliet. She got Plympton a moon

Sarony

The crook-play era began with Kyrle Bellew as Raffles and brought on a flood of rough stuff



Ever hear this one?

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

Most good sports stories have wings, but if you've heard these don't stop me

A SPORTS story seems to fly upon swifter wings than any other type of yarn. On rare occasions you hear a fresh one and within ten days a hundred people have collared you to spring it on you.

Just after the golf story of the Scotchman and the Hebrew at St. Andrews was flung to the world I kept count one week of the number of times I heard it. The figure reached 147. And for over five months thereafter the doings of McPherson and Morowitz or Jock and Abie were broadcast back and forth. You couldn't duck that yarn. And the variations were manifold.

A good new sports story is rare, for about one a year is a high average. I happened to be present at the birth of one which went the rounds for many months, with monumental changes taking place en route. On this occasion we had a golf match at Englewood, where the other two earnest athletes engaged were Ring Lardner and the late Tiny Maxwell, two of the keenest of all the wits.

Lardner had just planted an iron shot into a bunker guarding the second green. At the time this bunker was under repair with five Italian workmen digging industriously away with pick and shovel. The ball was unplayable, but Lardner descended into the depressing depths with a large niblick, flanked by Italian shovel artists on either side. Five times his big niblick scattered sand and dirt without lifting the ball as the Italians continued to follow their profession. Ring took one more robust wallop.

It was then that Tiny Maxwell stepped up and said, "If he takes two more strokes, they'll think he's working here." That one left upon flying wings within a week and came near circling the globe.

Tiny Maxwell, famous as a football star, football referee and sports writer, was the center of more than one sports anecdote. On one occasion he was nominated to umpire a game between two more or less semi-pro colleges noted for their rough play. He decided to impose two 15-yard penalties against each team on the first four plays to slow things down a bit.

On the first play Tiny imposed a 15-yard penalty against the team with the ball. On the next play he imposed a 15-yard penalty against the other side. Both captains came rushing up. "What's the idea?" they asked. "Whaddya mean by these penalties?"

"That isn't the half of it," countered Maxwell. "There'll be two more penalties on the next two plays." After which the game became just a normal affair in so far as undue roughness was concerned.

A football official frequently runs into many queer and quaint problems. Bill Crowell, one of the best known of all the referees, had a problem of the most intricate kind to decide when a certain professional team invaded a well-known coal-mining district. The pros were playing the coal miners and more than a few healthy wagers had been placed upon the outcome.

At the start of the third period, with the score 0-0, a terrific storm broke and the game had to be halted. When it was resumed 15 minutes later the field was a series of young lakes, and one of the goal posts had been blown down and wrecked.

Hoyt Wins on Long Division

CROWELL announced that any team reaching the 40-yard line would be allowed to face the only remaining uprights. The pros in four plays reached the miners' 39-yard line, so Crowell turned them around and placed their team upon the 39-yard line leading to the still standing goal posts. On the first play one of the pros ran 20 yards and placed the ball on the 19-yard line, squarely in front of the cross bar.

The next play was never made. Before anyone could make a move a giant miner walked over, took one of the goal posts in two Samsonian hands, gave two violent wrenches back and forth, and down crashed the upright, 100 per cent loss. Whereupon Mr. Crowell called the game, and everybody seemed to be satisfied.

The two best games now used for anecdotes are football and golf. The trouble in golf is finding a new one. Maybe this one is. The official starter at St. Andrews is a venerable Scotchman who has been on the job about thirty-five years. He takes your name and assigns your starting time the next day. And to him kings and caddies are about the same.

Not long ago a visiting nobleman from a foreign precinct stepped up, tapped the Scotch starter on the shoulder and said, "Just a moment, my good man. My name is Count Schenzyli and I have selected nine o'clock to-morrow morning as my starting time."

No rebuttal from the dour Scot who went calmly along assigning names and starting times. Whereupon Count Schenzyli repeated his previous utterance, adding, "Did you hear what I said? I'm Count Schenzyli."

"Ay," said the Scot, "I heard ye. Ye are starting to-morrow at twelve o'clock, and ye'll answer to the name of Ferguson."

Which ended that argument.

The disposition and award of strokes starts more golf arguments than anything else. Some time ago Jock Hutchison relieved Frank H. Hoyt of something like $10 in a match. Mr. Hoyt is a good golfer, a fine sportsman and a shrewd trader when the occasion demands. He asked for a return match.

"How many strokes this time?" asked the canny Jock.

"I want only one stroke," replied the cannier Mr. Hoyt, "to use it any way or anywhere I care to."

Jock thought it all over with some care on a $5 nassau bet. "I'll go you," he said, and about two days later they started out again.

On the first hole they both had par 4's. "That makes me 1 up," said Mr. Hoyt with considerable serenity.

"So you're taking your stroke at the first hole?" said Hutchison.

"Not all of it," his opponent replied. "Only one-eighteenth of it."

At which point the Chicago pro understood that he was on the hook beyond recall. He finally finished 5 down and 4 to play, with Hoyt naturally winning every halved hole.

A Stroke of Humor

IN MUCH the same way Don Marquis once offered to play a much better golfer $5 a hole and give said golfer two strokes in the bargain. "I'll take that bet," his eager opponent snapped back without any undue delay. "Where do I get the two strokes?"

"I don't care where you take the second," Don answered. "But the first has to be a stroke of apoplexy."

One of the closest calls Tiny Maxwell ever had was in a game between two Southern rivals where the feeling was none too friendly. On this occasion he had been forced to call several penalties against the home team, and around the middle of the last quarter he saw that the stands were organizing for a warm and woolly aftermath. At about this moment Tiny spotted an opening in the fence on the left side of the field.

The visiting quarterback, whose team happened to be three points ahead, had just started calling his signals when Maxwell stopped him. "I want you to call the next play," he said, "in a straight line for that opening in the fence. That will be the last play of this game. And when you reach the side lines don't stop."

Another Fish Story

THE play was called for that direction, and as the two teams, with Tiny in advance, crossed the side lines there was the sudden and unexpected call of the whistle as the referee dived through the opening, grabbed a handy flivver, caught an outgoing freight and left 700 raging students just ten yards behind as the freight lumbered on its way.

Officiating at a football game never was easy. One of the leading officials told this one on Pop Warner, famous as a coach at Cornell, Carlisle, Pittsburgh and Stanford. "Pop," he said, "would use only three officials—referee, umpire and linesman, leaving the field judge out. We never knew why until in a certain game a play came up that only a field judge could have seen clearly. We called it as we saw it, and after the game Pop had us all on the carpet for our version of the play. 'Anyway,' I finally told him, 'it was all your fault for not having a field judge. Why didn't you get one?'

"'Because,' answered Warner, 'when I have an umpire, a referee and a linesman that means I have three rotten officials. Why should I add another and have four blind men on the field?'"

Which, according to the official, slowed down that argument, for the moment, anyway.

Switching back to Tiny Maxwell, his most famous advice came where some team was playing a well-known Catholic college. One of the players on the first team mentioned came up to Maxwell and announced that he had just been bitten by one of his opponents. "What can I do?" he asked the referee.

"Well," said Tiny, thinking it over, "I guess you'll have to play 'em on Friday."

The Beautiful and Bobbed

By HELEN LANDRETH

CHARLES of the Ritz-Carlton, who knows what is correct in hair lines, gives these the stamp of his approval:

Large, loose waves only.

At the back of the head, waves slant from one side to the other, like parallels of latitude slipping down the globe.

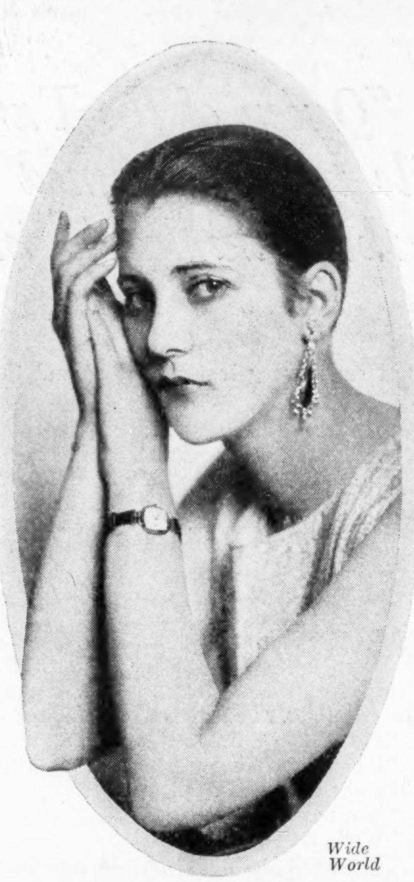
Hair in the back is shingled to show the shape of one's head, but only those with classic features should attempt a strictly boyish cut.

Women who boast a widow's peak should wear the hair combed back from the forehead.

Half an ear in sight is smarter than none, but it is no disgrace to keep ears covered. Sometimes it's charity.

Straight bangs—never. Hair combed down on the forehead should be allowed to group itself in natural clusters.

Hair curled forward on the cheeks—if one has, perhaps, an upturned nose, and a sense of humor.



Wide World

Molly Kerr, the flapper playing in "The Vortex," brought us the "London Bobby" bob

"DON'T move," said the bandit. I took a quick breath and tried to be brave. But I did shudder, and instantly cold steel was pressed against my neck.

"You move," said the bandit again, "and first thing you know my shears slip and I cut you. How can I cut your hair when all time you twist your head?"

And then the worst was over. My long locks were lying in my lap, and I escaped by a hair's length being clapped in a museum as a specimen of an almost extinct species. Bandits these men who grow rich on our vanity may be—but benevolent ones.

I walked out with a semi-boyish bob, and a burning curiosity to know what bobbed hair has done to the beauty business. The cash register in that shop sang a song of unusual prosperity.

"It's this way," said the editor of two large beauty trade journals, who knows all the secrets of the shopowners, "when a girl gets her hair bobbed she *has* to go to a beauty parlor. Generally she buys a shampoo and a wave every week, and a trim about once a month. And while she's in the shop she may see some cream or a tonic that she wants. She buys a lot more stuff than she used to, and she comes in oftener.

"When bobbed hair came in there were 5,000 shops in the country catering to the beauty trade. Now there are 25,000, and more are opening all the time. You see, a man who waves or cuts hair acquires a following of his own. He saves his money, and pretty soon he opens up for himself and takes all his customers with him."

You don't even have to be a marceller or a king clipper to run a beauty shop. In the middle of New York's theatrical district is one managed by a man who didn't know a thing about making women beautiful, but he had an eye for business. He gathered about him seventeen men, each an expert women's barber, and each with a faithful following, and talked turkey to them. And when James Sinacore finished speaking and each one drew from his savings an agreed amount and resigned his job and went to work for himself—and Mr. Sinacore.

All the original partners are in the business still after two years, and ten additional men and women have been added on a salary basis. This beauty-parlor racket, it's a big game. It's so big it's taking barbers away from the strictly masculine shops.

An Italian owned a comfortable easy-going shave-and-haircut shop in a small manufacturing city. Women began to drop in to have their bobs trimmed. Soon the barber, to get them out of the way, fixed up the back room for them exclusively. And the back room paid even better than the front. What matters masculine loyalty in the face of a pleasant balance sheet! Out went the men. This same story has been repeated in hundreds of instances, and in every case the barber has prospered.

But it isn't only men. Many women, unused to any business, are going to beauty schools and starting shops of their own on their graduation.

The wife of a traveling salesman got tired of movies and matinées. And perhaps she had foresight too. She took training in a school which makes one a competent beauty "operator" in six months, and then started a shop in her town's department store. Soon the salesman-husband left the road to follow his wife's beauty-parlor career, and they now do a twenty-thousand-dollar business together.

It doesn't take much capital to start with, I learned.

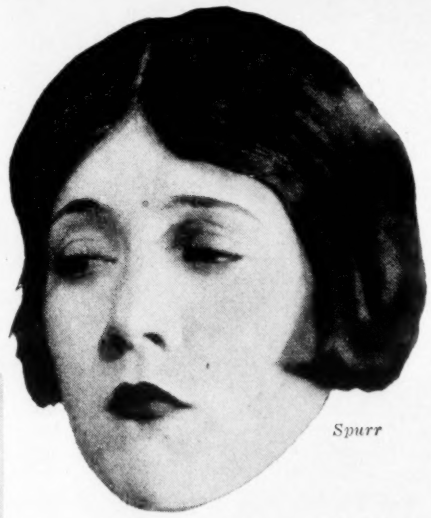
"Any woman can come in here, pay $5 down, give me a mortgage, get her equipment, and have a year and a half to pay in," said the secretary of a big supply company. It must be a safe bet. He was Scotch.

By the time I had gathered in this information, my own hair was crying for a wave. As I turned into the shop the proprietor was getting out of his limousine.

"I want an appointment with Andre," I said firmly, remembering the flattering way he had with his irons.

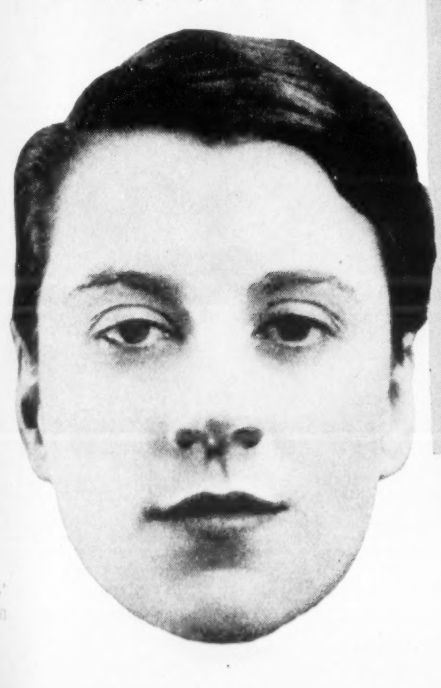
"Andre? Ah, no," said the head bandit sadly. "He's gone back to the old country for his family. When he returns he runs a shop of his own."

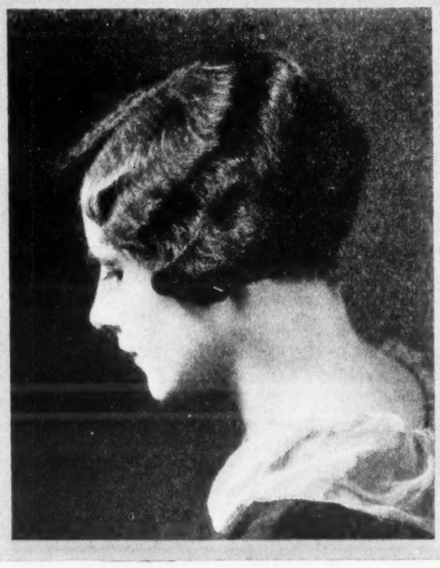
Marie Prevost demurely hides her ears with her hair parted in the middle



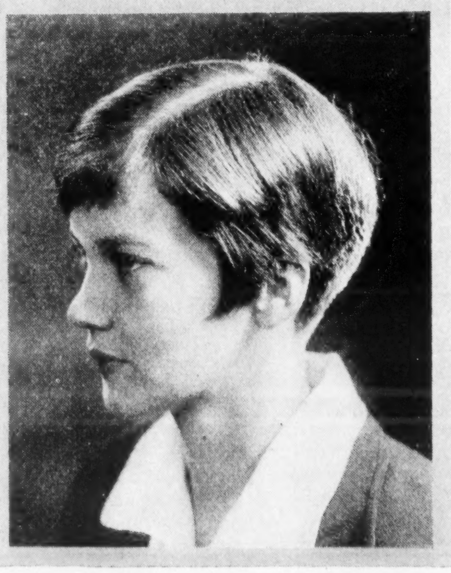
Spurr

Beatrice Lillie of the Charlot Revue returns to our shores, a lovely exponent of the extremely boyish Eton bob





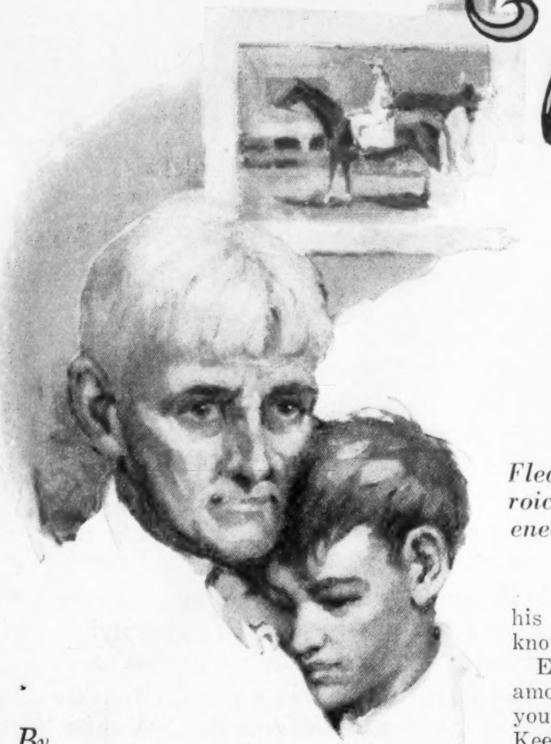
If your hair isn't naturally curly and your beauty is such that soft waves enhance it, take this picture to your beauty specialist or barber and have him copy the shingle and the waves



A soft, raggedy haircut adds an unusual touch to a well-shaped, girlish head. But it takes courage to wear this sort. Don't try unless your ears like exposure and your nose turns up

Warmed up to win

The author of "Queen of the Turf" tells of a horse who took a mile to get warmed up. The problem was to make the unkinkable into the unbeatable



Fleabit struggled heroically to dam a threatened deluge of tears

By
HERMANN B.
DEUTSCH

IF YOU would pass among the frequenters of the race track—any race track—as an initiate, there are four expressions you must not use. Never say that you "bet" on a horse; tell them you "had" the horse. Let no one hear from your lips the words, "I won money;" it must always be "I win money," even though you are referring to a successful wager of three seasons ago. Never describe a wager as an "even-money bet;" it must always be "evening money." And finally, never speak of a heavily backed horse as a favorite; as you value your standing among the Brethren of the Turf, call that horse the favoright.

Thus you might recognize at once, in Fleabit Corrigan, an initiate, even if he wasn't recognizable as much of anything else while he stumbled wearily toward the living quarters of the Charnley barn at the New Orleans Fair Grounds. Fleabit bore all the earmarks of having happened to a holocaust, or something; tooth marks and finger marks too. Just as he stood, he could have passed for one of those smudged newspaper cuts which bear the caption, "In the Wake of the Cyclone."

But by his speech you would have known him, even though the words that issued from his puffed lips were more than a trifle indistinct.

"I had Rompaway for evening money to place in the sixth, and I win," quoth Fleabit thickly by way of explanation.

"You had 'im?" eagerly demanded Tad Beasley, thus addressed.

"I hope t' eat, I had 'im. He noses out the favoright for second money too. And Holy Joe welches on me."

"Yeah? And then what?"

"I'll say an' then what! Then it was him an' me, an' I finished fifth."

"Git out!"

Whereupon Fleabit, who was only fourteen years old despite his renown as a race rider and his uncanny skill in the rating of thoroughbreds from barrier to judges' stand, sat himself down on a conveniently placed bale of prime alfalfa, and wept, finding therein balm for his bodily hurts and for the sting that spent rage had left in him. It was then that E. B. made his own presence in the stable known.

Even though you be no initiate among the Brethren of the Turf, you have heard of E. B. and the Keep-a-Hustling Stock Farm, which he owns. For one thing, Elton Beauregard Charnley has this unique distinction: he is the only native Kentuckian who ever achieved renown in the Kingdom of Bangtails without acquiring also the title of Cunnel, Majah or Jedge. He was simply E. B.; and among turfmen that name means much the same as the name of Einstein means in the field of physics.

You must picture a tall figure whose original harsh outlines have been mellowed a bit by the softening hand of time. But no fattiness, mind you, and no stoop. Add a pink countenance, always cleanly shaven, surmounted by a heavy mop of white hair, fine blue eyes, firm lips and a jaw whose square contours are still definite. Season the whole with a general air of kindliness and omit every last "you-all" and the other trappings of the stage Kentuckian. Then you have E. B.

It is quite true that the kindliness was not apparent as the tall man stood in the stable where he surveyed the wreck of his premier jockey.

"Fleabit," he remarked without heat—and without warmth, "would you mind going over that story again, please?"

FLEABIT came up for air with a start, and Tad Beasley successfully performed the evolution which among the movie folks is known as a fade-out.

"Sir?" asked Fleabit.

"I said, would you mind going over the whole thing again, son?"

"N-n-nos'r."

"Well, let's have it."

"It wasn't nothing, sir. It was just me'n one of the other boys get in a argument."

"Hm-m-m! He must have been right handy with his fists, this other boy, to mark you up like he did. Big boy, was he?"

"N-n-not so very. I look a lot worse'n I feel, sir. See?" He stood up and limbered himself just to show there was life in him still. "See, I ain't hurt—much." Then he winced as a sudden stab of pain caught him unawares. He couldn't help the little cry that escaped him. Whereupon E. B. sat himself down on the bale of prime alfalfa the boy had quitted, and gathered the little bundle of miz'ry up in his big arms.

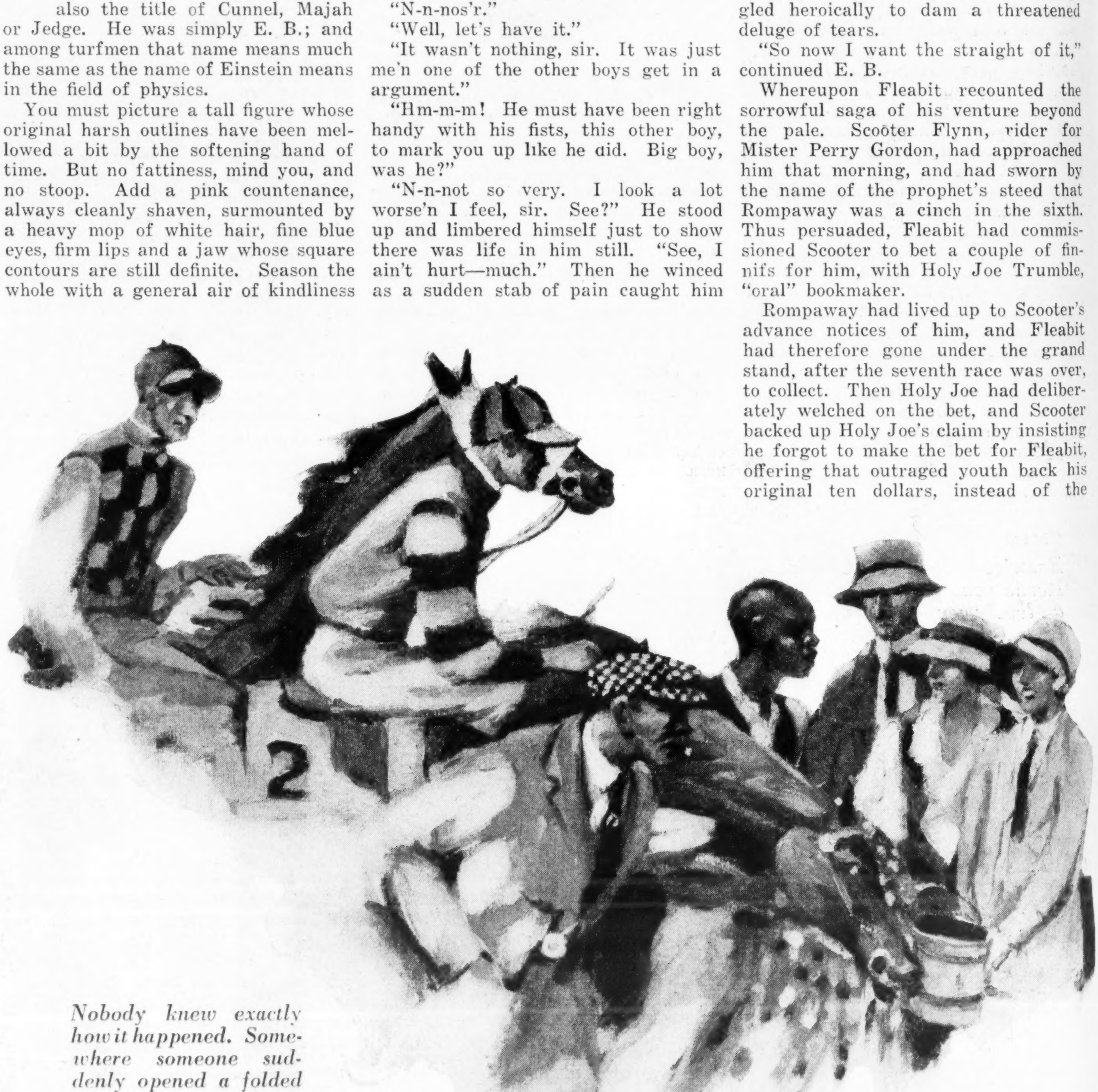
"Now, they ain't a mite of use you tryin' to fool the old man, son," he said gently. "Besides which I heard a smart of what you was a-tellin' Tad. You know I don't allow my boys to bet. I've told both you snickumfritzes that every time you had a leg up for me, on one of my horses, I was putting down a modest wager for you, didn't I? An' that I wouldn't stand for outside betting. Now, ain't that so?"

Fleabit nodded, the while he struggled heroically to dam a threatened deluge of tears.

"So now I want the straight of it," continued E. B.

Whereupon Fleabit recounted the sorrowful saga of his venture beyond the pale. Scooter Flynn, rider for Mister Perry Gordon, had approached him that morning, and had sworn by the name of the prophet's steed that Rompaway was a cinch in the sixth. Thus persuaded, Fleabit had commissioned Scooter to bet a couple of finnifs for him, with Holy Joe Trumble, "oral" bookmaker.

Rompaway had lived up to Scooter's advance notices of him, and Fleabit had therefore gone under the grand stand, after the seventh race was over, to collect. Then Holy Joe had deliberately welched on the bet, and Scooter backed up Holy Joe's claim by insisting he forgot to make the bet for Fleabit, offering that outraged youth back his original ten dollars, instead of the



Nobody knew exactly how it happened. Somewhere someone suddenly opened a folded newspaper as the horses filed by twenty to which he was justly entitled.

Fleabit had promptly taxed Holy Joe with his perfidy, adding the seven or seventeen deadly insults he could think of on the spur of the moment. That was all.

E. B. reached down and absently plucked a brown stem from the bale on which he was sitting. This wisp he placed between his teeth.

"I ain't saying exactly that you got what was coming to you, son," he remarked, "because it don't look no ways right to me for a hundred-and-fifty-pound man to go trouncin' on a little kid like you. And I ain't saying exactly I'm glad it happened either, though I won't deny but it kind of looks like the workings of a just Providence. Still, Trumble's a mighty funny implement to find in the hands of Providence, at that."

FLEABIT wriggled uncomfortably. "I ain't gonna do it no more, sir," he promised.

"Reckon I'll do my best to help you keep your word too," added E. B. grimly. Then his voice took on a note of puzzlement. "Still, I don't rightly understand the whole business," he continued. "It don't look like Trumble to stir up all such a rumpus for ten dollars. It don't, for a fact, now. Who'd you say put you up to this bet?"

"Scooter Flynn."

"Rides for Perry Gordon, you said?"

"Yes'r."

"Hm-m-m! Well, yes. That'd be about it. I didn't think that of Perry; for a fact, I didn't. Reckon Holy Joe was at the bottom of it, anyway. Well, sonny, it don't look like you left hardly a bean unspilled."

Fleabit deemed it prudent to preserve a thoroughgoing silence.

"Messy job, picking up beans," E. B. went on. "But it ought to be done. Ought to be done by the party that's responsible for the spill."

He set Fleabit down.

"Stand up and try to stretch yourself, son," he commanded.

Fleabit complied, grimacing painfully as racked and bruised muscles and joints protested vehemently against further ill usage.

"And by to-morrow morning," commented E. B., "you'll be stiffened up like a board, and sore as the pointer pup that blundered into a beehive. You will so. Mm-m-m! Yes, sir, the light's a-shinin' in the dark places, sure enough. You probably don't understand it yet, do you? Well, I'll tell you. It might help the lesson to bite. To-morrow afternoon's the Mermentau handicap, with a two-thousand-dollar purse. There was just two horses had a chance to win that race, and that was my Emulator and Perry Gordon's big Perigord. Ain't that facts, son?"

"Yes'r," whispered Fleabit forlornly. He too was beginning to understand.

"And Emulator's that high-strung and sensitive, and at the same time hard-mouthed, that it takes about all you got in you to give him the ride he needs. Meaning to say likewise that none of these other boys hereabouts, that ain't used to him, could ride him like you can either. So that, with you in the shape you're in, there'll be only one horse that figures to win the Mermentau Handicap, meaning Perigord. And Perry Gordon's jockey is the one that's touted you off to this bet, which is a plant, pure and simple. We-e-ell, maybe not so pure; but awfully simple, son. Holy Joe don't welch for any ten dollars lessen there's something bigger behind it. Now do you see what you've gone and done?"

Fleabit nodded miserably.

"Well, that's all right then," E. B. said heartily. "You run upstairs to the loft and get Mother to put a couple of chunks of raw steak on your shining evening face where it'll do the most good. Tell her I'll be up d'rectly, to help tuck away some of the same, medium rare, where it'll do me the most good. I don't know but what if this'll learn you some sense I won't owe Holy Joe Trumble a heap over'n' above what I aim to pay him back anyways."

IT WAS later that evening, after the two boys had been carefully tucked into bed, that E. B. discussed the matter more fully with Mother Charnley, who was properly sympathetic.

"You can't blame the little snickumfritzes so much," E. B. defended warmly. "Boys's going to be boys, you know. And that man Trumble, now. He's back of all this. There'll be some heavy betting tomorrow on my Emulator, folks figuring him to be the favoright and all. Trumble's going to clean up. And I don't deny I'd like to have had that two-thousand-dollar purse about as well as the next one."

"Why don't you tell the stewards about it?"

"What could they do, Mother? It's all guesswork that I been telling you. And I reckon Fleabit must have told Trumble some things he never learned out of his lessons that you been teaching the boys, so Trumble'd use that for an excuse."

A MOMENT of silence fell on the cozy little room.

"You know what'd be good—a real good cure for all this sort of thing?" E. B. asked wistfully. "I've wished a heap of times we could be fixed so's to build a sort of clubhouse for all the boys at the track. Nothing fancy, Mother. No psalm factory or anything. But lots of books with detective stories, and some pool tables and a gymnasium and games and things. They ain't no getting round it, that'd give the little tads something to do after dark, and the Lord knows they ain't a more desolate place on earth than a race track after supper time. Something like that'd keep the youngsters out of all kinds of mischief."

Mother Charnley agreed comfortably. "Yes, Father, that would be lovely. But it seems to me that no man ought to be allowed to beat a little boy, especially not one of our little boys."

"Oh, about Trumble. Yes, you're right. We'll have to give Trumble his needings. By the way, isn't that about ten o'clock? And don't I have to be out there on the track with the boys at five? Guess we better forget the cares that infest the day. Will you set the alarm clock, Mother?"

There were two outstanding features of the next day's racing card to occupy the interest and attention of the "talent," and in both features the name of E. B. figured prominently. The first, of course, was the fact that Perigord nosed out the heavily backed favoright, E. B.'s Emulator, in the Mermentau Handicap.

The second dealt with a big bay claiming plater, Canobean, who, for the fifth time in his career at the fair grounds, failed to unkink himself in time to finish in the money. Canobean, entered by the Delaney Stables in the sixth race, finished fourth over a distance of a mile and five furlongs. What gave the insiders a jolt was that E. B. Charnley, after Canobean had thus quite definitely proved himself worthless on a race track, should claim him for the full claiming price of $1,500, when he probably might have bought him outright for less.

"Old Man E. B. must be eatin' it off the back of his hand, or something," remarked Blue Grass Billings.

"It's over my head like a circus tent," agreed Solly Gelbman. "What do you suppose ails Canobean?"

"He's just one of those unkinkable things," replied Blue Grass oracularly. "He's a slow starter, built so that he's got to run a mile or more before he gets warmed good and moving fast. Take to-day, and the rush he was making the last two eighths. He was moving faster'n any other horse on the field at the finish, but he was so far behind by the time he got started that there wasn't a chance to catch up."

"Maybe E. B. wants to save him for the long features—two miles and that stuff?"

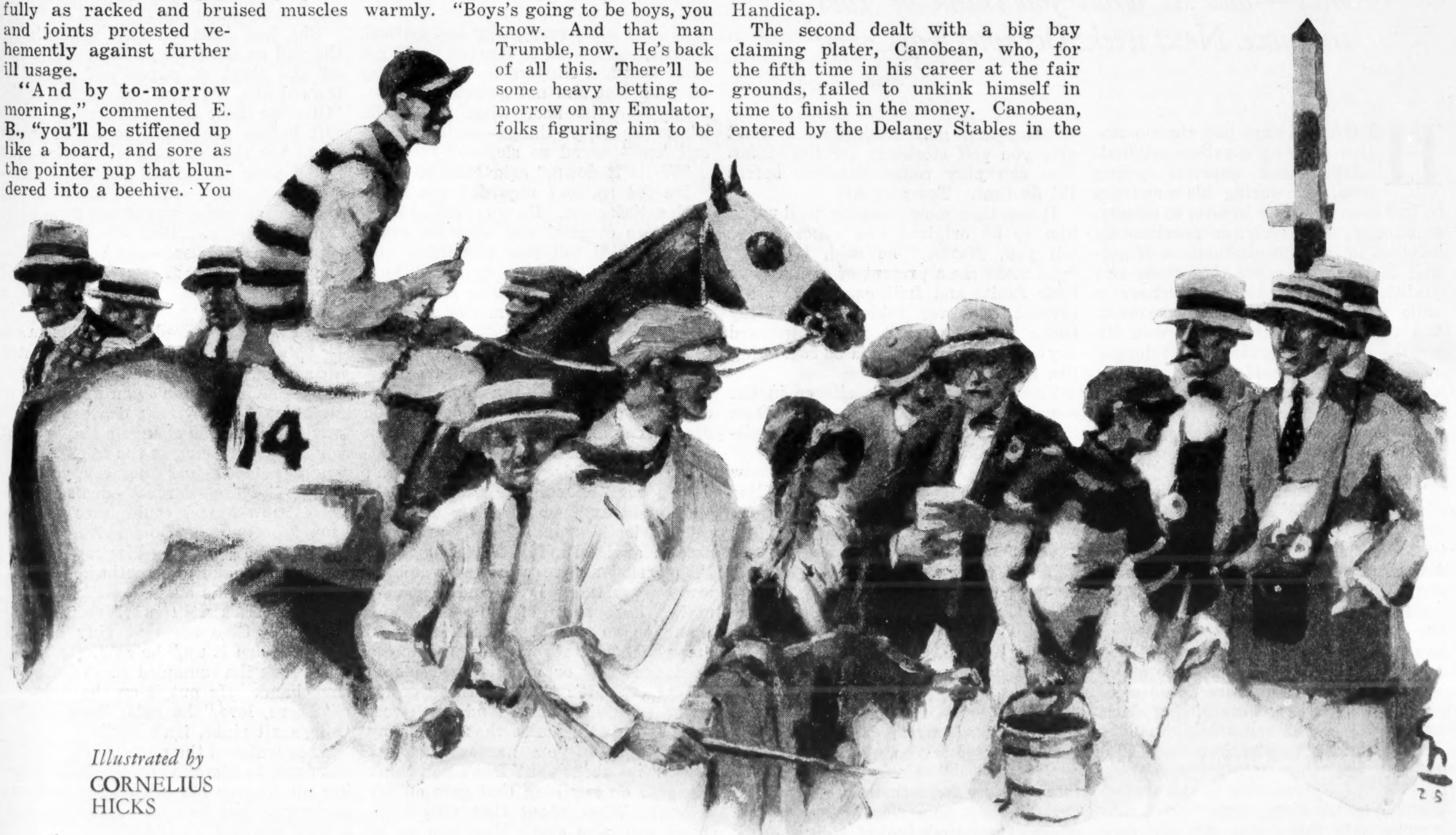
"Nix. They tried him in a two-mile race once, and he died in the stretch. Hain't got two whole good miles in his whole muscle-bound, unkinkable frame. They've given him five starts at different distances now. He's got about six furlongs of real speed in him, and it takes him a mile to get warmed up to it. But at a mile and six furlongs he's too late getting started; at two miles he's done shot his bolt; and at any distance less'n a mile he can't even get started at all."

Blue Grass' opinion was pretty generally shared among the wise ones. For once E. B. had evidently been left at the post. Even Holy Joe Trumble couldn't keep from taking a dig at the old Kentuckian, of whom, as a rule, he stood rather in awe.

"When you going to start Canobean?" Trumble asked one day, smiling.

"Right soon, I reckon," E. B. replied mildly. "He seems to be shapin' well."

(*Continued on page 42*)



Illustrated by
CORNELIUS
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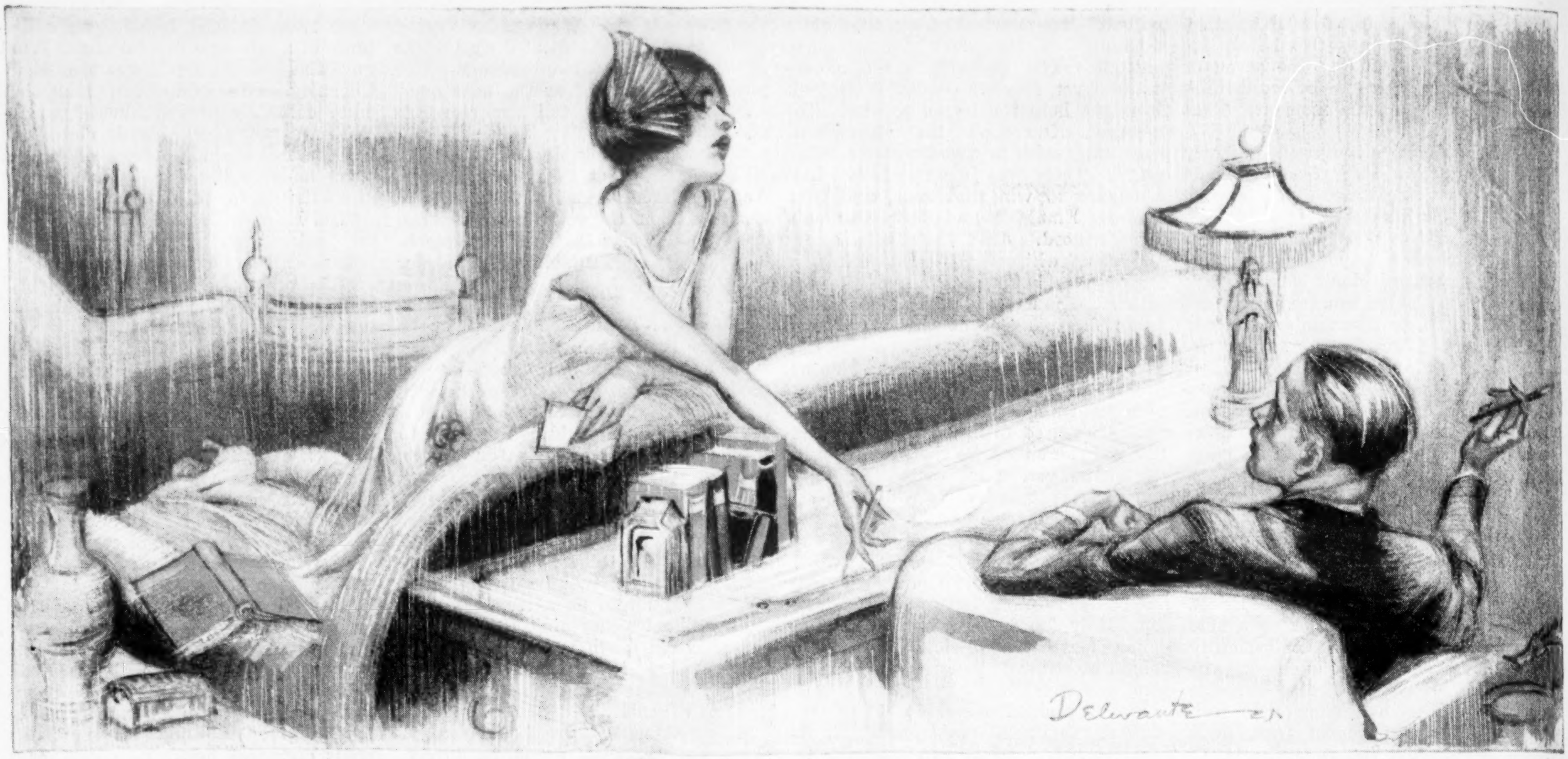


"My sweet little pink satin mules that match my negligee get on your nerves, do they?"

Merry Christmas

A Short Short Story by SOPHIE KERR

Perhaps it's a mistake to forget the day and anticipate New Year's resolutions in exchanging Christmas presents—but see what you think of this instance. Next week: Octavus Roy Cohen

HE HAD always had the reputation of being a rather original-minded and superior young man, but during his courtship he had been so wildly in love, so blindly, so humbly, so eagerly, so passionately involved in the difficult business of getting Martie to say yes that these two qualities—of which he was, perhaps, a trifle vain—had been quite dormant. But now that the marriage was six months old and Martie was no longer an unobtainable goddess, but a very human girl, he was beginning to feel again the stirrings of originality and superiority, the more so as Martie had never given the least sign of knowing that he possessed any of either.

They were talking about Christmas, which was only a few days away. Martie was on the sofa, a very becoming place for her, for the sofa was deep blue velvet and Martie had on a slim white dress. When she put her head back against the blue, it turned her yellow-brown hair to real gold, gave her soft skin an added peachiness, deepened and brightened the sapphire of her eyes. It was hard for Jim to remember what they were talking about while he looked at her.

"But I want to give you something unique," she was saying—"something that could be given only to the perfect husband by his doting wife.

"The only thing you say you need is some new golf stockings. I won't give you golf stockings for Christmas. You can play round barefoot before I'll do that. Too stupid!"

It was then some mocking devil urged him to be original and superior. "I tell you, Martie," he said, laughing, "you make me a present of one of your little faults and failings. Make me a present of never taking any of my books and leaving it face downward anywhere again. There'd be something like a Christmas gift."

There was a strange silence in the room, then Martie asked gently: "Does it get on your nerves, the way I mistreat your books, Jimmie dear?"

"Why, yes, it does, rather. You know how I cherish my books. They're like living people to me. And when I come on one of them lying about with his leaves crumpled and his back broken, it hurts me in a queer way."

THERE was another little silence. Then Martie said, still very gently: "Suppose I get a pencil and paper, and you can tell me any other little things I do that bother you, Jim. And I'll put the list in your Christmas stocking with 'Never again' written in big letters across the top. What about it?"

"It's an idea." He fished about in the table drawer for memo pad and pencil. "I'll begin it this way: '*Never again abuse any of Jim's books.*' How's that?"

"That's fine. What else?"

"Here's a good one: '*Never again use Jim's fountain pen on his desk.*' You know it ruins a fountain pen if somebody else uses it—the pressure and the slant's different in every handwriting."

"Oh, it does! I'll try to remember that. Well, what else? This isn't all, is it?"

"I may seem very picky and critical, Martie, but I wish to Heaven you'd get some bedroom slippers that would stay on your feet and not go scuff—scuff—scuff over the floor when you walk. Those backless things—mules, d'you call 'em?—sound so sloppy."

"Write it down," said Martie.

He did so, and regarded the items with satisfaction. He was feeling more and more original and superior every minute. "I'll tell you something else too," he said, smiling again. "Don't have any more rice pudding for dessert for a year at least. I'm sick to death of it."

At this point Martie rose up and snatched the pad and pencil from his hands. "Is that so, Jim Liddell!" she cried. "You hate rice pudding and you don't want any more for a year when it happens to be the only dessert Huldah can make decently and you don't earn money enough for us to have a good maid and you certainly ought to eat nourishing things, skinny and bony as you are! Oh, if I'd had any idea I'd married a man who was watching every least thing I do, and despising me! Think more of your old books than you do of me! And I'm not to use your fountain pen even when a messenger boy or a delivery boy's in a hurry and it's the only thing downstairs to write with. And my sweet little pink satin mules that match my negligee get on your nerves, do they? Well, what about you? Don't you think you ever do anything that gets on my nerves? What about that silly little cough you give every time you go to say something! I'll make you out a list too, I will. There: '*Never again give that silly little cough!*

"'*Never again be late to meals!*

"'*Never throw cigarette butts and ashes on the hearth instead of in the ash tray!*

"'*Never again go round not shaved on Sunday mornings!*'"

She had been writing violently on the pad as she spoke, and now she tore off the sheet of paper and thrust it toward him. "There!" she cried again. "Give me those things for a Christmas gift before you begin to be so smart about my abusing your old books—and—and your horrid old fountain pen—and—and scuff—scuff—" The blue sky of her eyes was drowned out by a rainstorm of tears. "Oh," she sobbed, "I never was so abused—nor so insulted—and to think that you—you of all people—"

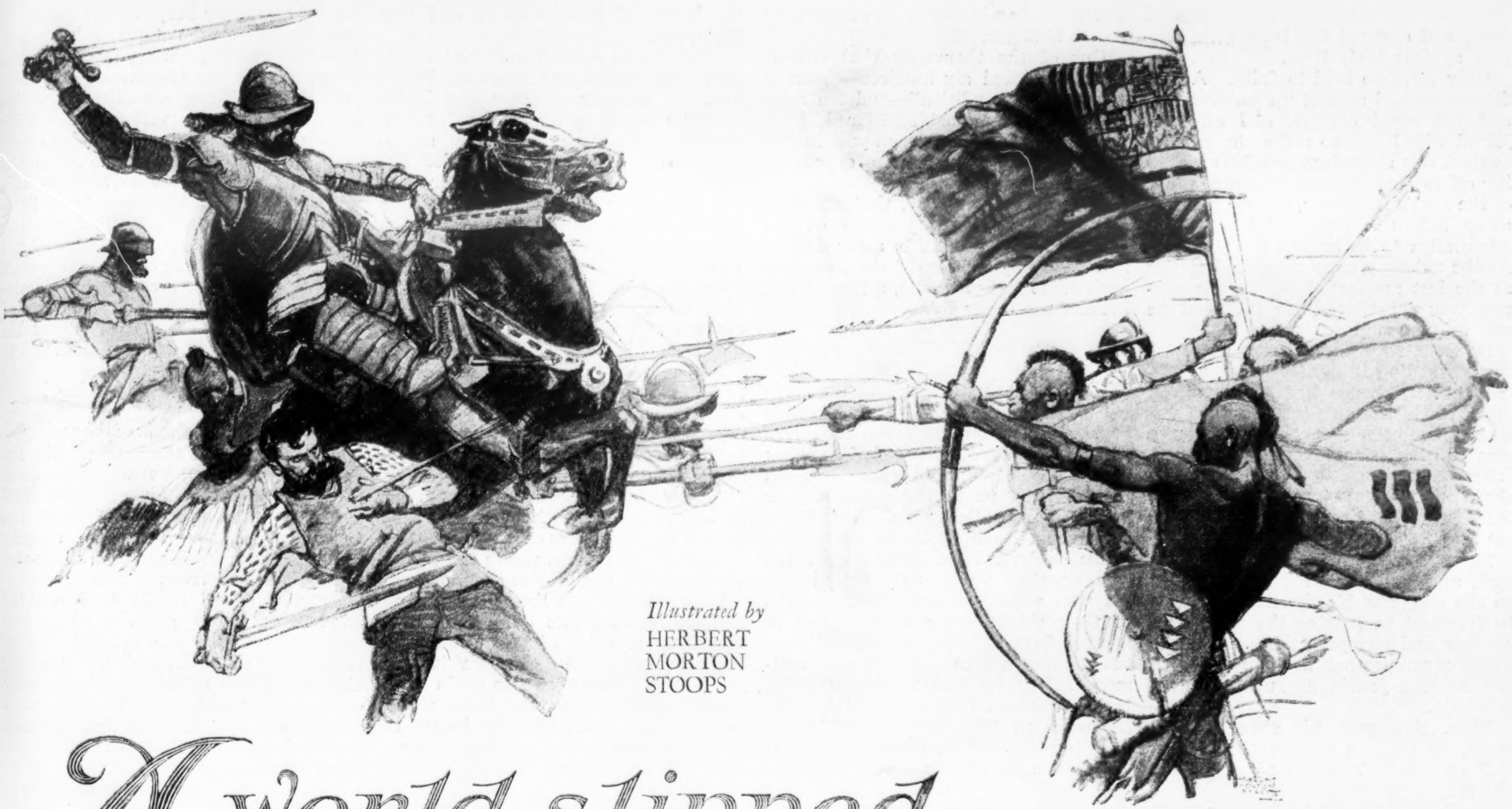
BUT he had seized her in his arms. "Martie, Martie dear," he protested in anguish. "How can you take it so seriously, darling? Don't you know it was all a joke? Why, my dearest love, I wouldn't have you change a single thing you do for anything in the world. You—you're perfect, just the way you are. Martie—please—dearest—don't cry. I don't know how I could have been so stupid, so horrid. Do forgive me—do! Please—there—there—kiss me—"

Gradually she was soothed. She lay tremulous in his arms, a pathetic little figure, lashes still wet, mouth still grieved. "Give me that silly old list and I'll burn it up," he said.

He took the crumpled sheet from her limp hand. He put it on the fire.

"There, love," he said, "now everything's all right, isn't it?"

They watched the paper burn. It did not occur to him that he was also burning up forever his originality and superiority. But he was. And they had a very merry Christmas.



Illustrated by
HERBERT
MORTON
STOOPS

De Soto fought standing in his stirrups. Waves of red men swept over the little company, but after a nine hours' struggle victory perched on the banners of Spain

A world slipped through his fingers

By
GEORGE CREEL

HERE is adventure and high romance. *And it's all true!* In the years that saw the making of the America in which we live there stand out in tremendous episodes, striking and colorful figures, dramatic, romantic, tragic and sometimes comic—a wealth of material that dwarfs the imaginings of the great writers of fiction. This is the first of a series in which Mr. Creel vividly pictures the dreams and deeds, the achievements and disappointments of heroes who have lived.

Most of us know the Iron Captain vaguely as the man who discovered the Mississippi River. But he was a man of stubborn will, who lived through fantastic adventures and incredible hardships. At thirty-three he had won a fortune with his sword. He died an old, worn man at forty-two. Mr. Creel presents him here—a figure of stark tragedy, no less romantic because he is real.

NO ROMANCER, giving imagination full rein, ever dreamed adventures half so mad as the actual deeds of those Spaniards who sailed the uncharted ocean in their flimsy caravels, stormed the walls of the New World and waded through blood to fabulous riches that they diced away in a night. As cruel as brave, as treacherous as heroic, as religious as depraved, pattering prayers the loudest when outraging God the most—amazing figures as tremendous and incredible as though they stepped out of Apocrypha.

Cortez burning his ships and advancing against the might of Montezuma with a scant four hundred men; Pizarro conquering Peru with less than two hundred; Pedro de Valdivia enslaving Chile with one hundred and fifty; eighty-four-year-old Francisco de Carbajal leading forlorn hopes—what a list it is that beat against the gates of memory with their sword hilts!

It is with Hernando de Soto, however, that this story has to do—De Soto, the *real* discoverer of America. We see him first as he leaves his mountain home in Estremadura, a lad not taller than his sword, seeking his fortune in Panama with that Pedrarias Davila who cut off Balboa's head, and in the fifteen years that follow we catch vivid glimpses of him as he races through Hispaniola and Nicaragua, pursuing fortune. Well did he hold his own among those swarming adventurers, for when Pizarro prepares his blow at Peru we find young Hernando in high command and rated as the company's "best lance and finest horseman."

It was in the eleventh month of the invasion that the Spaniards came to Caxamarca, where camped the Inca and his army. A deserted city, emptied of its people, rang hollowly to the clang of their horses' feet, but as far as eye could see the valley slopes were white with the tents of the Indian host. Even the stoutest heart felt a creeping chill, for what chance had two hundred against these countless thousands? At last they understood why the Peruvian monarch had not opposed their march from the sea coast, taking no advantage of mountain passes where a tumbled bowlder could have swept them all to death. This valley, with its prison walls, was his trap.

All through the night Pizarro and De Soto upbraided and exhorted. Were cavaliers to turn tail before these heathen dogs? Could they not see that retreat was an invitation to disaster? When had they ever fought except against overwhelming odds? What of repeated proofs that God had them in His holy care and keeping? In every great battle had there not been sight of St. Michael high above them, crying his angels to the assault? Was there not ample assurance of the land's incalculable wealth? Forward, caballeros! Another sword stroke and every man may plunge his arms shoulder-deep in yellow gold and gleaming emeralds.

Before the morning sun topped the peaks of the Andes, De Soto was spurring across the plain to face the Inca and learn his will. With gay arrogance, and a certain shrewd intent to strike fear, he sank his rowels deep and galloped down the warrior line at furious speed, only throwing his charger back upon its haunches at the very hem of the royal robe. Not by the twitch of a muscle did the dusky ruler betray awe or astonishment, and it was in cold, implacable tones that he dismissed De Soto, saying that he would visit the Spaniards on the following day and then acquaint them with his pleasure.

"By St. Jago!" cried Pizarro. "God is delivering him into our hands." A cheer burst from every hairy throat, for some of the men had been with Cortez in Mexico, and all held in mind how the Great Captain had seized Montezuma as a hostage. All night long there were feverish preparations, assignment of stations and much furbishing of arms, and at mass in the early dawn *Exsurge Domine* was roared to heaven as a challenge. From their concealment these human tigers watched the Inca enter the city, and eyes flamed as they marked the jewels that incrusted his litter, and saw the throne of solid gold.

All unsuspecting—for how could he dream that this beggarly handful would dare aggression?—Atahuallpa came to his doom. As he reached the great central square, with less than seven thousand of his men inside the gates, a cannon boomed its signal, and out from hiding poured De Soto and the cavalry. Picked soldiers ringed the Inca about with steel at once, and the others rode their horses back and forth through the huddled, screaming mass, stabbing and slashing like devils from hell.

When arms fell slack at last from sheer exhaustion five thousand Peruvian bodies littered the plaza.

There is not space to tell of the ransom brought in by countless pack trains. Atahuallpa filled one room with gold and another with silver—the value of the whole has been estimated at fifteen millions—and still they kept him prisoner. Evading, delaying, for his dark heart meant murder from the first, Pizarro fell finally into well-simulated rage, and charged the Inca with plotting against their lives.

Only De Soto held to faith. A fast friendship had sprung up between him and the royal captive, and affection joined with honor to make him cry out against this shameless treachery. Riding off to Huamachuco to secure proof of the Inca's innocence, he was not well away before a mock trial sentenced Atahuallpa to be burned at the stake. As the unhappy ruler accepted baptism at the last moment, however, the garrote was substituted for fire, and he was only strangled.

De Soto, returning, went white with fury, branding it as assassination, crying that his honor had been stained. "But what," he sneered, "could a Pizarro, base-born and wet-nursed by a sow, know of honor?"

Forcible intervention prevented bloodshed, but De Soto was all for leaving the country, and only greed cooled his hot anger.

There was still imperial Cuzco to sack, and even as he led the vanguard on the long and bloody march, so was he foremost in gutting the Temple of the Sun and stripping the royal tombs where mummies sat in chairs of gold and dripped jewels as summer eaves drip rain.

Then, rich with his share of the spoils, he flung a contemptuous farewell in Pizarro's face and sailed for Spain.

Small wonder that Seville adored him. Only thirty-three—rich, handsome and a figure of romance—the beautiful Isabella de Bobadilla gave him her heart and hand, and the highest fawned upon him in his palace. For eighteen years he had fought and suffered, and now, in every softness of love and ease, he would forget the swamps of Haiti and the bitter hardships of Peru. Vain resolve, for how could bull fights and pompous ceremonials satisfy one who had shod his warhorse with silver, hunted slaves with hounds, gulped *chicha* from golden goblets as he rode to the loot of ancient cities, and seen the Indies glow?

Ambition burned him! Cortez, no better born and not more brave, had lorded it in Mexico, and as for Pizarro, De Soto's proud soul sickened at the thought of having played second fiddle to that vulgar foundling. What he dreamed of, what his heart panted for, was some virgin realm that he might make his own. Florida, discovered but not won, occurred to him, and when he offered to undertake the conquest at his own expense the thrifty emperor not only named him captain general but also threw in an appointment as governor of Cuba.

As the news flew that Don Hernando was taking to the sea again, sailing to a fair land where the very trees dropped gems, cavaliers raced to Seville from every quarter, even Portugal furnishing a contingent of swart hidalgos.

Out of the thousands that offered, De Soto picked six hundred—"men of courage and condition"—and ten ships were bought and double rationed. Even so, still another year was spent in Havana, that no detail of the expedition might be overlooked.

It was in May, 1539, that the fleet put to sea for the passage of the Gulf, and as the little army landed in Tampa Bay and caught the fragrance of jasmine and magnolia, a great cheer broke from every lip.

Victims of Gold Lust

NOW at last was America's threshold to be crossed. Not once, in any voyage, did Columbus touch the great continent that stretched before him; John Cabot came to Labrador in 1497, but explored no further, and a year later his son, Sebastian, skirted the coast from Nova Scotia to the Chesapeake without attempt to pierce the forest walls; Vasquez de Ayllon and his men were massacred within sight of their ships; Ponce de Leon fell in a beach fight and the atrocities of Panfilo de Narvaez earned him death almost before he had touched the interior; Jacques Cartier found the St. Lawrence in 1534, but seventy years were to pass ere Champlain carried on. For Hernando de Soto was reserved the honor of genuine entry and true discovery.

Well was he entitled to curse the fate that sent Ayllon and Narvaez before him, for memory of their abominable cruelties made every Indian an implacable foe. Nor were they sheeplike Peruvians nor yet befuddled Aztecs with their legend of a Fair God, but fierce tribes as deadly as swamp snakes, fully conscious that white men were not divinities but human beings with blood that a knife could spill. From the great trees, screened in dripping moss, came flights of bone-tipped arrows, and woe to the cavalier who laid aside his armor for a moment.

At first De Soto's luck seemed due to hold, for from the swamps crawled Juan Ortiz, a survivor of the Narvaez expedition, able to act as interpreter by reason of his twelve years of captivity. Repeatedly, vehemently, he told them that there was no gold in the land, but Indian prisoners, with cunning intent to lure the Spaniards on, invented tales of a mythical Chisca, where the people wore hats of the precious metal.

Inflamed by these lies, the company plunged forward into the dark forests that rang to cries of "Come on, robbers and traitors! Death is waiting for you." The bearers tried to brain them with their chains, or else killed themselves, so the hunt for new beasts of burden became part of a bloody routine.

Marching through Florida and Georgia, another May brought them to the banks of the Savannah, where ruled a princess, young, beautiful and friendly; and the Gentleman of Elvas, chronicler of the expedition, writes glowingly of fairy valleys thick with fruit of tree and vine, the winds only stirring to shake fragrance from the flowers. "All wanted to stay in this sweet country," he moans, "but Soto, as it was his object to find another treasure like that of Atahuallpa, Lord of Peru, would not be content with good lands." And, too, records the Gentleman, he was "an inflexible man, dry of word, and after he had expressed his will, did not like to be opposed."

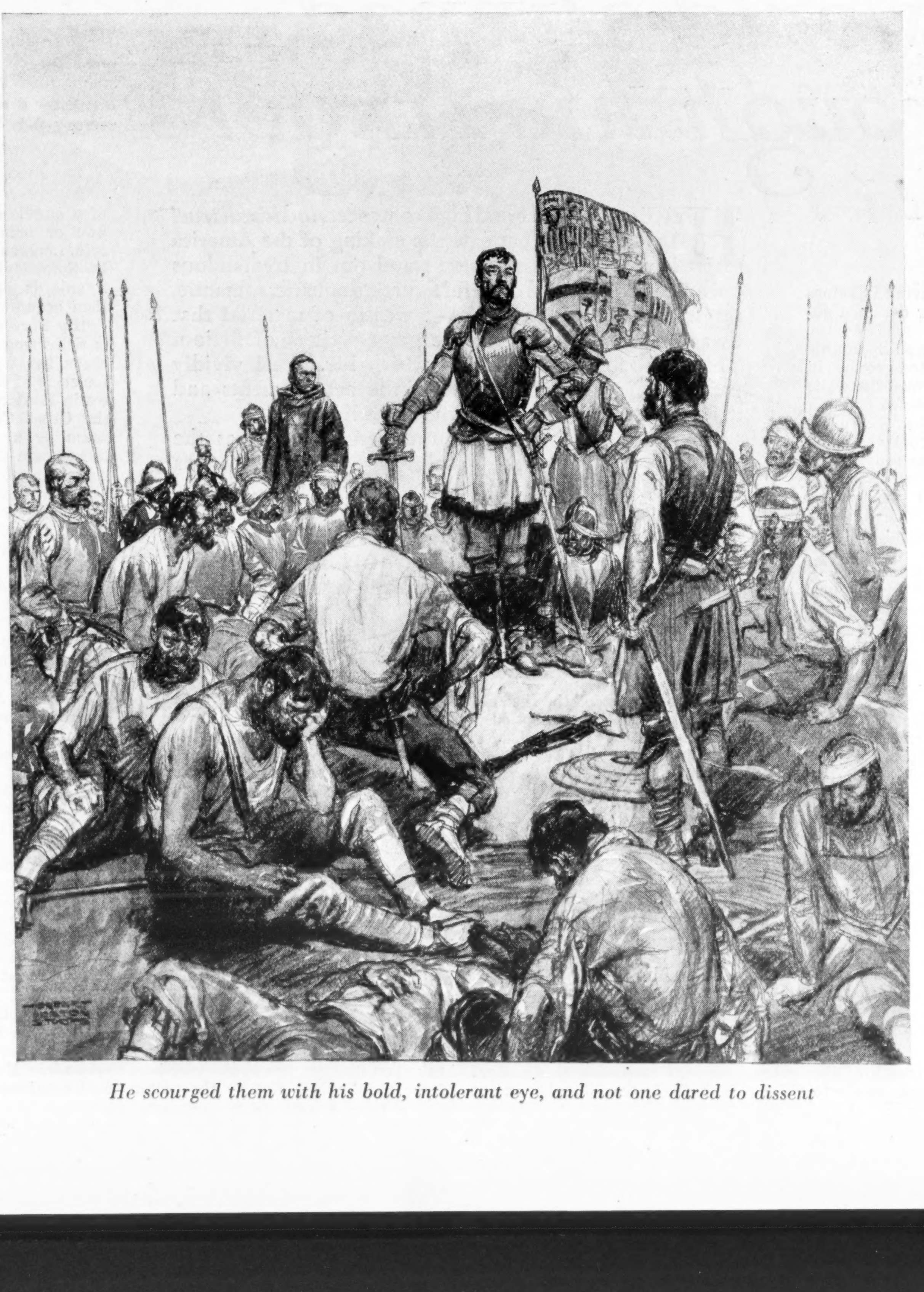
Victory—at What a Cost!

GRATEFUL the shade of the mulberry groves and soft the arms of the Indian maidens, but with visions of treasure vaults ever before his eyes De Soto scourged the company on through the Carolinas, Tennessee and south again into Alabama, kingdom of Tuscaloosa, the Black Warrior. The swarthy ruler was seized as he held out his hand in friendly greeting, but this habitual treachery was not followed by the usual tame submission. Maubila, Tuscaloosa's capital, was secretly ordered to prepare a plan of extermination, and ten thousand fighting men gathered against the day when the hated invaders should arrive.

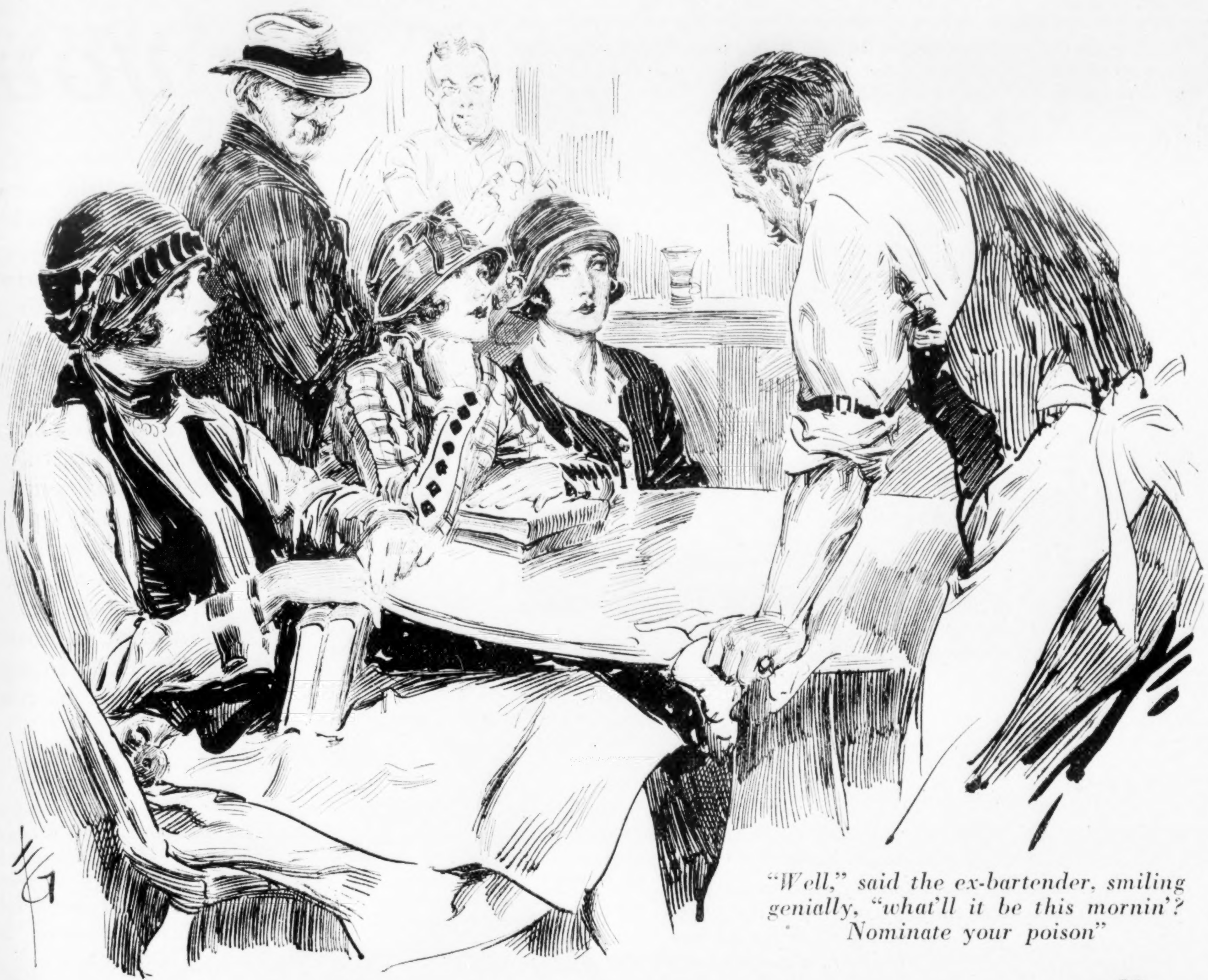
Only a blunder saved the Spaniards. Before the trap was well set an exultant chief shouted an insult at Balthasar Gallegos, and the fierce cavalier sounded the battle cry even as he split the savage from hair to chin. For nine hours the struggle raged, so furiously that De Soto fought standing in his stirrups, not having time to draw an arrow from his thigh. Successive waves of red men swept over the little company, but St. Jago rode the heavens on a white horse, calling encouragement, and as the sun fell from sight victory perched on the banners of Spain. The flimsy huts, set on fire, turned the village into a furnace, and men, women and children perished in the flames or were spitted on the lances of the blood-mad *compañeros.*

Victory indeed, but at what a cost! Many of De Soto's bravest and best lay dead, the living were sore wounded, and the flight of the bearers had not only lost them clothes, supplies, medicines and booty but, worst of all, even their dice and playing cards. At this dark hour came a messenger with word that the ships were in Pensacola Bay. That way lay safety and comfort, the ease and dignity of his command in Cuba where the Lady Isabella waited in all her young loveliness, while northern marches held hardship, danger and the daily threat of death. To return, however, was to admit defeat, and,

(*Continued on page 34*)



He scourged them with his bold, intolerant eye, and not one dared to dissent



"Well," said the ex-bartender, smiling genially, "what'll it be this mornin'? Nominate your poison"

"What'll you have?"

"The bitter drop in life's goblet," says Uncle Henry, "is not being understood. That's where the bartender never failed"

"I RECKON the preachers are right," said Mr. Stubbs. "What we've got to do is get more love in the world."

"A fine chance," sneered Uncle Henry, "now that the saloon has been done away with. I don't want to be put in the position of makin' any argument for liquor, but there, 'Lonzo, was where you got *love!* I've seen men enter a saloon wearin' expressions so mean an' cynical that blind beggars turned pale an' hid their cups, but after a half hour with the bartender they would be announcin' their candidacies for the Queen of May an' cryin' bitterly at the bare thought of partin' with the dear old friends they'd met jes' five minutes before. Why, love oozed from 'em!

"What is it that breeds hate an' distrust, sourin' the milk of human kindness an' turnin' men away from their fellows? I'll tell you, 'Lonzo! It's not bein' *understood.* That's the bitter drop in life's goblet. To drag through the weary days without anybody to confide in, to tell your hopes an' fears, to put your arms around an' to weep on, secure in the knowledge that they will see straight down to the achin' heart inside, an' give you understandin'.

"Yessir, 'Lonzo, the people a fellow works with are rarely understandin'. When he tells them what he said to the boss, or confides that he's got a hundred better jobs waitin' for him, all too often they counter with some vulgar expression that throws the soul back on itself. A wife, though she may love you an' bear you children, seldom provides the perfect comprehension that fills the heart with peace.

"But a bartender never failed. Even while he mixed drinks, made change, swabbed the mahogany an' urged bystanders not to take a shingle off the roof, he could understand. At the very sight of his chins, risin' above the snowy folds of his apron, I've known strong, case-hardened men to burst into tears an' sob their secrets out on his shoulder like little lost children.

"Nothin' eluded his rare intuition or missed his sympathetic interest. Your views on the League of Nations, zither playin', the decline of family life an' the proper way to bring up children, were accorded fullest understandin', an' he'd grasp all of the various injustices an' factional intrigues that lost you your last three jobs, enterin' fully into your passionate determination not to let anybody make a goat out of you.

When Love Was a Knockout

"DOMESTIC problems, however, were the bartender's specialty. If a man came up to you or me an' said, 'Dowanna knock finst lil wum in wurr,' neither you nor I would have the slightest idea of what he was drivin' at. But the Knight of the Towel knew at once that what the man meant was that while hurt an' estranged by his wife's utter lack of understandin', still an' all he didn't want to be put in the position of knockin' the Finest Little Woman in the World.

"You know how wives are, 'Lonzo, blindly convinced that a husband ought to be glad to work at anythin', entirely overlookin' the fact that if he stops to fool with little jobs the big ones are apt to get away. How can you hear Opportunity knock if you're wrappin' up things or pushin' your nose inside a ledger? After arguin' such matters over the dinner table, what a blessin' it was to go to the corner an' talk with the bartender about what life really means!

"Men went out of that helpful, inspirin' presence with a new faith in themselves an' a fresh love for humanity. I've seen lots of 'em so overcome they actually fell on their knees. Even policemen shared in the world's rose color, an' I've known chaps so thoroughly in tune with the indefinite that they wanted to kiss a cop good night, an' cried bitterly when he wouldn't give 'em his address so's they could send him a recipe for cracked lips.

"Bitterness was washed out of even the most curdled hearts, an' husbands reached home absolutely changed men, eyes so misty with tenderness that it was sometimes hours before they could find the keyhole. Instead of swaggerin' into the house, stumblin' over furniture an' wakin' everybody up, there was a sweet thoughtfulness that made 'em sleep out on the porch or under it."

"What happened to all the bartenders, anyway?" asked Mr. Stubbs. "They jes' seemed to disappear."

"Oh, I reckon they're still around," said Uncle Henry, "but seein' 'em without the aprons an' diamond studs, you don't recognize 'em, that's all. Same way with a general, an elevator starter, a Pullman porter or street-car conductors. Take 'em out of uniform an' they're no different from other men.

"The last time I was in the city I saw one workin' in a soft-drink parlor. I wasn't sure at first, even though he had his hair roached an' kept passin' a towel back an' forth across the top of the marble counter all the time, not to mention the pink garters he wore for sleeve suspenders. As I was watchin' him, however, a bunch of girls came rushin' in, probably from some high school.

"'Well,' he said, smilin' genially, 'what'll it be this mornin'? Nominate your poison.'

"Then I knew. An' if I'd had any doubt it would have been removed when he carefully scraped the foam off of their ice-cream sodas. Several men came in, but, after drinkin' their pineapple sundaes, went out without even attemptin' to relieve their souls of the loads I knew they must be carryin'.

"No question that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but I guess sundaes jes' don't know the twists an' turns. I fell into talk with him when we were alone, an' he told me he hadn't been called upon to understand anybody since he left the saloon, an' that while he must have served a million ice-cream sodas his shoulder hasn't been cried on once, an' not a customer had promised to write.

"Honest, 'Lonzo, I don't know what men are goin' to do for their understandin' these days. Next to a bartender, barbers used to be fine for unbosomin' the soul, although there never was any real heart interest in 'em. They were all right to confide in up to a certain point, but you never felt any burnin' impulse to put your arms around 'em an' burst into 'Auld Lang Syne.' But now that women are gettin' their hair bobbed, even barbers are shut off from us.

"Manicure girls also used to be good, providin' an effective outlet for those thoughts that a man never lets go of until he's sure of the reception they are goin' to receive. But how can you lean over the table an' give full expression to your longin' for understandin' when your wife's liable to raise her head from a near-by barber chair, an' want to know what you're sayin' to That Woman?

Eden Before Our Fall

"ADMIRABLE as soda fountains are, you don't see 'em as the source of song.

"No more do you find men emptyin' their hearts of collected bitterness an' pledgin' eternal friendship to people they've jes' met. Life is meaner an' harder. Scarce a paper but records instances of wife beatin'. In the days of the saloon the men had all they could do to get home, much less raise trouble after they got there.

"When we had bartenders we were strong for the League of Nations. No row about the money foreign countries owed us as long as we had someone that understood us. It wasn't until they took bartenders from us that we began to see evil in beautiful manifestations of friendship like Doheny givin' Fall a suit case full of hundred-dollar bills."

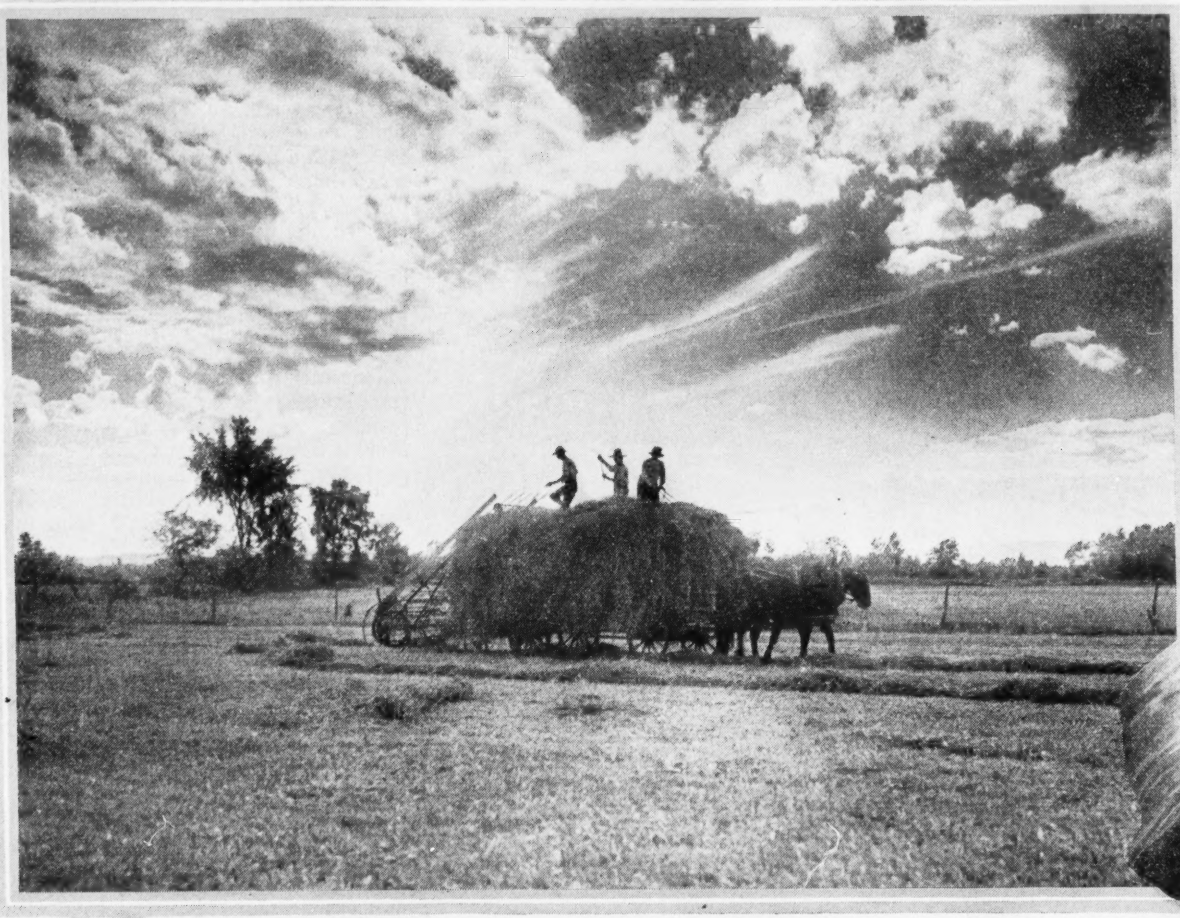
"Bartenders must've got pretty sick of drunken bums cryin' on 'em," said Mr. Stubbs disgustedly.

"Between you an' me," admitted Uncle Henry, "I wouldn't be surprised if they started the prohibition movement."

Can you

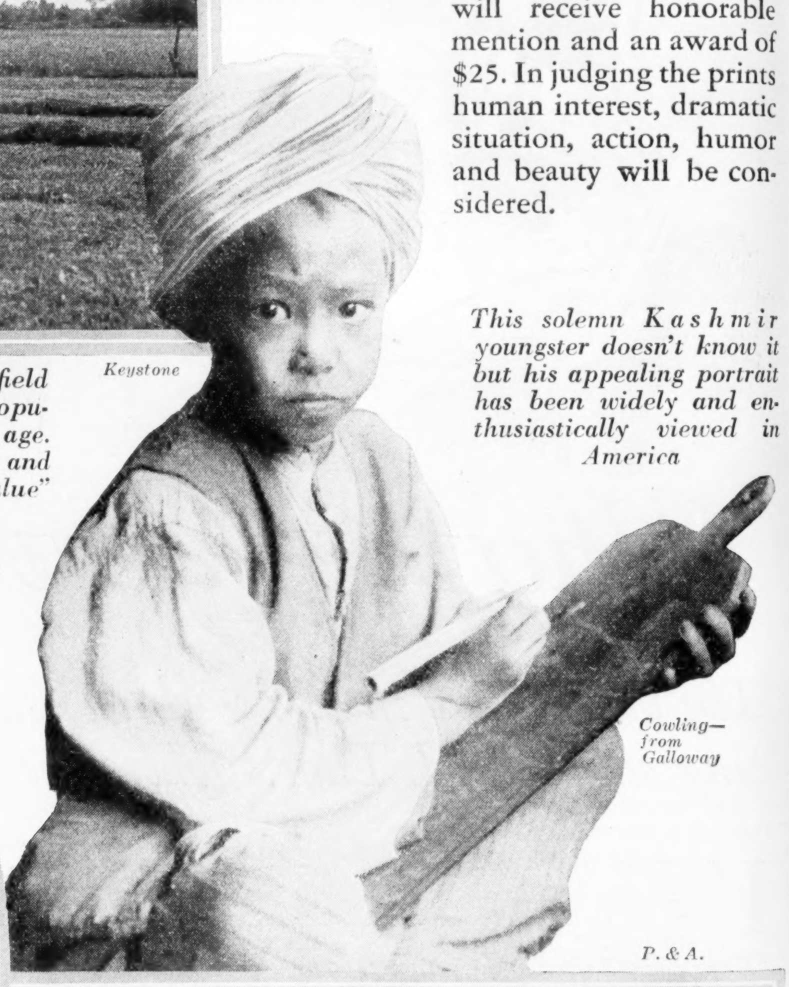
HERE are the most popular snapshots of 1925, selected by nine big photographic agencies. They are splendid examples of the cameraman's art. Can you do as well or better? We're going to give you a chance to try.

For the best photograph, by professional or amateur, received before May 30, 1926, we will give a prize of $200. There will be a second prize of $100, a third of $50, and every other photograph used on the prize winner's page will receive honorable mention and an award of $25. In judging the prints human interest, dramatic situation, action, humor and beauty will be considered.



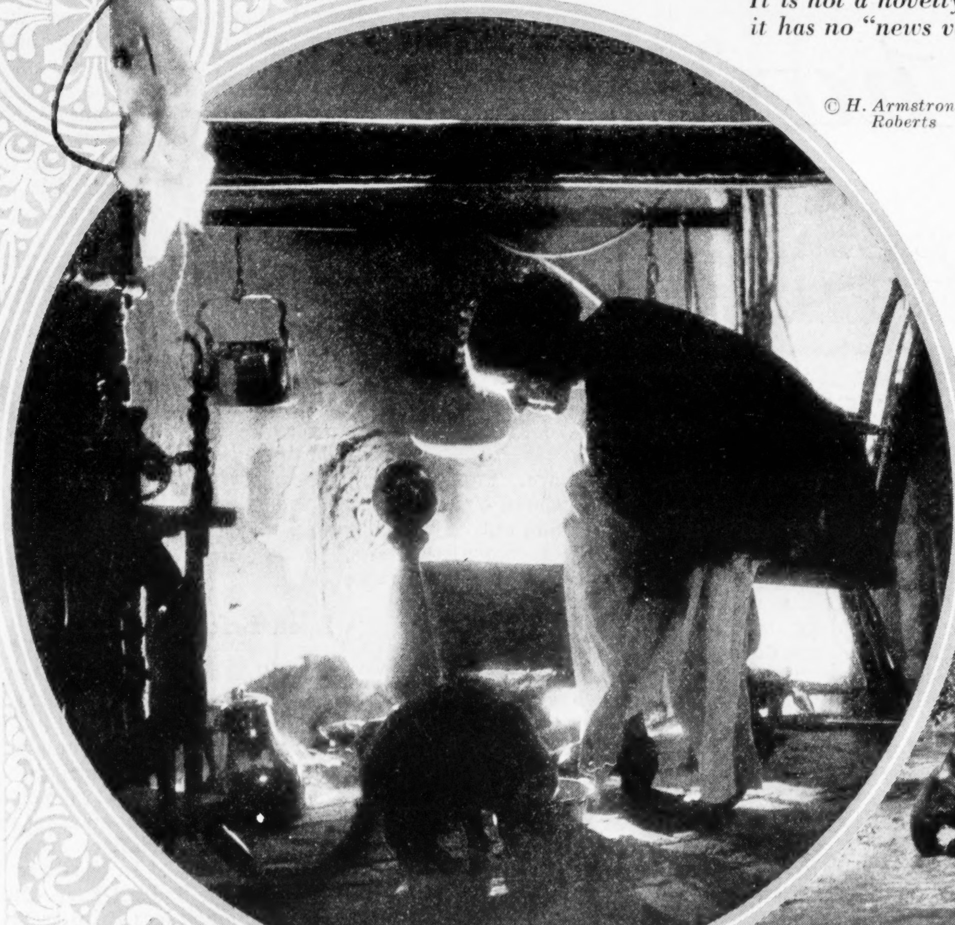
There's tranquillity and beauty in this hayfield photograph, which may account for its popularity in a hectic age. It is not a novelty and it has no "news value"

Keystone



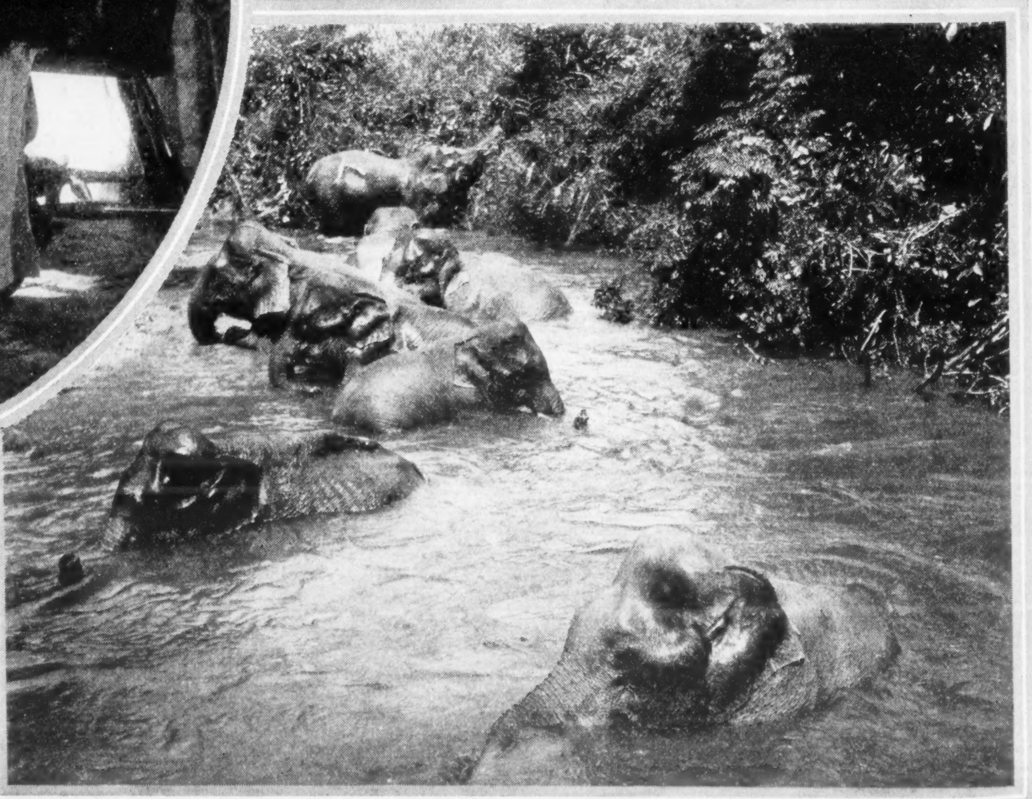
This solemn Kashmir youngster doesn't know it but his appealing portrait has been widely and enthusiastically viewed in America

Cowling—from Galloway



© H. Armstrong Roberts

Here's a simple fireside scene, showing the atmosphere and utensils of a bygone day. It scored as heavily as the jazziest of flapper prints or the most thrilling of action photos



P. & A.

Would you care to join these rollicking wild elephants in their jungle swimmin' hole? Hardly—but you must admit that they make a striking picture if not a pretty one

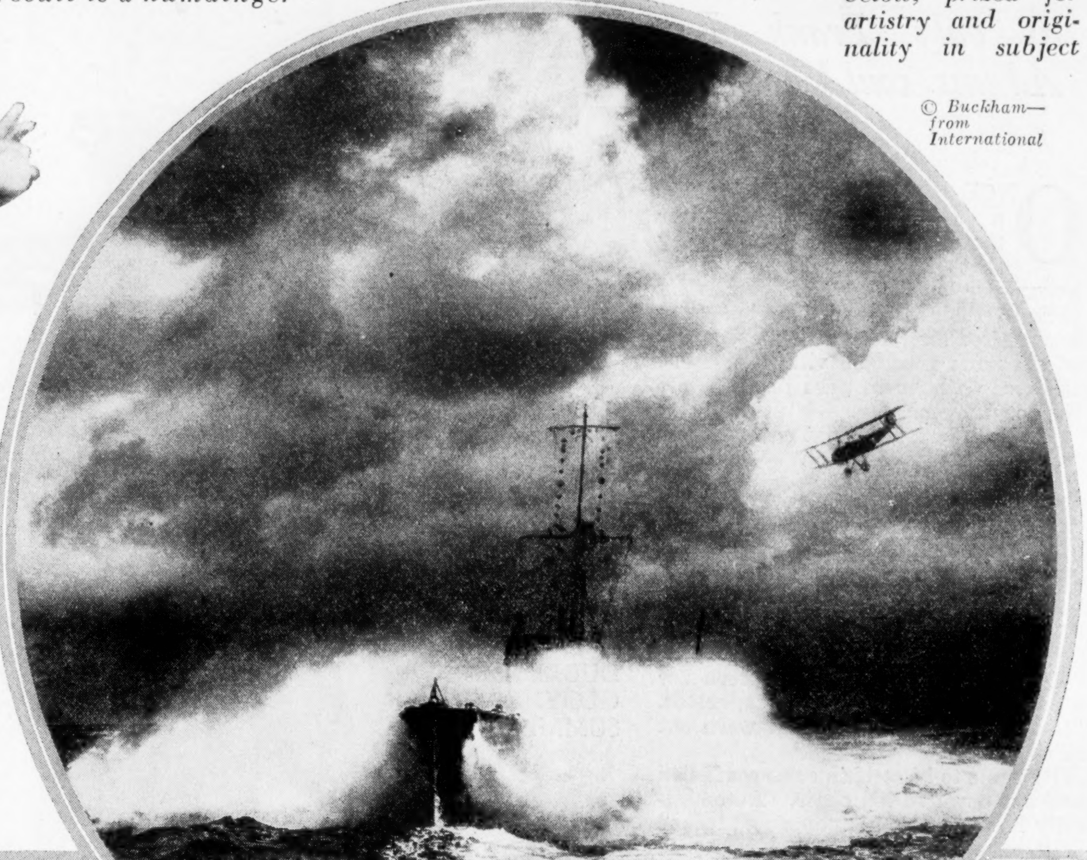
beat these?

Please send prints—not films or plates—and write your name and address plainly on the back of each photograph. All unavailable photographs for which return postage is enclosed will be sent back, though we shall assume no responsibility for their safe transit in the mails. Mail photographs to Photograph Prize Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Kadel & Herbert

It took more than everyday patience to pose six puppies all at one time, but you must admit that the result is a humdinger

A stormy day at sea—with the modern touch. From England came the unique photograph below, prized for artistry and originality in subject

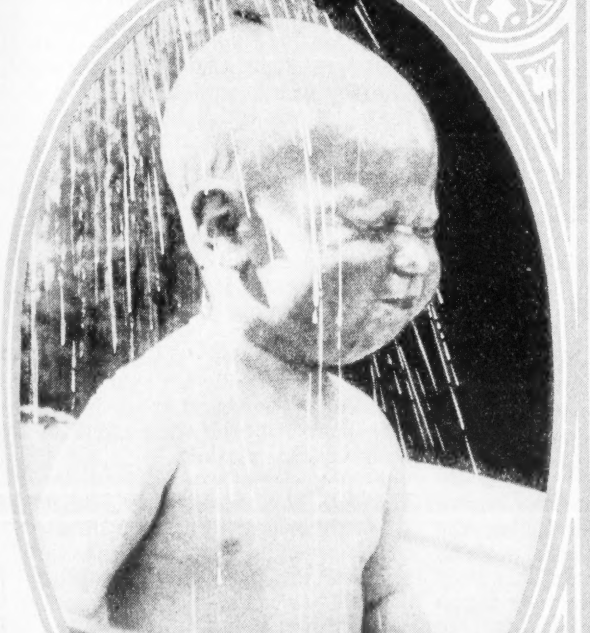


© Buckham—from International

It's not often you find a snapshot that combines action with a really good portrait of the subject, but the cameraman who made this "shot" of Helen Wills achieved rarity

Fotograms

He's not cheering lustily in the photo, but this youngster's expression brightened, no doubt, when he learned that his damp phizog made a mighty splash and romped away with a prize of $200



Wide World

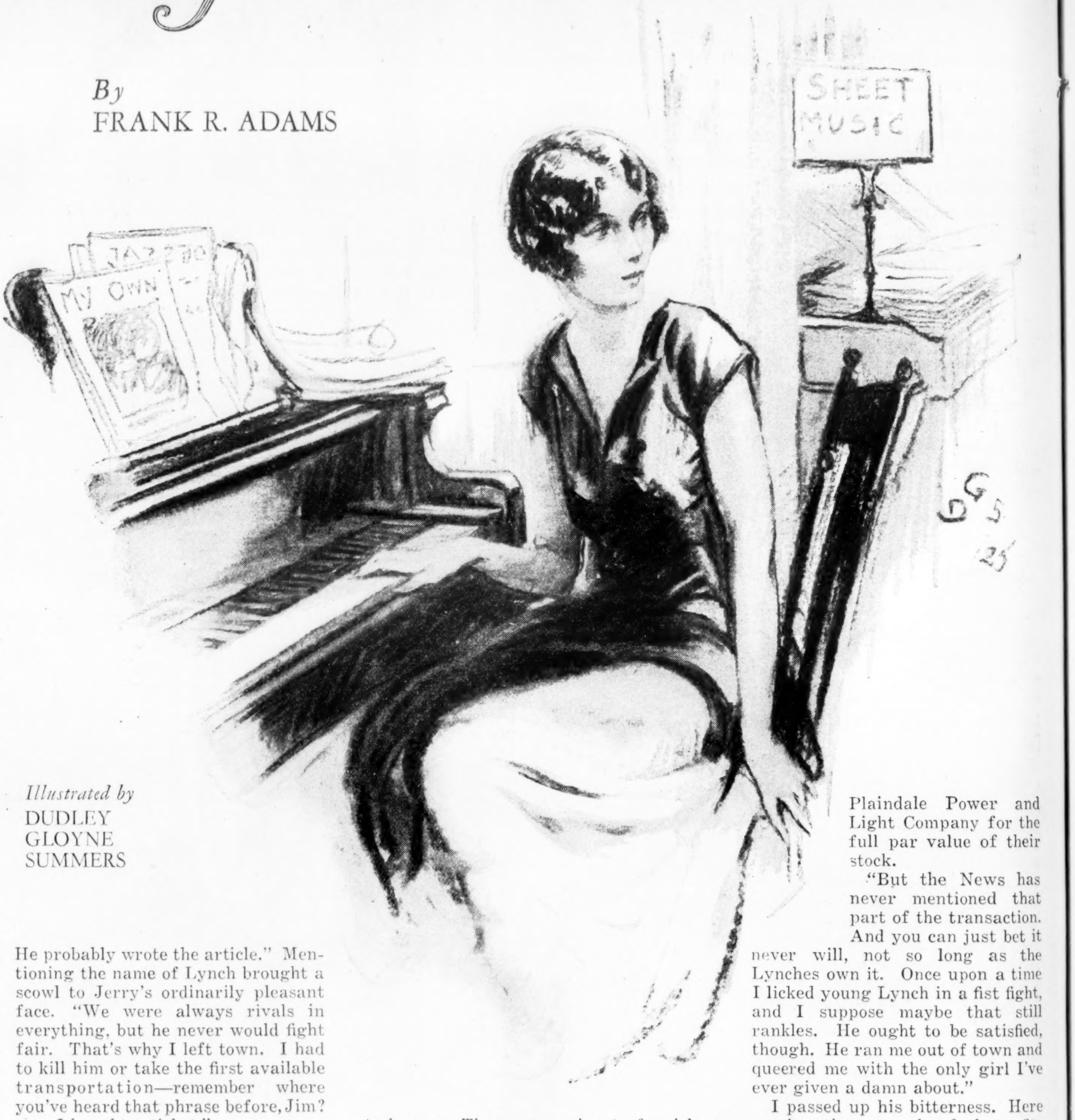
Johnson Bros.—from U. & U.

It was a fortunate chance which led the photographer down this road one autumn morning. When he returned homeward he had a real prize in his little black box

Sally comes back

By
FRANK R. ADAMS

Here's a love story told with the proper accent as only Frank R. Adams could tell it



Illustrated by
DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS

ONCE a week Jerry Keeler was a total loss as a companion for the evening. That was the day that his home-town weekly newspaper arrived. He never went back to Plaindale, nobody from there ever visited him, but he read every line of the news from the village as if he expected to have to pass an examination on it some day.

We lived in a small flat on the North Side of Chicago, and on Wednesdays I used to go to a movie all by myself. Other evenings we usually batted around together.

The only time I ever talked to him about it was six months ago, when I came in around midnight and found him pacing the floor like a peevish tiger.

I watched him in some concern for a moment. "Port a little," I suggested. "Our best rug is getting all worn out in that place."

He came to himself in some confusion and sat down in his chair. Automatically he picked up his paper and looked at it once more.

"What's the idea, Jerry?" I asked. "Bad news?"

He looked at me at first as if he was going to bite me. Then he must have decided that I meant well after all.

"I suppose I've got to tell somebody," he declared.

I DIDN'T say a thing. That was one of those moments when a few words would have thrown him off from the idea of unbosoming himself. And, obviously, as he had said, he had to tell somebody.

"I've never asked you why you aren't married, and you've never asked me," he said. "But I know just as well as you do that there is some damn good reason why a successful man of your age doesn't fall for one or the other of these deliberately fascinating lady Indians that we trail around with.

"As I say, you've never asked me, but there's the name of my reason, right there." Jerry handed me the small-town blatter and pointed out the leading story on the front page.

"Sally Comes Back," was the heading, and it went on: "Plaindale's most distinguished citizen, Miss Sarah Pendleton, is returning from Europe on the Mauretania, which docks next Wednesday. She will arrive in Plaindale Friday and will spend a few days here with her parents before beginning rehearsals with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York."

There was an entire column of eulogy. I remarked upon the enthusiasm of the write-up.

"Young Lynch, the son of the owner of the paper, was in love with her too. He probably wrote the article." Mentioning the name of Lynch brought a scowl to Jerry's ordinarily pleasant face. "We were always rivals in everything, but he never would fight fair. That's why I left town. I had to kill him or take the first available transportation—remember where you've heard that phrase before, Jim?—so I bought a ticket."

"Wouldn't fight fair? Meaning what?"

Jerry considered a moment and then plunged in. "I suppose I might as well tell you that too. We used to have a small electric-lighting company in town—just a steam-boiler affair—with a franchise to supply the village for a certain number of years. I and just a few others started the thing. Our town was mighty unprogressive, and the wealthier men wouldn't back me. So I had to charm the money out of unlikely places. One of the biggest stockholders was old Mrs. Patten, an aunt of Sally's, and she put in nearly everything she had. She and the few others who came in were such darn good sports that I had to make the thing go.

"Well, it did go for a number of years and paid good dividends in spite of the fact that nearly everybody who hadn't bought stock would have been darn glad to see it fail. That's just human nature, I guess, and not the special fault of Plaindale's citizens.

"While I was away in the army a power company began stringing high-voltage lines in our county and secured franchises in all the other towns round about us. They hadn't begun to supply current, but I guessed what was going to happen. They were going to furnish juice so cheaply that our company might just as well go out of business. The town board would tie a can to the renewal of our franchise the minute it heard that current could be bought from the power company for four cents less. The price would go back later, but not until after we had been frozen out.

"We had to sell out at sixty cents on the dollar. Some of the stockholders seemed to think I was to blame in some way. That would have died down except that the Plaindale News hopped into the ring and found out that one of my best friends had turned in a block of stock to the company at par just before the company was sold. That, the News pointed out, was exactly the same as breaking into the houses of other stockholders and taking the money out of their trousers pockets. Fortunately my friend, who was very ill at the time, died before they began painting my reputation with tar, so nobody got hurt but myself. I got plenty. That's why I left, and that's why I had to make good. You've got about ten thousand salted away in the bank from the profits of our partnership, but I've got just exactly nothing—unless you count the canceled checks of every one of the stockholders of the Plaindale Power and Light Company for the full par value of their stock.

"But the News has never mentioned that part of the transaction. And you can just bet it never will, not so long as the Lynches own it. Once upon a time I licked young Lynch in a fist fight, and I suppose maybe that still rankles. He ought to be satisfied, though. He ran me out of town and queered me with the only girl I've ever given a damn about."

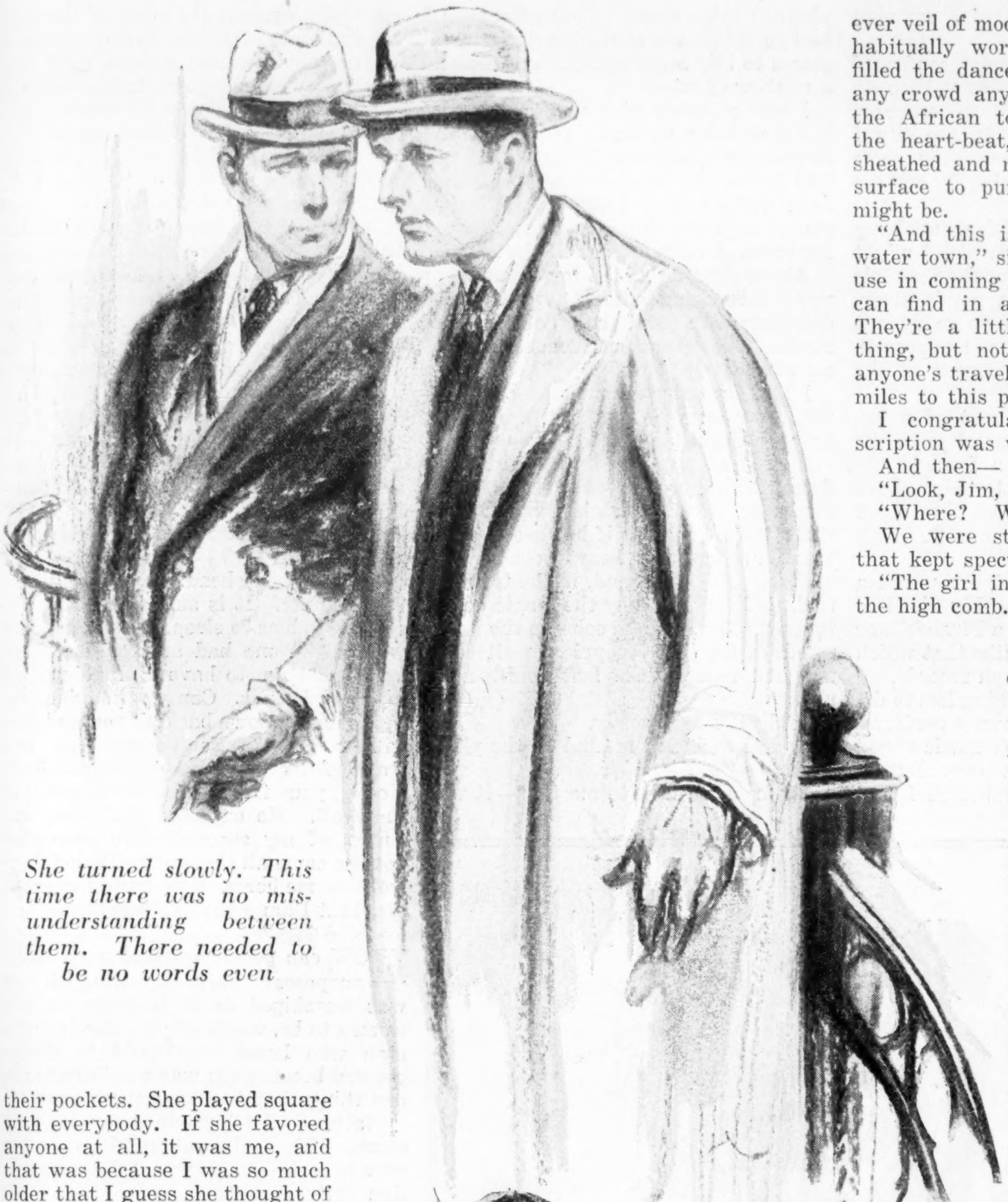
I passed up his bitterness. Here was explanation enough of those fits of melancholy on the days that his mail contained the Plaindale weekly. The boy was homesick. Reading about the old town which he had left under a cloud was the worst thing he could do, and yet he couldn't help it. And now it had reminded him of this girl—Sally.

"Why don't you go back?" I counseled finally. "See your old town again—find out how small it is. Meet this girl again. Even she will not be the same, and—"

He stopped me. "Sally will always be the same. Sally isn't the name of a physical girl—it's what we human beings called the elf who came to live with us for a while."

WELL, that was pretty bad, and I ought to have laughed. It didn't seem to be exactly the right place, though, and besides he might have punched my nose.

Jerry was going on, anyway: "This may sound impossible to you, but it's the truth that practically every young man in town was in love with Sally. She was the personification of what men dream in their loftier moments. Three different boys from Plaindale were buried on the western front with newspaper-clipping pictures of her in



She turned slowly. This time there was no misunderstanding between them. There needed to be no words even

their pockets. She played square with everybody. If she favored anyone at all, it was me, and that was because I was so much older that I guess she thought of me more as a sort of a friend of the family. That was helped some by the fact that her aunt, with whom she lived, liked me a good deal and depended on me for business advice.

"It never came to a showdown as to which one of her suitors she would choose. Because Sally developed a voice. Everyone said she must study under the best masters. So she was only waiting for conditions to quiet down after the war in order to go abroad. Her aunt was going with her, but she died early in 1918. Fortunately, she had left everything to Sally, so there was money enough."

"And she has made good?" I observed.

"She had to. She had the whole town pulling for her. Some of her old adorers may have married other girls, but they've never ceased to keep a special little shrine for her. I guess most of them were rather glad to see her devote herself to art rather than to any one of the others."

"All but yourself?"

"Yes. I haven't any hope of winning her, especially now that she is a great singer, but I'll never compromise with my dreams to the extent of marrying anyone else."

I picked up the newspaper and looked at the offending article again. It spoke glowingly of the reception which would be tendered to Sally on her arrival. Doubtless engineered by Jerry's rival, it was to be in the nature of an ovation.

"Let's go to this party," I suggested. "We can both of us leave our office Friday noon all right. The bookkeeper can stand off the crowd of clients until Monday. Maybe just seeing the girl will cure you entirely—most grand-opera prima donnas are impossibly temperamental I've heard—or if it doesn't you will at least have seen her once more, and you can't be any worse off than you are now."

I guess that was what Jerry really wanted to do. Because after an hour or so of argument, during which he put up no really considerable alternative proposition, we decided to go ahead with my plan.

THERE are two trains per day in Plaindale. The one from the east gets in about 2 P. M. The one from the west, which we came on, arrives, presumably about eight in the evening.

So Sally was there first.

Our train was an hour late, and there were no other passengers for the village, so our arrival was unobserved and unannounced. This was as Jerry wished it to be.

We sent our grips over to the hotel by the bus and walked to the old skating rink, where Jerry was positive we would find whatever celebration there was.

"New street lamps," he commented, "run by the power syndicate. No more shadows in this world. No chance for the moon to compete with progress even in the small towns."

A fairly good jazz orchestra, doubtless "from the city," had removed whatever veil of modesty the town may have habitually worn, and the crowd that filled the dance floor might have been any crowd anywhere. The rhythm of the African tom-tom had supplanted the heart-beat, and senses ordinarily sheathed and masked had come to the surface to purr or hiss as the case might be.

"And this is my quiet little backwater town," sighed Jerry. "There's no use in coming back for something you can find in any block in any city. They're a little noisier here, if anything, but not enough so to warrant anyone's traveling a couple of hundred miles to this particular zoo."

I congratulated myself. My prescription was working.

And then—

"Look, Jim, there she is."

"Where? Which one?"

We were standing behind the rail that kept spectators off the floor.

"The girl in the Spanish shawl and the high comb." He did not point.

I had guessed, anyway. It was only a couple of glimpses that I had had through rifts in the crowd, but I had guessed before he told me that she was the one we had come to see.

Sally had known what she was doing when she chose that señorita outfit for a setting. There was not a blessed thing Spanish about her but the costume. Consequently the effect was twice as charming as if she had been a languid, flashing-eyed beauty.

As a matter of fact, Sally lacked positive beauty. The noticeable characteristic of her face was a certain wistful seriousness. It was indescribable, but I knew instantly what Jerry had meant when he said that she would never change. Those who knew her would never be conscious of any change in her—ever. Sally wasn't very large—I had always pictured opera singers as big women—and she looked much as a child would look dressed up in her mother's most bizarre evening gown. She gave the impression of a little girl trying desperately hard to live up to her clothes and succeeding by the very absurdity of her failure.

At the conclusion of that particular dance the encore was stifled by a beating on the cymbals. A young man got up on the improvised platform occupied by the musicians.

"That's Lynch," Jerry informed me briefly.

Lynch was tall, slim and just missed being an exact replica of a midnight dancing-club habitué.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he was announcing, "our guest of honor, Miss Sally Pendleton, has consented to sing one number for us. Owing to the fact that her voice must not be strained by singing much under these conditions, which are practically the same as out of doors, she will not be able to give you an encore."

He reached down and gave a hand to the young lady in the Spanish shawl.

She bowed with a grave smile to the fluttering applause which greeted her, as the dancers and even the spectators gathered nearer in a compact group.

Sally herself sat at the piano. This, then, was to be no concert solo with music in hand, singer bent slightly forward to reach for a high cadenza. I was glad. She played easily. But it was a simple melody, and anyone could do it.

Then she sang!

I don't know whether it was the voice or the song itself. Whatever it was, it is still engraved on my heart. From her throat she spun a rich bronze golden thread, a fiber to string glowing memories upon. Her voice was autumn, there were little pillars of smoke with gilded sunset in it; touches here and there of dying color that would never come again.

And the name of the song was "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms." I had supposed that no one ever sang that any more.

"Let's go away," said Jerry when she had finished.

"But—" I began to protest.

"We've got to," he said savagely, and by the grace of God I understood. To have cared for that girl all her life and then to have her slip away from you was almost more pain than a man of Jerry's sensitive nature could endure. I, who had seen her only from a distance, could comprehend.

IN TRYING to make our way to the outside door we got caught in a jam, and finally, in his hurry to extricate himself from a situation that was acutely unbearable, Jerry turned back and led the way to a rear exit he knew of.

Outside—it may have been an alley—I am not quite sure—but the moon was there—the moon and Sally. There was a man with her. For that matter, I was with Jerry, too, but the other man and I instantly became intangible shadows, nothing but background. Sally and Jerry stood out in the moonlight.

"You!" said Sally.

"Yes," explained the other shadow, "Mr. Jerome Keeler, who mysteriously disappeared from town shortly after the electric-light company scandal and—"

Sally silenced him, perhaps with a gesture, possibly with a look. At any rate, she was not paying any attention to him now. She had stepped forward and taken Jerry's hand. Together they walked off in the moonlight, leaving the disgruntled Mr. Lynch and myself to make our way back to the celebration.

"Well, damn him for having the nerve to turn up at this party!" grumbled Lynch.

We were back where the illumination was pitilessly better now. "Why shouldn't he have the nerve?" I demanded with some asperity.

Lynch looked at me, really for the first time. "Oh, you're a stranger in town? You wouldn't know. Mr. Keeler is the gentleman who robbed his friends and business associates."

Evidently Lynch did not recognize me as a friend of Jerry's. Possibly he did not care and was glad to air his grievances to anyone. So I led him on. Jerry, according to Lynch's account, had not dared to run off with the company's funds so, instead, he had used the entire surplus earnings to buy back the stock of old Mrs. Patten just before the crash, intending, again according to Lynch, to marry Sally, who was the old lady's heir, and thus get the coin, anyway.

"But I queered that deal," Lynch exalted. "And now the money is all gone, spent on Sally's musical education. Perhaps Mr. Keeler doesn't know that, which may explain why he comes horning in here now."

I suspected that Mr. Keeler did know that very well. Quite obviously Jerry did not tell all he knew even to me.

Jerry came back in a few minutes—with Sally. He introduced me. I wondered if she had been kissed. I knew, though, that she hadn't. Jerry was too unhappy.

So was Sally, for some reason or

other. She was trying to be gay, as became the guest of honor at the party, but one gathered the idea, someway, that she was rather desperate about it. And one wanted to help—to make it easier for her—without knowing how to do it.

Lord, but she really was wonderful! She had charm that wove melodies around your heart and made it hers for always, just as Jerry had said. I could understand now the quixotic thing which he had done for her. Men could be resplendent fools for Sally without any idea of reward. That voice of hers, even murmuring commonplaces, had treasure notes in it. Anything she said was a poem, a painting, a symphony. What a crime that words she spoke could live only as memories, that the actual tones died as soon as they had left her lips! Yes, I was nearly as foolish as Jerry, and I had been under the influence for only a few minutes.

"Why," I asked Jerry when we were alone, "did you bring her back so soon? Couldn't you overcome her objections? A woman doesn't always mean what she says and—"

Jerry stopped me. "I was the one who suggested coming back. It would hurt her to have it known that she was walking out in the moonlight with the village black sheep and, as far as I personally am concerned, it's better not to see her any more at all."

"Did she turn you down?"

Jerry looked at me in amazement. "Did you think I would propose to her? Sally, if she ever marries, will have to wed someone who can keep pace with her in her art. To make her my wife, even if I could, would be like caging a nightingale."

Of all the fools! "Does she know," I asked, "that you got the reputation of being a robber and a swindler just by buying her aunt's shares in order that her musical education could go on?"

Jerry looked at me sharply. "Who told you it was Mrs. Patten's stock I bought?"

"Lynch. But I ought to have guessed it, anyway. Does Sally know she owed her education to you?"

"No, and she mustn't ever. Mrs. Patten didn't know I bought those shares back. As a matter of fact, she was too ill when I did it to know what she was signing. It seemed to be the only way."

Well, that's what I call as foolish a crime as any young man could commit. But I understood a little better than I would have before I'd met Sally.

Jerry had his way, and we left the party. In the morning we left town also. That must have pleased Lynch when he found it out.

JERRY ceased to receive the Plaindale News. He must have canceled his order through whatever underground source he had been getting it. The Sally incident in his life was apparently closed.

But, by the same token, Jerry became a well-nigh useless business partner. All of the tremendous force which had formerly characterized his portion of our real-estate operations was conspicuously lacking. He didn't seem to care. Both of his goals had been made! He had seen the unattainable Sally for the last time and he had repaid every cent of the money he had been accused of mishandling. He was like one of those old war horses of finance who foolishly retire and immediately die as soon as their interests in life are removed.

But I wasn't any mental cripple, and I wasn't ready to retire yet myself—not by any means. So I hustled about twice as hard to make up for Jerry's apathy.

That probably accounts for my being in New York alone during the Christmas week the winter following our visit to Plaindale.

I'm no musical critic, not a confirmed opera-goer at all, and I do not keep up with news in that field. But it occurred to me that while I was in the city I ought to visit the Metropolitan some evening when Sally was singing and see how she was doing.

That was a noble decision, involving the sacrifice of an evening which I might have spent at the Follies or the Scandals or some similar business man's diversion, but it was difficult to carry out because Sally's name did not appear in the program of announcements of the opera company.

But I'm a persistent sort of a go-getter, and I addressed a letter to the management asking when I might expect to hear Miss Pendleton sing. I received a reply to the effect that there was no one by that name connected with the organization.

Of course not. Pendleton was not a grand-opera name. Probably she had changed herself over into a Pirandelli or a Cavaniti or something like that which would sell more phonograph records.

So there was only one thing left to do, and I did it. I went to every performance for a week. Enough music raged around me to last for a lifetime. But no Sally, until just the day before I had planned to go home. That afternoon I had gone into one of the big department stores to buy some toys for a niece and a nephew of mine.

I was standing at a counter examining a walking wallopus (which, if you don't know what it is, is something you had better get one of next Christmas for a dollar) when I heard a voice that caused my heart to miss a beat. A singing voice. A voice that had to be Sally's!

Above the floor of the toy department was a mezzanine balcony devoted to the demonstration and sale of popular music. The voice came from somewhere out of sight up there.

I left the saleswoman who had been attending to my wants in the wallopus line and dashed up the stairs.

Seated at a piano in a little black dress, with her hat off, obviously an employee of the establishment, was Sally, singing, not as if her heart would break, but as if her heart were already broken. Mystified, and, if the truth be told, still entranced by the magic of the tones that lent golden color to the banal words of the popular lyric, I waited till she had finished the last soul-teasing note.

"Sally!" I said softly.

And she whirled around on the piano stool.

She couldn't talk to me then—it was naturally against the rules of the store to entertain friends during business hours—but I waited around until closing time. I wasn't going to lose her now after having spent a week trailing her.

I took her to dinner, and she told me the simple story of her own heartbreak.

"They told me in Europe that I did not have enough voice for opera. I knew it myself when I came back to Plaindale that time, but when I found out that they regarded me as a celebrity already arrived and had planned that marvelous home-coming for me, I couldn't tell them. So I pretended that I really was all that my people had hoped that I would become. It harmed no one. They had their celebration; I had my brief triumph, the only one I shall ever have. In a few years they will forget about me or merely wonder what name I am singing under."

"But," I objected, "your voice is marvelous."

She shook her head. "Not for a grand opera house. It is suited, perhaps, for singing babies to sleep. If"—she added wistfully—"one had any babies. How ashamed I am to have disappointed all my good friends. Can you imagine having an entire town backing you and then falling down? You've no idea how wonderful everybody has been. Jerry Keeler, your friend, was the greatest of them all. He expected the most, was surest of my success. You remember how he came all the way to Plaindale to welcome me home. How could I ever tell him that I am a rank failure?"

HOW can people work at such cross-purposes? This exquisite girl, who was worshiped as it is given to few women to be, was worrying for fear the man who loved her would be disappointed because she was a failure at the one thing that had kept them apart.

Naturally I telegraphed for Jerry to come. "Big deal pending," I put in the wire to make him hurry. I did not mention Sally.

He arrived on the morning of the second day following.

I did not see the necessity of explaining anything to him. Stupid as he was about matters of the heart, I didn't see how he could fail to interpret correctly the significance of that slim little black figure at the piano pounding out and singing the tin-pan ballads of the day.

So we had breakfast together, and on the pretext of having an errand in the toy department I led him over to the store.

He followed me docilely enough, not noticing where he was even when I climbed the mezzanine stairs.

It happened that she was beginning to sing as we reached the top step. Sally's voice was the minor key to heaven.

I looked at Jerry. He was afraid to look at anything. He was afraid it was a mistake. His mouth was drawn, and his nostrils pinched together as if he were in terrific pain.

"It's all right," I whispered. "It's really Sally."

After a few seconds the song stopped in mid-verse. She knew he was there without looking around.

She turned slowly. This time there was no misunderstanding between them. There needed to be no words even.

It is very unsatisfying to be Cupid.

He kissed her just as the manager of the department came hurrying up to see why the music had stopped.

"You can't do that," the manager expostulated.

"You're mistaken," Jerry declared proudly. "I'm the only one who can."

"If you do, Miss Pendleton loses her job."

Well, Sally lost her job.

Again.

And again.

Frank Godwin

Your Next
Long Laugh

H. C. WITWER

in a narrative entitled

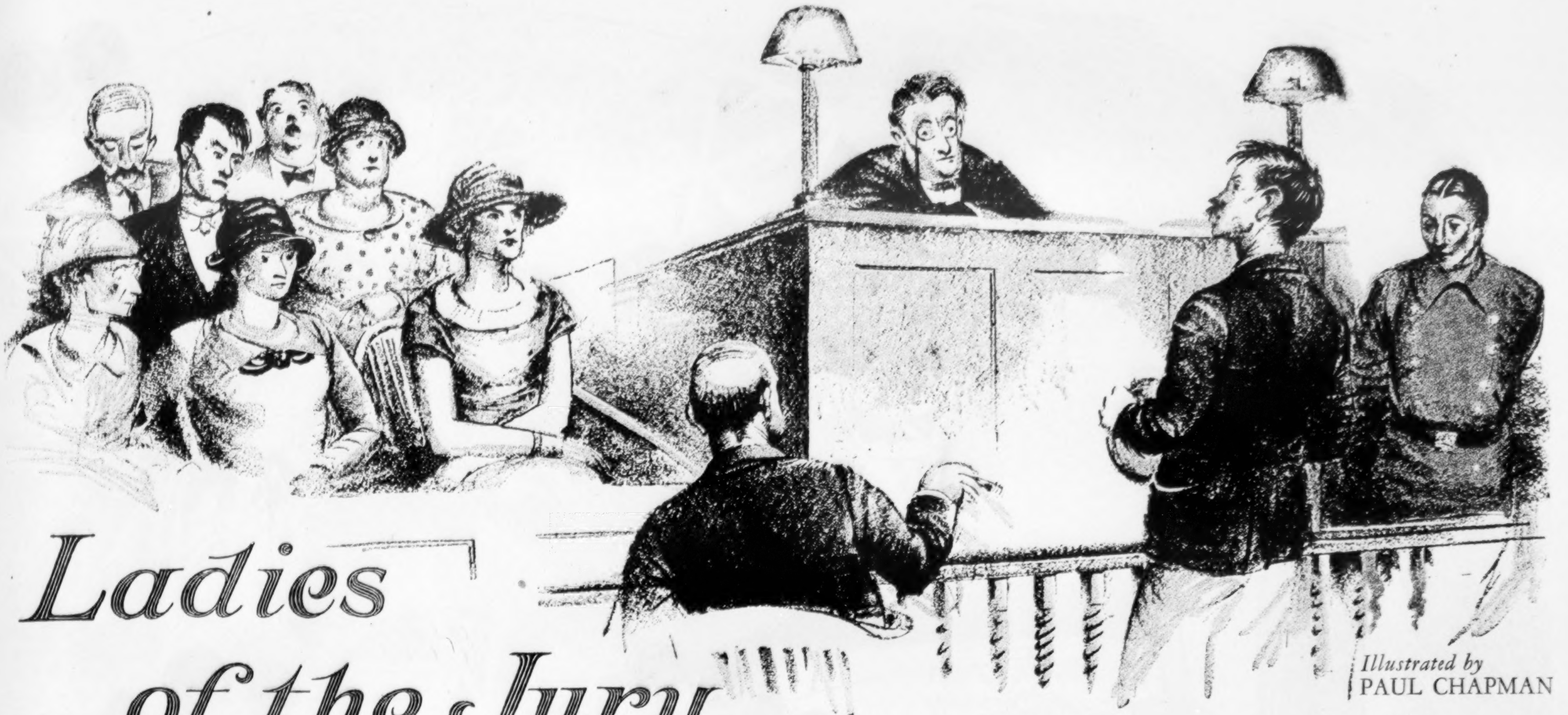
The FIGHT THAT FAILED

Presented in Next Week's

COLLIER'S

with a Large Cast

Ladies of the Jury



Illustrated by
PAUL CHAPMAN

He took one look at the women among the men on the jury, and then asked permission to change his plea to guilty

"Women are too soft for jury duty." That's what you heard not long ago. But to-day the guilty say, "No women for us": they've learned that women are usually harder than men and have their way in court as elsewhere

By HUGH O'CONNOR

A SUMMONS to jury duty will come to the woman in the house—some day soon—no matter where she lives. And if she is like the women who have been summoned cautiously in half the states so far, she will go to the courthouse and resolutely change the method of trying prisoners more than it has been changed by men in seven centuries.

Judges who have had experience with women on the jury all seem to agree: what women have done to the jury system during the past two or three years is the most remarkable thing that has happened to it since a historic date in 1219, when one of the Popes forbade any further use of trial by fire or water in Christian countries. After that, a prisoner was not required to prove his innocence by picking up a fiery-hot piece of iron unhurt, while praying to Heaven solemnly to keep his fingers from blistering; nor was the prisoner bound hand and foot and tossed into a pool of water, with the understanding he would be pronounced innocent if he did not sink. Attention turned reluctantly to a less striking method of trial known as the jury system, based on the belief that a right verdict is something upon which twelve ordinary men can agree.

Since the appeal to God for a miracle to rescue the prisoner was ruled out of the trial system seven centuries ago, nothing has worked such a change as the admission of women jurors.

In more than twenty states women have been summoned cautiously for jury duty—as the equals of men—during the past two or three years, and the court records are full of their actual performance. Instead of being swayed by sympathy, as generally expected, the women on the jury seem to have stiffened with righteousness.

On occasions when a girl prisoner is in a particularly pathetic situation the women jurors are moved, it is true. In Paterson, N. J., for instance, a girl recently admitted shooting the man who ruined her and who sent her out into the street to earn money for him by further shame. A mixed jury came into court to give its verdict after a long-drawn-out battle in the jury room, in which the women had finally compelled the men to agree. There were tears streaming down each woman's face as the defendant was given the limit.

If women need any caution as jurors, it is not the one that was offered to them at first: "Don't let your feelings run away with you." The current records show that the women jurors might now be told: "Have a heart!"

Not a Dissenting Opinion

THE entry of women into the court as jurors was regarded with suspicion by the judges at first, as they now frankly admit. Judge Albert Spear of the Supreme Court of Maine says, for instance: "Stimulated by the novelty of the innovation and the adverse criticism and predicted disturbances of judicial proceedings, I was led to observe with peculiar interest the attitude of the men and women toward each other on juries, and the attention paid by the women during the conduct of trials and the results of the deliberations of the juries upon which women have sat." Other judges, like Judge Spear, reveal they also sat ready to send up cries of alarm at the next annual meeting of their state bar associations, if the women indulged in too many verdicts of sympathy or unreason. But all these judges say they are no longer disturbed by the women on the jury.

In the Ohio Superior Court at Cincinnati, Judge Robert Marx says: "I find a jury of both sexes is less likely to be carried away by sympathy or sentiment."

In the Indiana Circuit Court at Delaware, Judge Clarence Dearth says: "It was thought at first that women would be too sympathetic for jurors, but I find they are for law enforcement regardless of the consequences."

Judge Thornton Sargent of Kansas says: "I have had considerable experience with juries composed of men and women. The women follow the instructions of the court with strict fidelity. They have a high sense of justice and are very solicitous that right should prevail in their verdict. They respect the law because it is the law and are not moved to return verdicts by sentiment."

In the Fifth Judicial District of North Dakota, Judge A. T. Cole says: "I have not been able to discover any false sympathy among women jurors for their own sex or for men."

In California, District Attorney Asa Keyes of Los Angeles County says: "When the law of California first permitted women on the juries, I feared they would not be satisfactory, owing to their natural sympathies and felt they would be likely to follow the impulses of the heart rather than of the mind. This is not so. The woman juror is inclined to arrive at a just and proper decision without regard to sympathy, passions or prejudices."

It is practically a chorus of agreement.

Prisoners are terrified, but the judges are satisfied. In a census of sixty-two opinions from judges in the states where women are summoned, fifty-eight judges wrote enthusiastically of women as jurors and only four judges gave them faint praise. Apparently women are the jurors most judges have wanted for a long time.

The realization of what has happened to the jury does not seem to have spread, although the experimental stage of women as jurors has passed. The predictions made a decade ago about women as jurors are still current. They are no more accurate apparently than some current notions of what men actually do as jurors.

As a matter of fact, Justice Guy in New York was moved recently to declare that men are really more emotional than women. And on the court records throughout the country from time to time judges have spread blasts of dissatisfaction with men juries for being swayed by sympathy. The judges said the men juries too often went beyond the question: Is the prisoner guilty? and decided the question: Should the prisoner be punished for it?

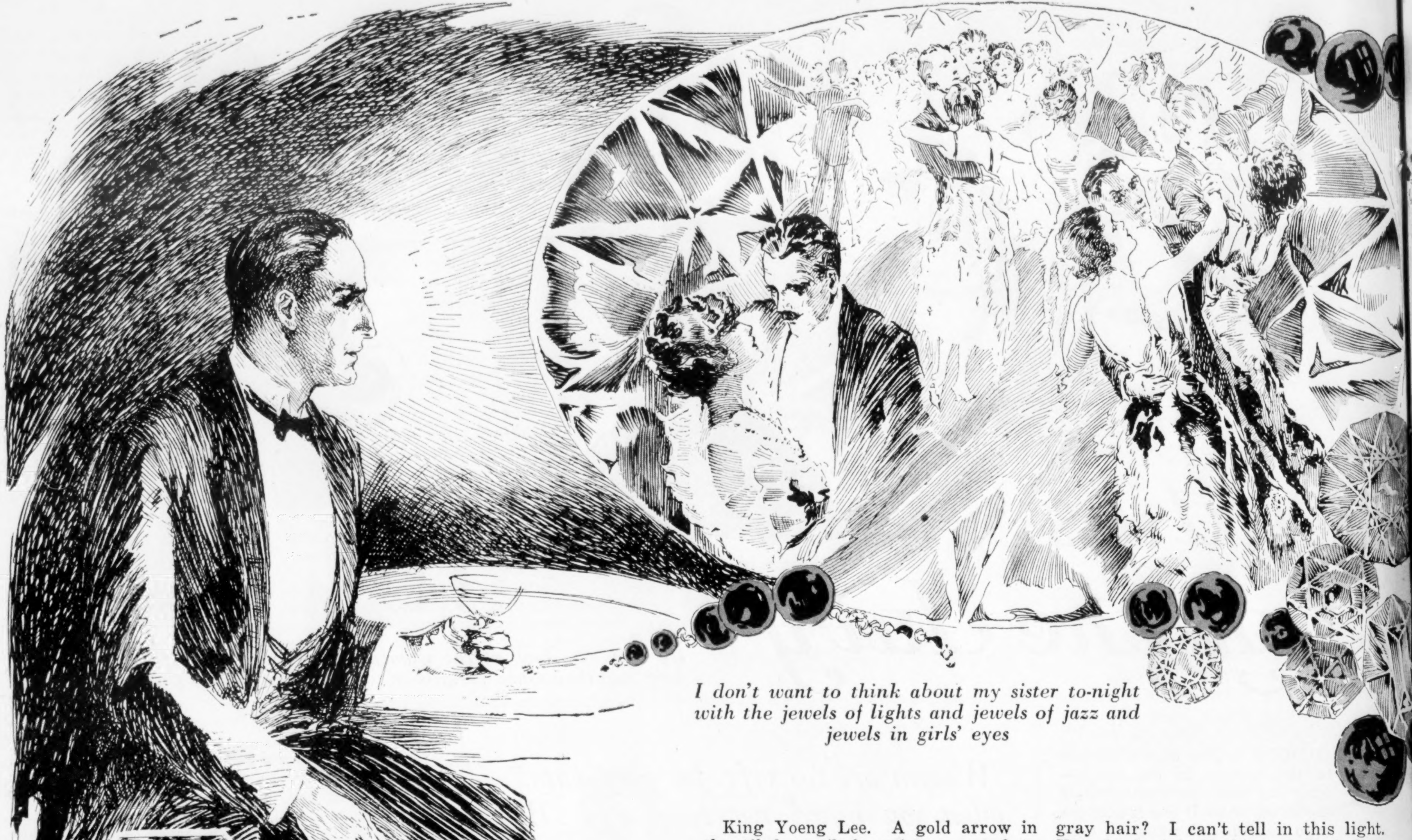
The Jury Pen as It Was

PERIODICALLY when judges reflected too severely on the jury system, it was defended by some famous lawyer in an address before the annual meeting of the American Bar Association. In these annual addresses on "Trial by Jury" the average jury trial is described about as well as the workaday spirit of the National Guard is described in a Fourth of July oration. In practice, before women were admitted as jurors, a jury consisted of twelve men drafted because they had not sufficient political influence to get themselves excused or because they wanted the $3 or so per day which the state pays for the service.

Sometimes there is a man on the jury who really feels that his work is a sacred duty. In any case, however, the jurors are treated more like prisoners than like men who are to share the administration of justice with the judge.

It is this process of trial by jury which men of prominence and influence are evading in such numbers that the merchants' associations and judges from the bench have begun to call public attention to it.

It is different now with women jurors. Very few women make any attempt to evade jury duty like men. On the contrary, the (*Continued on page 39*)



I don't want to think about my sister to-night with the jewels of lights and jewels of jazz and jewels in girls' eyes

The JEWEL BAZAAR

By

MELLA RUSSELL McCALLUM

All the intoxication of New York, and all the heartbreak too, is in this story of a single episode where the electric jewels shine

NEW YORK again, after ten years! Why did I ever leave her? The jade, going on this way, spreading out her jewels, laughing, glittering—and I selling farm machinery in the waste places of the world.

I'm not expected till to-morrow. Shall I telephone someone? Oh, these lights, lights! This isn't the Great White Way any more; it's a queen's bazaar of jewels!

Jewels in the sky, jewels in the street—jewels even adorning the taxicabs.

A bazaar of bright stalls only! A gay bazaar—a good bazaar! Oh, I suppose there are people who would say that no bazaar is entirely gay and good; that somewhere behind must lie darkened chambers where one takes slinkingly the jewels he has bought and exchanges them for dullness, poverty, evil, heartbreak. But that's not true. This is a good bazaar!

Good Lord, I'm talking like an idiot. I'd better not telephone anyone, better work off this colored-light drunk first. I know, I'll dine alone, and be as idiotic as I like. And afterward—but there is no afterward on Broadway. . . . Yes, I'll dine alone.

King Yoeng Lee. A gold arrow in the tiled vestibule points upward to food and music. No stodgy hotel dining-room for me to-night!

I like it here at King Yoeng Lee's. It is a stall in the queen's bazaar. The tables arranged around the dancing space are small and intimate. The colored lights are set low, like signposts in the haze. There's an idea! Jewels for signposts, to guide one through the haze of romance. No, no, the haze isn't smoke and dancing scuff, it's romance. The queen herself sets the signposts. She will not let her children lose their way.

The music floats from a balcony, swaying, seductive, its syncopated phrases jewels of sound. It is wine, this music, and very modern. It is old as the world. . . .

The American *table d'hôte,* if you please.

This soup is hot, strong, staying. The little girl at the next table would do well to sup all of hers, she's so emaciated.

But I notice the queen likes them thin and flat now—and very attractive they are that way. My little neighbor is so pretty. She's a hollow, swaying reed, created for the reception of romance.

She stores it in her big blue eyes, she breathes it in at her little powdered nose, she drinks it with her very red mouth. She is a reckless purchaser of jewels.

The young man with her is also buying heavily of the queen's wares. They are comparing their purchases. Their eyes are comparing. Later their mouths will compare, and each will know what the other has bought—unless they are very, very wise.

JEWELS of sound, jewels of lights, jewels of eyes! Ah, here comes the *pièce de résistance,* good American beefsteak. That is well, for I seem to be thinking almost too fancifully.

That man dancing with the girl in orange has a familiar look. The stout man with the sleek, light hair—or is it gray hair? I can't tell in this light. How fat he is! Nothing of the hollow reed about him. Romance, if it enters at all, must find a deal of opposition in the way of adipose tissue. But the girl in orange is slim enough. And he can dance. I wonder who he is.

Good heavens, it's my brother-in-law!

Oh, damn! I don't want to see anyone I know to-night. Not that I object to Job Hendrie, but I've been having such a good time alone.

It's eleven years since my sister died. Job was twenty-six then, and slim as the boy at the next table. I remember how his natural elegance used to be the despair of the rest of us. And Miti—my little sister—

I don't want to think about my dead sister to-night—not to-night, with the queen throwing jewels to her customers, jewels of lights and jewels of jazz and jewels in girls' eyes.

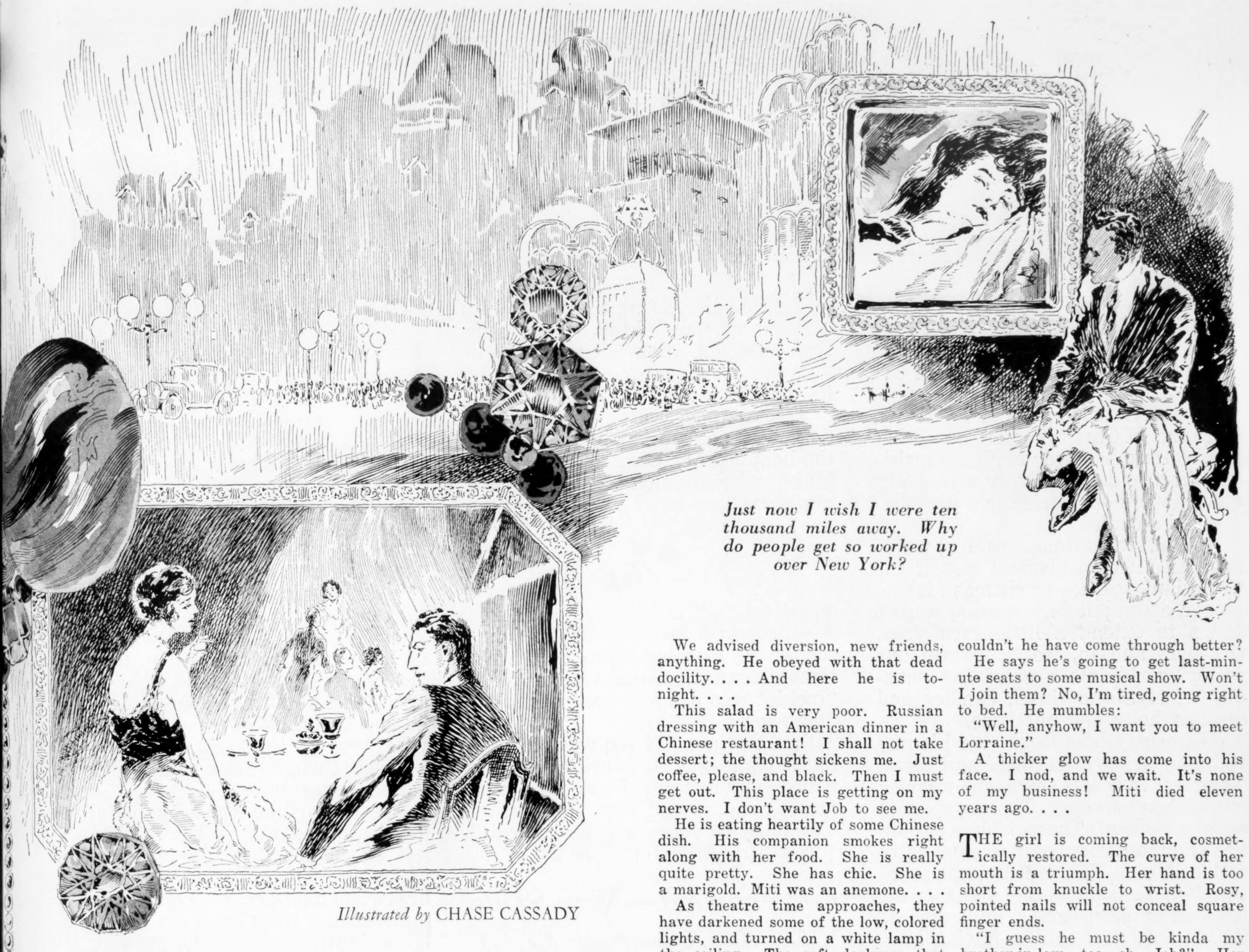
THEY had a little place up near the park. Just two rooms. Job was getting along fairly well selling bonds. He always *could* talk. We used to go up there and dance a lot. It was more fun than a cabaret to roll back their one imitation Oriental rug, and play the tired old piano that used to be my mother's.

I remember how Job would always dance with his wife. It was Miti, Miti, always, for him. Even when it was her turn to play he wasn't a very polite host. Instead of dancing with some other girl, he would sit at the other end of the bench with Miti, and play an incorrect third above her treble. She used to stop with a bang, and say:

"Oh, Job, they can't dance with you doing that!"

Then he would reach his left arm around her and play an incorrect third below her bass.

Miti, with her anemone face! Job didn't want her to keep on working, but she said there wasn't enough housework in two rooms, and she wanted to save her salary to help buy a



Just now I wish I were ten thousand miles away. Why do people get so worked up over New York?

Illustrated by CHASE CASSADY

home. She didn't spend it on her back like most working wives. They lived on Job's money, and put hers in a joint account.

That was Miti!

This steak is not so tender as it might be. And the spinach, I'll wager, came out of a tin. How queer it sounds when the music stops, and the atmosphere is no longer pricked by jewels of jazz.

The band is yawning and stretching its legs. But the colored lights twinkle on.

I wonder where my brother-in-law's table is.

The couples are jumping up to dance again. Good Lord, what monotony! Eat half a dish of something, smoke a cigarette, then up and at it. My young friends at the next table continue to compare their purchases. He is kissing her hand. Later on he won't bother to kiss her hand.

There's Job, dancing again, smiling down at his partner. His lips are looser than they used to be. And the girl in orange—ah, Miti, Miti!

I DON'T want to think about death to-night, but it all comes back—Job's voice over the phone that morning—

"Come, quick—Miti—she's dying!"

And the bedroom, with Miti in the bed, her face all whites and shadows, her brown eyes with white lamps in them; the doctor, the nurse, Job hanging over the footrail, his whole body in agony, a prayer of "*Miti—Miti—*"

Then Miti's voice, cool and natural: "I want the baby."

We'd forgotten the basket crib in the corner! The nurse picked a blanket bundle out of it, peered into it, said something to the doctor, something Miti wasn't supposed to hear. But she did hear.

"Is my baby all right?"

THEY lied gallantly. The doctor said, "You bet, right as a trivet." But he waited a fraction of a second too long before he said it. The white lamps in Miti's eyes gave a flare, and the same flare was in her voice.

"*Job!*"

And he was on his knees, the long, slim length of him, his arms agonized across the bed.

"*Miti—don't go away—*"

But she did go.

And after the funeral Job went mad. Quite mad. He never raved once. He was docile, even smiling. But he was dead.

There had been three deaths in his house that morning.

I remember coming into the flat one day and finding him sitting with one of Miti's dresses in his arms. But when I said, "Come, come, this won't do," he hung it up in the closet quietly, and went out to lunch with me.

He did everything that we told him to do.

We advised diversion, new friends, anything. He obeyed with that dead docility. . . . And here he is to-night. . . .

This salad is very poor. Russian dressing with an American dinner in a Chinese restaurant! I shall not take dessert; the thought sickens me. Just coffee, please, and black. Then I must get out. This place is getting on my nerves. I don't want Job to see me.

He is eating heartily of some Chinese dish. His companion smokes right along with her food. She is really quite pretty. She has chic. She is a marigold. Miti was an anemone. . . .

As theatre time approaches, they have darkened some of the low, colored lights, and turned on a white lamp in the ceiling. The soft darkness that swayed above the human scene is dissipated. The tables stand out harshly, with stains of Chinese sauce on the cloths.

The music is different now. Only a piano and violin are left. I think the pianist is a cheaper one hired for the dull interim, for he never changes his bass. The violin is trying to be a saxophone. There is no seductiveness about it. After the theatre the still-faced Oriental men with the American haircut will turn out the white ceiling glare, and turn on the romantic twinkle, and the real band will come back and throw out jewels again.

The law of supply and demand operates in romance.

Job's friend is on her way to the dressing-room. She has a shiny black box on a cord. In my mind I can see the array of cosmetics inside. Her flat, slim body swings as she walks. The shiny black box swings too.

I'll bend my head, for Job's eyes are rolling around. His eyes never used to roll, but now his face is heavy, and hard to turn.

Oh, damn! He sees me.

Well, after all, why not? I always liked him.

"This is a surprise, old man. When d'you get back?"

"Not two hours ago."

His hand is soft and warm. I feel stirred.

I always did like Job! I'm glad, and sorry, and disgusted, all at once. Why couldn't he have come through better?

He says he's going to get last-minute seats to some musical show. Won't I join them? No, I'm tired, going right to bed. He mumbles:

"Well, anyhow, I want you to meet Lorraine."

A thicker glow has come into his face. I nod, and we wait. It's none of my business! Miti died eleven years ago. . . .

THE girl is coming back, cosmetically restored. The curve of her mouth is a triumph. Her hand is too short from knuckle to wrist. Rosy, pointed nails will not conceal square finger ends.

"I guess he must be kinda my brother-in-law, too—eh, Job?" Her voice is a survival of the fittest in a screeching tenement. "I guess Job's prob'ly told you about us."

Job is grinning, his eyes turned away. Outwardly I function. I congratulate him and wish her joy. She swings over to their table to get her wrap.

I shan't say a word, not one word! It's not my business! But some words are squeezed up out of me.

"Job, you mean—you're married?"

His lips close together with dignity and he swings around so that he is looking straight at me. In his eyes burns a light of dulled disaster. He speaks simply, like a child:

"Yes, we're married. Don't—don't you think she is a great deal like Miti?"

Broadway and its tributaries are solid with people. How ridiculous the taxicabs look, rigged up like Christmas trees! How harsh and crude are the electric advertisements of gum and lingerie and motor cars, violating the sky, with here and there a skeleton of steel grinning through the glare.

Oh, well, God gives us our organic instincts—and I suppose we do the rest.

Job was always docile when we told him to go out and seek diversion.

I'm tired. To-morrow I'll see my friends. To-morrow I won't feel so depressed. But just now I wish I were ten thousand miles away. Why do people get so worked up over New York?

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Trying Christianity

IT HAS been said, in all reverence, that Christianity might work but has never been tried. True enough, while individuals strive to follow the teachings of Christ, no nation or other great group has ever made a consistent effort to do so. Every war, every strike, every oppression is a backsliding and a denial.

At Christmas time, however, we do have an almost universal test of the Christian spirit. Christmas is no longer a day; it is a season, and it seems to extend a little each year. Outdoors and in, we transform our weary world into a sparkling paradise of toys and tinsel, candles and candies, holly and mistletoe.

The crusty boss looks over his pay roll, pondering raises here and there. The teacher is less stern, the worried parent less nervous. The newspapers become mellow. The squabbles of politics and industries begin to seem petty and to subside. If there are unpleasant things to be done we say, "Let's wait until after Christmas," and some of those unpleasant things, having been postponed, miraculously never have to be done at all.

We join the Red Cross. We give more generously to the poor. We listen more intently to music, whether it be the stout notes of trumpeters and great organs or the old, gracious songs the children sing in Sunday school.

Joke-makers would have us think that the children are very good just now so that they may get more and finer presents; a keener observer would note that they are good because they are busy planning and making the little gifts they will give to others.

People of other religions catch the prevailing mood and join in celebrating the birth of the tolerant Jesus. Even Nature seems to send her first snows gently, withholding for a time the severity of winter.

Say if you will that, just as sleet and gales must come, so the spirit of Christmas must pass. Say that we are living in a jovial daze; that we have only so much capacity for good humor, charity and good will, which we fill and drain during these few weeks.

Yet you cannot deny that when we all feel happier, as we do now, we lift the soul of mankind to a higher level. And although it may slump again in January, each year it holds a little of its gain and is permanently the better.

Thus for one twelfth of the year we do make trial of Christianity. From the happiness of Christmas we get a hint of what we might do, of what we might become, if all of us would try it all of the time.

The Two Big Rules

EDDIE COLLINS, who has ranked along with Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, et al., as a big figure in the national pastime, wrote a letter to a "rookie" who had just broken into the "big show."

Said Collins: "If you want to stick in the big league there are two things which you must do. First, keep your money; and, second, save your health. You must be your own best friend!"

Not bad advice for all of us!

Government—New Style

NEW YORK'S new mayor, James J. Walker, told his fellow Democrats of the South: "The great problem of government is to make people comfortable." Pomp and bluff are going out; service and fact coming in.

And yet this new way is in itself old. Three centuries ago Henry of Navarre said he aimed to govern France so that every peasant would have a chicken in the pot on Sunday. Lincoln would have approved that homely ideal, and would also have made us feel its inner truth. Service to human life is greater than the grandeur of kings.

Referred to Motorists

FOUR great railway systems show so far a record of not having killed a single passenger during the year of 1925! Of course, a train has the right of way; of course, it has good roads; of course, it employs experienced drivers and never goes joy-riding. Perhaps it might be easy to travel 200 million locomotive miles without casualty—if one were careful enough.

At any rate, here is something worthy of the motorist's consideration.

The Texas Red Herring

IN THIS country an avowed dictator would not have a Chinaman's chance but a sleight-of-hand man who can awaken some old hatred can get away with anything.

The latent prejudices of the people are the real enemy of democracy.

Consider in this connection the Fergusons of Texas. Theirs is an enlightening episode for those who care about this country of ours.

Mrs. Ferguson's administration got into trouble because large sums of public money were paid favored contractors. Similar offenses led to the impeachment of her husband eight years ago. "Old Jim," who is credited with having acted as governor while his wife wore the title, seems not to have learned enough from his previous painful experiences.

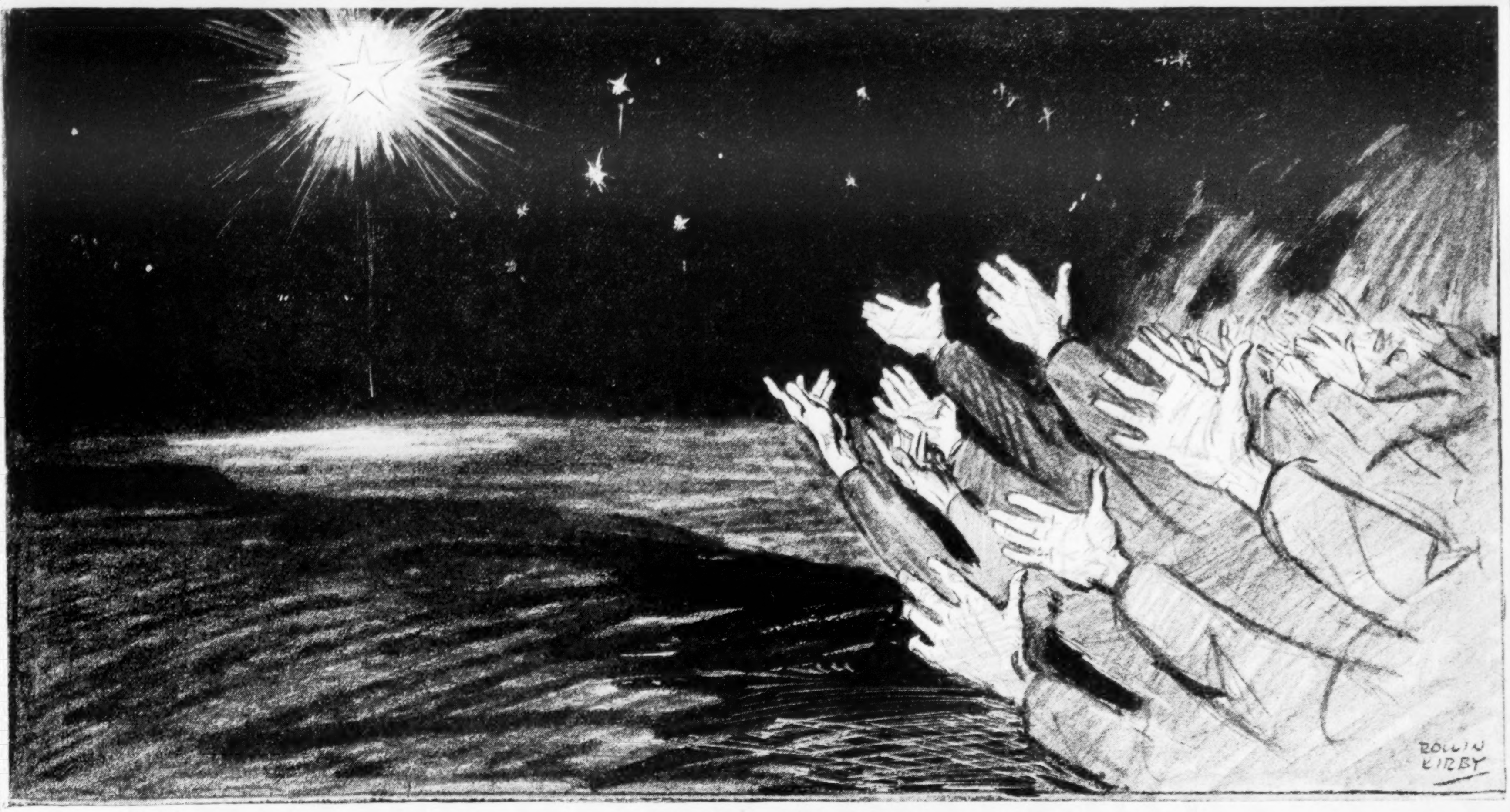
The misfortune which has befallen the Ferguson family is, however, much less important than the manner in which the people of Texas elected their first woman governor. This is important because what occurred in Texas is constantly happening elsewhere.

Nobody seemed to know and certainly few cared whether or not the quiet wife of a discredited politician was able to administer the state affairs. Mrs. Ferguson was the nominee opposed by the Ku Klux Klan and the majority wanted to register a protest against the Klan.

Whatever else an affair of this sort may be, it is not an election. In Texas the Klan was a red herring used to divert the voters from the trail toward effective government. This incidentally is not an argument in behalf of the defeated candidate who may have been even less fit for office.

In New York City the subway question was similarly used to keep John F. Hylan in office for eight years. Elsewhere it is the religious issue or "corporations." Anything which arouses enough feeling to turn the attention of the voters from issues actually at stake can be safely invoked.

Mrs. Ferguson is a reminder that voting by prejudice does not assure the election of competent officials. In politics, as elsewhere, facts have to be considered.



The Star of Stars

Our Terrible Young Persons

By WILLIAM L. CHENERY

"VICE, if we may believe the general complaint, ripens so fast nowadays, and runs up to seed so early in young people, that it is impossible to keep a lad from the spreading contagion, if you will venture him abroad in the herd, and trust to chance or his own inclination for the choice of his company at school."

This is the remark of John Locke. He wrote not of the present generation of bobbed-haired, cigarette-smoking flappers and flask-toting young cake-eaters whose manners and morals it is fashionable now to deplore, but of the favored English youth of 1692. Two hundred and thirty-three years seem not to have diminished the pleasure which grown persons experience in berating the oncoming generation!

Shrewd physician and canny teacher that he was, John Locke did not, however, personally feel any serious concern over the young. If the tales of children's drinking which came to him were to be taken seriously, he would chide the parents. For the wise old philosopher had the wit to realize even in that remote time that children do not create the conditions in which they are reared.

The truth is of course that in every age children imitate their elders. If the ways of the young have changed it is because the elders created a new way of life and themselves adopted new habits. The pocket flask was not invented by a child nor is the bootlegging business in the hands of infants. Night clubs were not devised by nurslings. No more are the looser manners of this time a product of juvenile philosophy. Our children believe and practice what we teach them. What we do may drown out the sound of what we say but they are not misled.

In two important particulars life for everyone, mature and immature alike, has undergone a revolution since 1900. Wealth and luxury have increased with miraculous rapidity. At the same time the code of approved morals has itself been altered.

For millions of people life was harder and more limited a generation ago. Electricity, the motor car and the marvelous extension of machinery have made the difference. Industry used to be called the mother of virtue. The whole effect of machinery, however, is to substitute power for human energy.

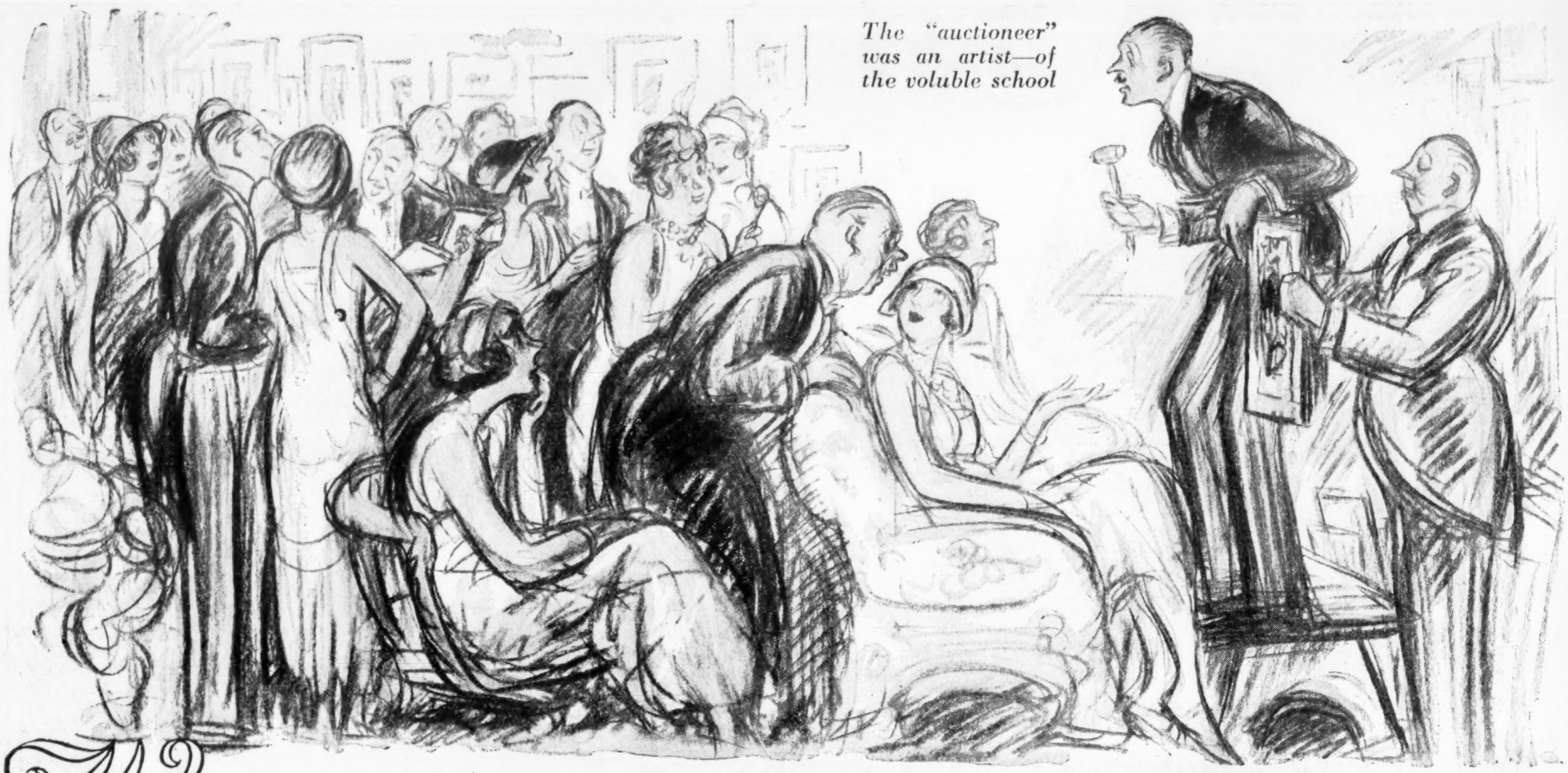
Go into any factory and you will see men in apparent idleness. They are paid to loaf, to sit seeming to do nothing, to watch automatic processes. It is absurd to expect children to submit themselves to the discipline of manual labor when the chief end of human invention is to avoid it.

Children cannot be blamed for being born in an age which does not need to mint the energies of small hands. No more are the young to be censured if their parents provide automobiles and the money to gratify the moment's desire. Children take the things of life as they find them.

They also accept the code which their elders provide. Individual liberty in private affairs has grown enormously during recent decades. The right to self-expression has been preached by novelists and philosophers. Increased wealth has made practicable the application of these new teachings. Those at the very pinnacle of "society" exercise this freedom. For the rich, trial marriage is a reality, not a bizarre theory. If a wealthy couple live together to the end, it is because each prefers the society of the other to making a change or seeking a new mate. Preference controls. The young observe this and when the time comes make use of the precedent.

This is not a melancholy view. Nothing fundamental is wrong. The externals have changed but the heart of man is much the same. Human nature, old and young, has not varied in essentials during ten thousand years.

If, however, we do not like the behavior of our children, we can at least do better than tell dark stories of their extravagances and follies. John Locke was all for going out and meeting them on their own ground. That's not a bad idea now. The civilization we have provided is certainly difficult enough at best. A little friendly understanding between the generations will do no harm. It might even remove some tedious, if not dangerous, illusions.



The "auctioneer" was an artist—of the voluble school

We boys and easy money

Introducing some oily-tongued gentry whose business is wheedling checks out of the unwary and kindhearted. They're the "We Boys" who, trading on human vanity and good nature, are always on the trail of easy money

By JACK O'DONNELL

Drawing by AUGUST HENKEL

A PROMINENT business man of Pittsburgh was arrested in New York City recently on a statutory charge. Reporters for the metropolitan press, hearing of the case, went to the man and asked him what he had to say.

"Oh, nothing in particular, boys," said the Pittsburgher. "I guess they've got me dead to rights, and there's nothing for me to do but plead guilty. But of course it wouldn't make any difference to you chaps if I did say anything. You wouldn't write anything about *me*."

"We wouldn't?" queried one mystified reporter. "Why?"

"Well, you see," explained the man from the Smoky City, "I am one of you. I belong to your organization!"

"What organization is that?" asked the newspaper man.

"The International Association of Newspaper Correspondents," replied the prisoner, producing a card. "I'm mighty glad I joined up with you boys. It'll save me a lot of nasty publicity."

The reporters looked at the card. It was a perfectly good card, prettily printed and had the names of a president and secretary written on its face in bold script. But it didn't mean anything.

"Never heard of such an organization," the reporter explained. "Where did you get it?"

"Never heard of the International Association of Newspaper Correspondents! Where did I get it? Why, I got it in Pittsburgh. Paid $100 initiation fee. And the boys who got me to join said that so long as I was a member no reporter would write anything about me except complimentary stuff. Isn't your chief of police a member?"

"Not to our knowledge," said the reporter, "and even if he is it makes no difference to us. We are paid to get and write the news. You and what you have done make news."

That man was one of the countless thousands of business and professional men of the United States who have been victimized by that curiously despicable class of grafters known to newspaper men the world over as "We Boys."

We Boys thrive and grow financially fat in this country because, of all the public institutions in the United States, the average layman knows less about one of its greatest—the newspaper—than any other. The We Boys know that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred have only a vague idea of how a newspaper functions. They know that most people believe that the reporter is the person who decides what shall and what shall not go into his newspaper.

They know too that the average person both likes and fears publicity—likes the complimentary, laudatory kind, fears the opposite kind.

Knowing these things, the We Boy realizes the importance of having some kind of newspaper connection so that he can say, "I represent the New York Press" or the Cincinnati Globe-Republican or some press association, club or syndicate. If he cannot get this connection honestly, the We Boy will take it dishonestly.

Very rarely, almost never, is a We Boy a legitimate newspaper man. He is, in fact, the bane of the decent, ethical newspaper man's existence.

Fear and vanity are the two qualities in men and women upon which We Boys fatten. They keep an elaborate system of lists on which are the names of "taps"—men and women who crave publicity and are willing to pay handsomely for it—and "slug prospects"—men and women who have skeletons in their closets and who live in fear of publicity.

One of the best-known men in Wall Street is always good for a "tap," provided the We Boy can get past the army of office boys, guards and private secretaries with which this man is surrounded. Recently one of the We Boys managed to bluff his way past all the retainers and reach the Big Man himself.

"I'm Jones of the Reporters' Club," he said with his most insinuating smile. "We boys have decided to get a clubhouse of our own. In order to raise funds we are going to our friends and selling them space in a book we are getting out about the *real* men of New York. This book will have a place in the offices of every press association, newspaper and library in New York. We're not going to take in any of the smaller fry—just big, influential men like you.

A Loving Touch

"WE ARE asking you to come in not only because you are one of the powers of New York, but because you are a friend of the newspaper boys and they are friends of yours. We know you will be glad to have your biography and a picture of yourself in our book. All the money we make goes to the clubhouse fund."

The Big Man reached for his check book. "How much for a page?" he asked.

"Well, a single page is $1,250, but we thought you'd like to take two pages, one for text and another for your picture," said the We Boy, producing a contract. "We'll give you two pages for $2,000."

"That's a pretty stiff price, isn't it?" asked the Big Man.

The We Boy laughed. "What's a thousand more or less to a big man like you?"

That speech flattered the Big Man's vanity and he fell.

"Well, all right," he said. "I want to do all I can to help you newspaper boys along!"

"Newspaper boys!" If there's one phrase in the English language that makes the skin of a real newspaper man creep, that's it. And it is the pocketbook of the man who employs it that the We Boy loves to touch.

The We Boy who made this "tap" got $1,000 of the $2,000 check. Part of the other $1,000, perhaps half of it, went to the boss of the particular gang of We Boys which was engineering the book about the "real men of New York." What was left went into the printing fund, for, after all, some sort of book has to be made up so that the Boys can keep within the law.

And the We Boy almost always stays within the law. Sometimes, however, he can't resist the temptation to gather easy money.

One of these too-eager grafters recently approached the wrong man. He was soliciting advertising for a souvenir program "the reporters of the city hall" were getting out to help defray the expenses of an outing.

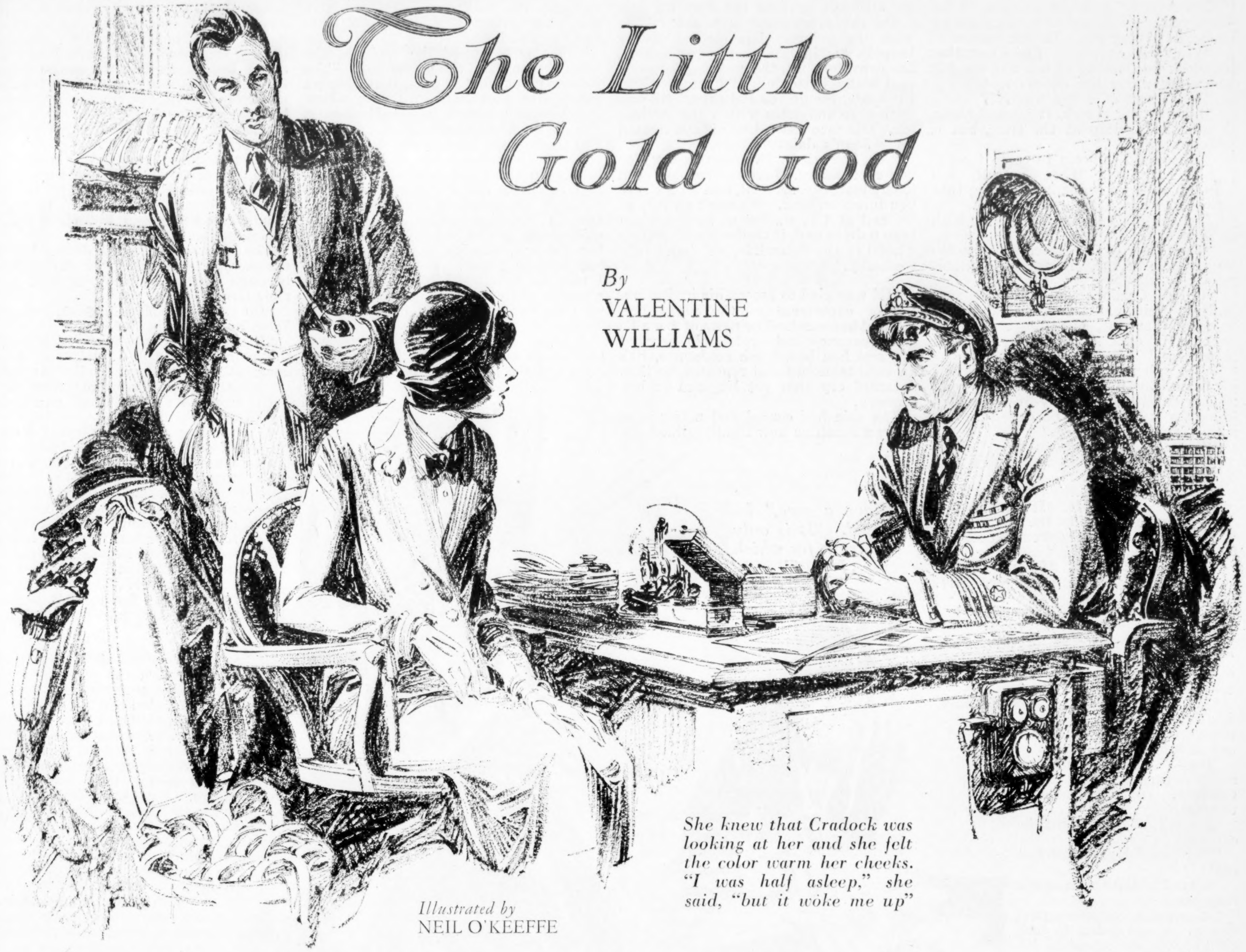
"We boys work pretty hard," this business man was informed. "Our hours are long and our pay short. We figure you ought to take a half page—only $50—to help the boys along. They will reciprocate, of course, when the right time comes."

"I don't see how you or your association can help me," said the prospective "tap." "I have nothing to hide from the public and never have any occasion to deal with newspapers or newspaper men."

"That may be true," said the We Boy, "but you are on the jury roll, aren't you? And you've been putting in a lot of your valuable time serving on juries, haven't you?" *(Continued on page 31)*

The Little Gold God

By
VALENTINE
WILLIAMS



She knew that Cradock was looking at her and she felt the color warm her cheeks. "I was half asleep," she said, "but it woke me up"

Illustrated by
NEIL O'KEEFFE

The Story Thus Far:

AT a meeting at M. Simonou's villa at Cannes, Simonou and four other dealers in Egyptian antiquities agree to a proposition made by a friend of Simonou's, who goes by the name of Ramosi. Ramosi's desire is to keep these dealers supplied direct with all the Egyptian antiquities they can use, thus doing away with the middleman, who ruins the market with the prices he asks. Seaton, the Englishman, demands to know Ramosi's real name but is silenced by Aronfels, the American. Simonou warns them of grave danger if they try to find out.

Nothing daunted Seaton engages a detective and arranges to have Ismail, the Egyptian member of the group, follow Simonou to Egypt.

The Aquatic sails for Egypt with Ismail and Simonou on board besides Jean Averil, young widow of Mark Averil of New York; David Cradock, an English excavator; and Said Hussein, an Egyptian prince.

Mrs. Averil is traveling to distract her mind, her husband having been recently killed in an automobile accident with the woman who had been his mistress since shortly after his marriage to Jean. The ship is crowded and Jean is given an inside stateroom. She promptly demands the one which the Paris office had promised, which turns out to be Cradock's. Cradock changes with her though most ungraciously. He had saved her from a nasty fall when she was boarding the ship but neither refers to it. They are rude and short with each other. Later Jean realizes that she has been unnecessarily disagreeable and seeks Cradock out to apologize to him and thank him for his help. Cradock, however, turns on his heel without answering. At that moment Simonou, the Greek, comes up and advises Jean to have as little as possible to do with Cradock as he has a none too savory reputation because of some trouble he was mixed up in with a woman during Kitchener's service in Egypt. Jean assures Simonou that she needs no such advice.

Jean meets the prince through his being a friend of Lady Hannington, a friend of hers. She also meets Ismail. One night after having dined with the prince she goes early to her stateroom, reads in bed, dozes off and is wakened by a scream. She rushes to Cradock's room across the passageway, finds the door open and automatically picks up a note which she finds on the floor. Cradock comes in, takes the note and demands to know why she is there. She explains and he lets her go.

WHEN Jean opened her eyes the next morning the Aquatic heaved no more. The open porthole framed a circle of what appeared to be astonishingly steady yellow wall. There was the sound of heavy carts rumbling over cobblestones and the jabber of many voices rent the air.

"Naples, madam!"

Simmons stood at the bedside, a tea tray in her hand.

Jean stirred herself drowsily. She felt very tired. Somewhere in her mind there rustled, like a bird in a thicket, some unpleasant memory to which she was unwilling to awake.

"Quite a to-do in the night, madam! Did you hear it? They stopped the ship and I don't know what. They do say as one of the passengers fell overboard. . . ."

A stern sunburnt face, angry condemning eyes—how blue they had blazed, to be sure!—came before Jean's slowly returning consciousness. Why had they stared at her thus fiercely?

"I'd better put out your blue serge, madam. Raining cats and dogs, it is. Nice weather for sunny Italy, I must say!"

"What are you doing here?"

Who had spoken those words to her? It was as though she could still feel that brutal grip on her shoulder. Jean raised herself on her elbow, looking sleepily about her.

"And no bath, unless, of course, you wish to bathe in water from the harbor, madam, which I can scarcely recommend. I looked over the side first thing. Pea soup, I call it!"

Simmons was moving about setting the cabin to rights. Jean sat up in bed. In a rush the memories of the night flowed back. Had it been a nightmare? That shriek, Cradock and his mad accusation. . . . What had Simmons said about a passenger falling overboard?

A TAP at the door. Simmons opened, a grim and suspicious watchdog. She turned and spoke to Jean.

"It's from the captain, madam. His compliments, and he would like to see you in his cabin as soon as possible."

"The captain, Simmons? But I'm not dressed. What does he want with me?"

"I can't say, I'm shore, madam. There's a steward outside with the message. It's urgent, he says."

"Tell him I'll come as soon as I'm dressed, Simmons!" said Jean. "I wonder what it is."

"Something about your passport, I shouldn't wonder, madam. There's a lot of foreign men come aboard and taken possession of the smokeroom to stamp the passports for those that want to go ashore. Pack of stuff and nonsense, I say."

Jean did not discuss her maid's ingenious theory. She was thinking of that cry in the night.

"Did you say that a passenger had fallen overboard, Simmons?"

"So the stewardess was telling me, madam."

"Who was it, do you know?" She waited painfully for the answer.

"The stewardess didn't rightly know, madam!"

In a fever of anxiety Jean hurried on her clothes. Cradock must have repeated his crazy imputations against her to the captain. She felt her anger blaze up hotly within her.

The steward led the way to the captain. Back of the bridge, between it and the wireless room, was the little white deck house sacred to the captain. The steward rapped briskly on the door. "Come!" roared a voice. The first person that Jean saw on entering was Cradock.

He was leaning against a locker facing the door, a lounging figure in his shabby old tweeds, his brown hands playing with a pipe. The face he turned toward her was expressionless, but his eyes were watchful.

The captain sat back in his chair, his cap pushed off his forehead, showing a tousle of grayish hair. On the steward's announcement he stood up.

"Sorry to inconvenience you so early in the morning, Mrs. Averil," he began like an awkward schoolboy, "but a tragic affair took place on board last night, and I understand that you can possibly throw some light on it. Oh, pardon me, let me introduce Mr. David Cradock. . . ."

There was a glint of humor in the blue eyes as Cradock bowed. The girl inclined her head very stiffly and thereafter ignored him. Furthermore, she manipulated the swing chair that the captain indicated to her in such a way as to present her back to Cradock.

"Mrs. Averil," said the captain, "I believe you were disturbed in the night by someone crying out. Is that correct?"

"Yes," Jean replied. She knew that Cradock was looking at her, and she felt the color warm her cheeks.

"What sort of a cry was it?"

"Like a long shriek, it seemed to be. I was half asleep at the time, but it woke me up."

"Where did it seem to come from?"

She hesitated. "I can't really tell you. I woke up suddenly knowing that somebody had cried out."

The captain consulted Cradock with a glance.

"The officer of the watch heard nothing on the bridge," he remarked dubiously.

"Quite," Cradock agreed. "But it was a dirty night. Mrs. Averil's cabin is a goodish way aft, Captain, and if he went off C deck she might have heard a scream."

"Not unless the ports were open, Mr. Cradock. But the order was given from the bridge at eight-forty-five last evening for all ports to be closed as the ship was getting lively."

"But *my* porthole was open," Jean interposed. "The cabin was stuffy, and I couldn't sleep. . . ."

"I see," remarked the captain. "That would account for it. It should also give us approximately the spot where he went over, probably from C deck, as you say, Mr. Cradock."

He turned to Jean. "I don't think I need detain you any longer, Mrs. Averil."

Jean rose. "Mayn't I know what has happened?" she asked.

"Good gracious," the captain cried, "I thought you knew all about it. One of our passengers either fell or jumped overboard last night, a Mr. Ismail—"

"Mr. Ismail!" Jean exclaimed blankly. She had a sudden vision of troubled eyes gazing at her out of a brown face.

"But—" she began, and now she turned and regarded Cradock. He met her gaze unflinchingly.

"But what?" demanded the captain.

"But I saw Mr. Ismail last night!"

"When?" Both men spoke together.

"It was a quarter past eleven. I was going to bed. He knocked at my cabin. He thought it was Mr. Cradock's; it was, before Mr. Cradock changed with me. I explained his mistake, and he went away.

"Did he say what he wanted with me?" Cradock asked.

Jean did not look at him. "No," she answered curtly.

"Did he *seem* all right?" the captain demanded.

"It struck me that he looked upset. But I thought it was the sea. He was a bad color."

The two men exchanged glances.

"Well," observed the captain, "it's a sad business, and I fear you must have had a frightening experience, Mrs. Averil. Thank you for telling me so frankly what you know."

He was moving forward to open the door when Cradock spoke.

"One minute, Captain. It would be as well if you would request Mrs. Averil to say nothing about her experience to the other passengers. Indeed, it would be best if she did not discuss the matter at all."

JEAN looked with astonishment at the captain. Masters of ships, she had always heard, were laws unto themselves, endowed with all kinds of strange powers of life and death, who brooked suggestion or dictation from no one. To her amazement the captain acquiesced at once in the proposal of this somber and shabby landsman.

"I should be glad if you would regard that as a personal request from myself, Mrs. Averil," he said with authority. "Will you please say nothing to anyone about your experience last night or about our talk here this morning?"

"I will say nothing," she promised. She nodded to the captain and passed out on deck. Cradock she did not even look at, although he held the door for her.

On the promenade deck she fell in with the prince. His clothes visibly bespoke his intention of going ashore, the gray felt hat, the smart gray overcoat with a buttonhole of Parma violets, the spats, the gloves and cane. He was pacing up and down with a disconsolate air. His face cleared as his eye lighted upon Jean's dainty figure.

"Ah," he cried, "I've been looking for you everywhere. Have compassion on a lonely man, Mrs. Averil, and let me give you lunch on land. We can't go far, as we sail at 4 P. M., but at least we can take a drive and, if Guilio is still maître d'hôtel at the Splendide, we shan't fare too badly."

SHE was glad to accept his invitation. Her experience of the night had blunted her mind. The news of Ismail's disappearance had profoundly shocked her and had lent fresh resonance, like an echo taken up and repeated, to that dreadful cry that yet lingered in her memory.

The rain had ceased and a few rays of wan sunshine now lightly gilded the distant curve of the bay. The air was clean and springlike and, as the weather cleared, one by one the gems of that peerless coast peeped out through the melting mist.

After a brief delay, to get Jean's passport stamped, they went ashore. At the foot of the canvas-covered gangway a handsome Italian car waited. On the seat was a great bunch of Parma violets tied up with mauve ribbon.

"You made sure that I would accept your invitation," hazarded Jean, burying her face in the rain-wet flowers.

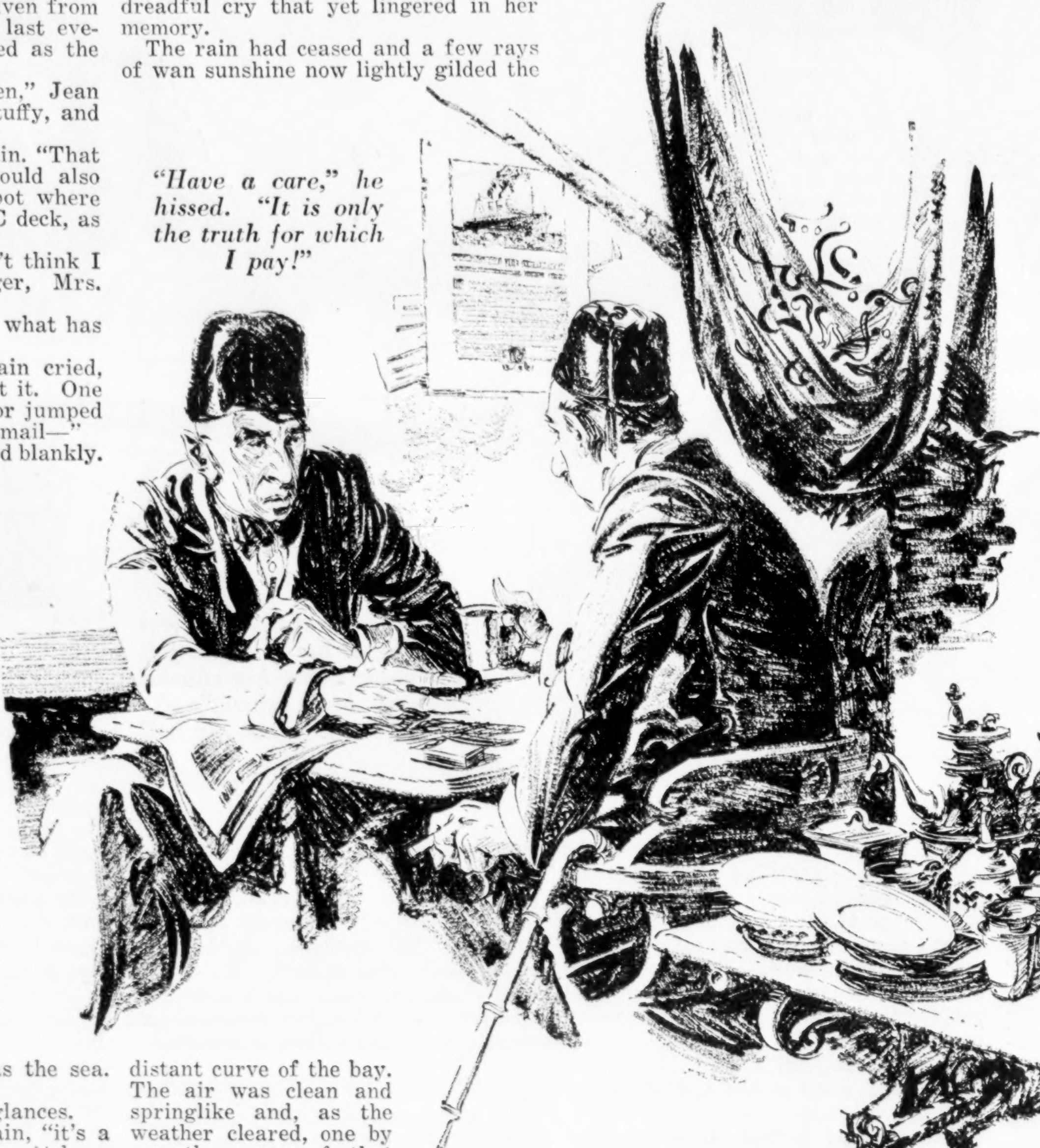
"I gambled on your kindness of heart," gallantly rejoined the prince.

Hussein proved himself the most delightful of companions. He was devoted without being flirtatious; amusing yet not frivolous; interesting and never a bore. At the hotel overlooking the bay their luncheon, with a special menu, selected in advance by some magic of her host, awaited them and, when they sat under the orange trees on the terrace to take their coffee, a band of picturesque creatures with mandolins and guitars appeared and regaled them with Neapolitan folk songs.

There was nothing of the Oriental that Jean could discover about the prince, and yet he did not deny his race. They drove back to the steamer through the old town. "It will give you," the prince told Jean, "a foretaste of the East."

"This is a bit of the East as the tourists know it," the prince said—"the East as you find it in great market places like Port Said or Cairo, where every second man is a non-Moslem, a Syrian, an Armenian, a Greek or a Jew. But there is the East of the Arab quarter of Cairo where life still proceeds to-day on the staid, well-ordered lines laid down by our Prophet many hundreds of years before a white man set foot in America, where such ancient shibboleths as the fear of God, respect for parents, charity to the poor, are yet held in honor. Perhaps one day I may be privileged to raise for you a corner of the mantle that covers from western eyes the inner circle of the Moslem world."

Most of the shore-going passengers seemed to have returned by the time Jean and the prince got back on board.



"Have a care," he hissed. "It is only the truth for which I pay!"

At the saloon entrance they ran into Mrs. Richborough. The banker's wife, in a most elaborate white serge costume with four rows of pearls, was buying beads from a peddler whose large and pleading eyes would have drawn tears from a stone. The matron's unit of barter was a dollar and "I give you one dollar!" with uplifted finger, was her only rejoinder to the vender's torrential and almost lachrymose entreaties.

The prince joined the group. "Which one do you like?" he asked Mrs. Richborough.

"The white corals," said the lady. "But he wants too much."

The prince took the string of corals and fixed his reddish eyes upon the Neapolitan. "Five lire!" he announced. He handed the beads to Mrs. Richborough.

The man protested.

"Give him five lire," the prince told the matron. And, smiling broadly, the peddler pocketed the greasy note.

Jean had watched the scene with interest. All through their day on shore it had been the same. This extraordinary man was never at a loss. He spoke Italian as fluently as he spoke English. He was never ostentatious, never blustering, but wherever he went he imposed his will. There was a suggestion of unbending strength behind his perfect suavity.

"You certainly know how to deal with them," observed Mrs. Richborough, fondling her corals. "You ought to see Henry, Prince. He's a child in their hands, and he reckons himself a smart business man."

The prince sidled up to Jean. "Take me away," he pleaded, "or Mrs. Richborough will make me meet that terrible Greek!"

"Do you mean Mr. Simonou, Prince? Why, he's all right."

"I'm sorry I can't agree with you," the prince rejoined. "He's the most devastating bounder, and I've avoided him successfully for four seasons in Cairo. Come and have tea! . . ."

After that Jean spent much of her time with Prince Said Hussein. They took long walks together on deck.

Cradock she hardly saw at all; indeed, she had all but forgotten him until one evening—it was their last night on board—to her boundless astonishment he came up and spoke to her.

"Mrs. Averil," he said, "I've been looking for an opportunity to speak to you. But you are never alone."

SHE remained silent, her mind busy with the problem with which this unexpected step of his confronted her.

"You must think me a frightful boor. I want to apologize for what I said to you that night, the night that Ismail disappeared—for that and other things. I can't explain, but if you knew the true circumstances I think you would understand."

She did not speak. She was surprised at the strength of the resentment welling up within her.

"Before we go our different ways to-morrow," he said, "I should like to know that you have forgiven me."

There was a hesitancy about his words, a certain humbleness that contrasted vividly with the curt, cynical manner that he had always displayed toward her. It might have touched her, but she was a woman and she took the advantage. Besides, the suggestion of intimacy that his appeal for forgiveness presumed between them outraged her.

The quaint old English ditty that was the dinner call rang out along the deck. She turned to enter the saloon and confronted him.

"Neither your manners nor your record," she blazed out furiously, "entitle you to any consideration from a woman."

The fleeting glimpse she had of his face as she brushed past him made her regret her hasty words as soon as she had spoken them. He paled beneath his desert tan, and the pain that came into his eyes seemed to pierce her like a sharp sword. In silence he turned and walked away, and she, with flushed cheeks, went down to dinner.

By noon the next day they were at Alexandria.

TODROS EFFENDI, clerk to Mr. John Villiers Bastable, C. M. G., gazed dreamily out of the open window of his office into the verdant gardens of the ministry. It was almost noonday and very warm. High in the glowing azure sky the great kites, assiduous scavengers of Cairo streets, wheeled and squawked, and on the gleaming stretches of green turf beneath the palms the crested hoopoes pecked and chattered.

Todros Effendi (*Continued on page 36*)

We Boys and Easy Money

Continued from page 28

"I have," said the man, a dealer in automobile accessories, "and I'm frank to confess it is taking up more of my time than I can afford to give, despite the fact that I believe every citizen should serve on juries. But how can you boys help me?"

The We Boy favored his intended victim with a wise smile and a broad wink. "Easy!" he said. "We can have your name taken off the jury list. We are in right with the commissioner of jurors. See?"

"I see!" said the business man, slowly nodding his head while he did some fast thinking. "Come back to-morrow and I'll see what I can do!" With that he patted the We Boy familiarly on the shoulder and ushered him to the door.

Then he turned to his telephone. In a few minutes he had the commissioner of jurors on the line. "Hello, Jim," he said. "I've just had a visit from one of the city hall boys soliciting an advertisement for the souvenir program they are getting up for their annual outing. He tells me he can have my name taken off the jury list if I give him a fifty-dollar ad. How about it?"

What the commissioner of jurors said deponent saith not, but it sizzled like water on a red-hot stove.

They Work in Groups

A QUICK investigation revealed the fact that the We Boy who had solicited the merchant was not a member of the City Hall Reporters' Association, nor had he ever worked on a newspaper. He was simply one of the city hall loafers who are familiar with the methods of working newspaper men. The souvenir program for which he was soliciting advertisements was a child of his own brain. He stoutly maintained that he really intended to publish a program "for the newspaper boys," but that is debatable. He was warned away from the city hall, and the newspapers carried a story warning all business men to beware of such fakers.

Ordinarily We Boys work in groups of two or three. Sometimes, however, the boss grafter puts a crew of a dozen or more to "work" a town.

Not long ago one of these crews slipped quietly into one of our prettiest industrial towns, not one hundred miles from Birmingham, Ala. They had with them about fifty original newspaper cartoons which they had begged, borrowed, bought or stolen from press clubs and newspaper offices. These they had mounted in pleasing frames.

From their rooms in the best hotel in the city they telephoned the secretary of the local Botticelli Club, a young woman passionately fond of striving in the interest of art. To her, in suave, well-modulated tones, the boss We Boy confided that he was secretary of the American Newspaper Artists' Association and that he and a few of his associates had come to her charming city to put on an exhibition of the original work of America's leading newspaper artists.

"We have learned that you are a patron of the arts," the oily-voiced We Boy informed her, "and we feel sure you'll be interested in coöperating with us in this worthy cause. Our exhibition, of course, will be of particular interest to the members of your club—the better class of people. May I not call and tell you of our plan in detail?"

When that We Boy left the secretary's home an hour later he carried with him her promise to have the Botticelli Club sponsor the exhibition.

And sponsor it the Botticelli Club did. The We Boys, given the club's roster, went to work. The individual members were made patronesses.

By the time the date of the exhibit rolled around practically everybody of importance in the little city was either a patron or a patroness.

The opening was a social success. The We Boys provided tea for the ladies, and something more potent for the gentlemen—the custodians of the check books. Perhaps never before or since, except at a We Boy exhibition, have the black-and-white works of Tad, Ding, Fisher, Cowan, Briggs, Webster and other newspaper cartoonists received such profuse praise as was bestowed upon their works at that exhibition. The We Boys told of the "terrific struggles" these men had to get where they are.

"Shouldn't other aspiring artists be properly encouraged?" the men with the check books were asked.

They should! On that almost everybody agreed.

For two afternoons and two nights the exhibition was continued, and the hall was the center of attention. Members of the Botticelli Club and their friends were carefully and steadily guided to the heights of enthusiasm. By nine o'clock of the second evening We Boys had convinced the patrons and patronesses of art in this Southern city that the cartoons on exhibition had been distilled from the heart's blood of their creators; that they were works of art entitled to hang beside the works of Rembrandt, Corot and Whistler.

At 10 o'clock the sale began. The We Boy who acted as auctioneer was a genuine artist of the linguistic school. He sold cartoons of wobbling pugilists, wise-cracking poker players, jumping athletes and political pirates for oil-painting prices.

The exhibition was a social and artistic triumph for the good ladies of the Botticelli Club and a financial success for We Boys.

What did the cartoonists or the American Association of Newspaper Artists get out of it? Nothing! Why? Because they knew nothing about it, and so far as I've been able to learn there isn't any such thing as the Association of American Newspaper Artists. Incidentally, there probably is no more prosperous group of men in the country than those same cartoonists.

The We Boys who staged the exhibition probably never saw the inside of a newspaper art room.

The "sluggers" among the We Boys operate with less finesse, but their returns are greater.

One of the biggest oil operators in southern California is perennial prey for the We Boys. A few years ago he indiscreetly took a neighbor's wife on "a business trip." He might have got away with that, but unfortunately for him a road house at which they stopped one night was raided by the police.

While the husband of the woman never learned of her escapade, every We Boy in southern California did, and now if the oil magnate wavers over signing a contract for his biography in a We Boy enterprise he is asked, "What do you think of So and So's road house up at Blank City?" That generally loosens his pen.

Are Wary of Publicity

WHEN a "prospect" turns over his money and becomes a "tap" and his biography and picture are published in a book, magazine or newspaper, he is then in what We Boys call "The Mug Book," or permanent sucker list. Mug Books are not the only books in the We Boys' library. Equally prominent are the Directory of Directors and Who's Who in America. Representation in either of these indicates one of two things to the We Boy—vanity or riches.

What can a business man do to ward off these We Boys? Well, there's a wealthy importer in Indianapolis who employs the most effective method I know.

When approached by a We Boy he listens attentively, carefully notes every name the We Boy mentions and then says:

"Your proposition interests me. But before going into the matter any further I'll call up my friend, the managing editor of the News, or else the city editor of the Star. If he will endorse your idea I may consider it."

Nine times out of ten—yes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred—this merchant finds that that proposal is the We Boy's cue to fade quickly from the picture.

CATCHING UP with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

WHEN a child is nervous and naughty, irritable and irritating, it is customary for the mother or father, or whoever is so unlucky as to stand *in loco parentis* at the time, to give the unruly youngster (*a*) a spanking or (*b*) a piece of candy. Either treatment, the manual or the chemical, may be effective, but the latter is preferable, for sugar will sweeten the disposition, when it is not given in such quantities as to sour the stomach.

What is the cause of the magical transformation of the moral nature effected in a few minutes by eating a bit of candy, sipping sweet milk or sucking an orange? The reaction is not confined to children, for even grown-up men have been known to be childishly cross when hungry.

This old problem in the chemistry of conduct seems now to have been solved by the researches of Dr. Philip A. Shaffer in the Washington University Medical School, St. Louis. His explanation is that: Eating sugar tends to increase the antiketogenetic factors of metabolism and to prevent the formation of acetoacetic acid.

Which is not nearly so hard as it sounds. In still plainer language it means that the fats and glucose, which furnish the fuel for our bodily energy, are consumed together. If there is more fat in the food than the glucose can handle properly it breaks down into poisonous products—just as the automobile smokes when more oil gets into the cylinders than the gasoline can burn up. The remedy is less oil or more gas. So with us. When our cellular cylinders get clogged with what corresponds in them to smoke and soot a little more fuel in the form of any of the sugars or starches may relieve the difficulty and enable the combustion of the fats to be carried on through its normal course to its harmless end products, water and carbon dioxide, which pass off with the breath. This incomplete combustion of fatty foods becomes serious in the case of diabetic patients, who are not able to absorb the essential sugar.

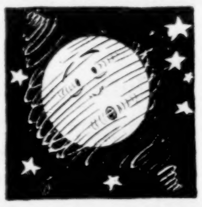
It is becoming apparent that many if not all, cases of extreme nervousness, irritability, crossness and despondency are due to some sort of self-poisoning and if the chemist can ever find out what compound is the cause he may be able to effect a reformation of character that moral suasion alone cannot accomplish.

Are There Other Worlds?

ARE we alone in the universe? The likelihood that any of the other planets of the solar system are capable of supporting living creatures, at least of the self-conscious kind, is slight.

But there are at least fifty billion stars in the heavens, not counting the backwoods precincts from which no census returns have yet come in. These stars are similar to our sun, many very like it in size and age. What seems more likely at first thought than that some, if not all of them, are also surrounded by a retinue of satellites? According to the nebular theory of Laplace, which was taught as gospel to all of those who read their Collier's with glasses, the sun began as a diffuse mist of matter, which gradually drew together by gravitation and heated up by collision of the particles; then the mass got to whirling and threw off planets as the wheels of a passing automobile throw gobs of mud in your face. If all the stars were formed in this fashion they could hardly escape having satellites too.

But nowadays the old nebular hypothesis is disputed and it is held that planets are not the normal and inevitable offshoots of the evolution of every star, but that they are the result of a rare accident. According to the modern theory, a wandering star, some millions of millions of years ago, happened to pass so near to our sun that it raised tides in its fluid mass, like the ocean tides the moon raises on earth, but so great in the case of these solar tides that the sun was torn in pieces and fragments of the débris, flying off in space, formed the planets and their satellites.



The stars are so widely scattered through the immensities of space that the chances of a collision or a near-collision are extremely slight. But if, as seems likely, the stars used to be closer together and softer than they are now, they would be more often hit and easier smashed up, so Dr. Jeans assures us that "we may reasonably conjecture that planetary systems, though not the normal accompaniment of a sun, must be fairly freely scattered through space."

If so, we may still surmise, in spite of the odds against it, that there are other spheres like ours in existence, and possibly also the abodes of life.

Waves in a Vacuum

WE SAW last week that radio waves are not air waves. Radio waves, though longer, are the same in kind as those which convey from sun to earth the radiant energy that we call light and heat when it reaches our atmosphere.

But we know that there is no air between sun and earth. So far as we know, it is empty space. But the physicists of the last century, when they found that light and electricity moved with a wavy motion, thought that they must have something to wave. So they invented a hypothetical entity, "the ether," to fill the emptiness, though it is now believed by Einstein and his following that the emptiness which needed filling was only in their minds.

We do not know yet exactly how the electrical waves are carried through space, but we do know that it is not by air.

The Mind of Coolidge

Continued from page 6

just as much patriotic fervor as Roosevelt had, feels that he is consecrated to the noble ideal of saving every dollar of his salary that he can that he may set a worthy example to a wastrel age. So his bank account in Northampton has grown and grown and he has invested in American industrial stocks with no sense of impropriety.

The Scotch in Wilson made him save what he could, but he invested his money chiefly in municipal bonds, state bonds and such securities as would not, under any circumstances, be affected by his Presidential attitude. He would no more have invested in United States Steel than in a smuggling enterprise. Yet because Coolidge believes in the power of the esoteric and mystical qualities of business to produce a happy people, he would no more question an industrial investment than he would the bonds of the American Bible Society.

Coolidge's investments do not interest the American people whom he represents so perfectly. So long as the people feel as they do, so long as by every pragmatic test the theory that the business of America is business works, it is true. The world is what we think it, and out of our thoughts one way or another emerges reality. After his election in 1924 President Coolidge felt definitely the mandate to reconstruct American government along the lines of his own deep conviction that the business of America is business. One by one the various commissions of government, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, accepted the dictum of the President that the business of America is business.

Justice Waits on Prosperity

TO PROTECT business, to promote business, to provide for more and better business, is the chief aim of every governmental agency in Washington which the President controls. And he is engaging in all this activity for business not stealthily, not with a Puritan sense of sin, but with a high pride, a glowing zeal in his work. He would pursue the thief, the grafter, the camp follower of business as ruthlessly as he would hunt down a destroyer of our institutions. To the oleaginous crew who would stealthily rob the government of any whit of its rights or dues, he would turn as hard and implacable a face as he would to a socialist who sought to change the standard of distribution in industry. He has the fanatic's faith in prosperity as the savior of mankind.

When one understands that faith in a consecrated commerce which shall redeem the world, one may understand why Coolidge would frankly load his Tariff Commission with avowed high-tariff protectionists who feel it their duty not to sit as unbiased judges upon questions scheduled, but as avowed advocates of protected industries. We can also understand how he would conscientiously refuse to intervene to stop the prosecution of a United States senator who had once been acquitted upon a clearly trumped-up charge.

His mental process in these two cases is simply this: Without a high tariff the owners of many of the little mills of New England would either have to close their doors or cut down their capitalization to comport with the physical value of their plant, and either alternative would disturb the vested right, the right of the mill worker to his grandfather's job or the right of a stockholder to his grandfather's dividends.

The theoretical right of the millions of consumers to commodities at lower prices would not seem a paramount right when opposed by the definite vested rights of labor or of capital.

Coolidge thinks concretely. He takes no chances. His feet are on the ground of a beaten path. He knows his way. In the matter of Senator Wheeler's prosecution Coolidge would not interfere with the ordinary processes of justice to save a senator from second prosecution because the interference would imply a sympathy with the senator's unsound economic beliefs and so give an impression that the White House put justice before business. It would violate his creed and bemean his life to do a thing which might be construed as truckling to the disturbers of traffic even by making toward them a generous gesture which guaranteed them justice outside of the courts.

Coolidge has his faith; he lives up to it. He is obeying a mandate.

Those who held opposing views to the President, who held that justice rather than business is our reason for being a country, were appalled at the way Coolidge turned the Federal Trade Commission to his uses of prosperity.

For a decade and a half America, under the Standard Oil decision of 1911, seemed to have concluded that restraint of trade, if handled in behalf of the public successfully, should be surrounded by governmental vigilance which would in itself effect a partial correction. This public vigilance, which was a part of our antitrust policy, would naturally find governmental agencies in a continuous and intimate society of restraint which promised a means of permanent remedy.

Roosevelt accented publicity as a remedy of restraint. While he was head of the Progressive movement he prepared and sponsored a bill creating a United States Trade Commission with this object in view. Wilson accepted the bill with certain minor amendments and the Federal Trade Commission was created along with the supplementary act of the Sherman Law.

Publicity was the soul of the commission and its work. The commission made economic reports showing trust tendencies and practices. The commission issued legal orders subject to court review forbidding specified acts of unfair competition. Under Wilson and Harding the commission because of its personnel was bold in cleaving to the hard letter of the law which put stress upon publicity of procedure. Coolidge changed the personnel. He put in men of his way of thinking, men who believed in the hallowed function of business, who believed in the heavenly character of prosperity. Cases which formerly had to be held and settled in the open could under the new procedure be settled in conferences that were not public. Publicity withdrew as an agency in the restraint of trade.

Naturally trade was happy. Business put a handkerchief over the vigilant eye that was watching it, the eye of publicity. Then the great national resolution began to wane; the resolution to get at the heart of the perplexing thing which seems at times to lead democracy toward justice and at other times seems to leave democracy only a choice between socialism and plutocracy, each equally obnoxious.

But President Coolidge, with all the sincerity of his mystic faith in business as a civilizing agent among men, feels deeply that this purpose which the people once had has been revoked by the Coolidge mandate from the people to protect prosperity.

The President wastes no time. Near his father's farm he walks—and cogitates

Wide World

The President's mystic faith in the divine ordination of wealth to rule the world and promote civilized progress is evidenced in his opposition to the inheritance tax. He seems to feel rather deeply that interference with the accumulation of fortunes, however great, is wicked perversion of natural law.

For the doctrinaire cult which holds that great fortunes should be disbursed at death, first, to equalize opportunity in a new generation; second, to produce necessary revenue, and, third, to eliminate the danger to organized society from vast sums snowballing the wealth of the community into the few hands, Calvin Coolidge has expressed a rather definite scorn.

In his speech to the editors in December, 1924, in which he said "the business of America is business," he further declared that he had no faith in Goldsmith's couplet:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a
prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men
decay.

He just does not believe that men decay where wealth accumulates, and he said so, contending that the benefits that come from great fortunes through their charitable benevolences offset any evils which might possibly be imagined. His speeches clearly show a deep conviction that in the accumulation of past industry which we call capital lies mystically the intelligent ruling forces of a forward-moving civilization.

Probably this faith in wealth is somewhat due to the fact that he has never had wealth, has viewed it from afar. Witness his preachment upon economy:

> Extravagance lengthens the hours and diminishes the rewards of labor. I favor the policy of economy, not because I wish to save money, but because I wish to save people. Every dollar that we carelessly waste means that their life will be so much the more meager. Every dollar that we prudently save means that their life will be so much the more abundant. Economy is idealism in its most practical form.

Wealth is Health

WHEN did Emerson or Nietzsche or Carlyle or Immanuel Kant ever put into one paragraph such sublime faith in his philosophic premise? This is a faith for which men wage war. Any country which would scorn economy, flaunt frugality, punctuality, industry and deny Americans the royal privileges which come with those virtues, would find himself at war with us for denying Americans their rights, with Coolidge in the White House and with his mystic philosophy pushed to its final implication.

At home he pins his faith to economy as a social solvent. Economy, he declares in an early message, "will solve all the problems of our country." The President's faith in the divine ordination of wealth·has set him a hard task. His daily savings have been hourly sacrifices to Mammon. They have been profoundly sincere. His consecration has strengthened his faith. His zeal to keep its temple holy, secure from defiling hands, has put a certain cautious fanaticism into his life. When the oil scandal touched his administration he let two members in his cabinet resign after long weeks of cold, inexorable inaction in their behalf which became finally translated in their hearts into orders of dismissal.

If political corruption irks rather than arouses him, we must remember that he is a man of small emotional content. He boils at an extremely high temperature. And being congealed, naturally he moves slowly but rather surely to chase the thieves from the sanctuary. He never, however, mistakes the mendacity of the thieves—which to him is casual, accidental and sporadic—for the business of the holy temple, the accumulation of wealth and its sacred preservation in the hands that hold it. He is more than property-minded. There are few human rights that may not be resolved into property rights in his creed.

Life itself, in the Coolidge philosophy, seems to be a possession; liberty and the pursuit of happiness a right to use and enjoy property in one way or another. Never before has the White House held a mystic so sure of his dogma, so unyielding in the pursuit of his faith.

More than two years in the White House have hardened the President. They have not changed him, but they have given him self-reliance and cleared off a certain diffidence which seemed timidity and a certain unfamiliarity with public men which made him taciturn. December, 1925, finds not a different man, but a stronger man in the White House than it knew in August, 1923.

This strength of Coolidge is noticed everywhere. Public men notice it. Reporters notice it. His speeches show it. There is a certain dropping away of restrictions and qualifications in his public utterances and an apparent surety in his logical processes, a firm acknowledgment of his philosophical premise that progress depends upon capital, which mark him for a stronger man than the ex-Vice President or the ex-governor of Massachusetts. His years as President have taught him to gauge a stranger better than he could before. He will never be quick in his judgments of men but he is speeding up.

Naturally Coolidge picks types which he knows, and in spite of the geographical habitat of his advisers they are all New England men. Wilbur of California and Jardine of Kansas are none the less Yankees than Sergeant of Vermont or Stone of New York. Theorists, windbags, good fellows, crooks, men of heterodox views on business questions, instinctively Coolidge has always rejected, and always will.

Roosevelt's and Wilson's weakness for authors, artists, prize fighters, socialists, plainsmen, soldiers of fortune, dreamers of various sorts, finds no remote duplicate in Coolidge foibles. The crop of plug hats in the White House reception-room has not been so large in seventy years as it is to-day. He is and always will be a man of no nonsense, and he wants men of no nonsense about him.

One damp morning in the spring of 1925 the President sent for a secret-service man, who came hurrying. They were going out for a walk.

"Where are your rubbers?" asked the President.

The man replied, "I was in a hurry and didn't take time to put them on."

"Go back and get your rubbers."

The man did so. The two went out for their walk. After they had gone a few blocks they came to a damp place in the sidewalk, and Coolidge said:

"It is a good thing you have got your rubbers."

A few blocks further on they came to a real puddle in the sidewalk, and the President remarked:

"I guess you're glad you got your rubbers."

Finally they reached the end of the morning's exercise. Said the President:

"I guess you're glad I told you to go put on your rubbers."

He had spoken all that was on his mind in this half hour's walk to his attendant, and all that was on his mind was caution. We have here a friendly man, a kindly man, but cautious. When one holds to a philosophy that sanctifies property, one walks a narrow path.

Caution is the incense of Coolidge's soul. He is visibly annoyed at the prodigality of those who serve casually. He may snap at them; but it is not because he is unkind. There is no meanness in that serene and placid eye. He is, when he cracks the sharp whip of his Yankee annoyance at a secretary who lags or interferes with the day's routine, as impersonal as a crosscut saw and just as merciless, but he is also justified by his faith. No vagrant, personal whim or pique inspires his petulance. It comes from the abiding conviction of his heart that time is money, that money is potential wealth, that wealth may become capital, that capital is the seed of progress and that progress is the salvation of man.

Cash-Register Emotions

HE HAS no spare time. When he is not actually conferring with men, giving orders to his subordinates, discussing problems, writing speeches, orders or opinions, he is cogitating. He has no idle time for expansive inanities. If he sits at a public banquet, abstracted, looking like a man who has just smelled a bad smell, he is preoccupied, considering something remote from the scene, trying to give the people of the United States value received for the salary which they pay him. His silence is somewhat the by-product of his faith, a part of his program of economy, an essential of his character. With Coolidge nothing comes easy and goes easy.

Always President Coolidge's emotions have as their basis some cash-register explanation; perhaps some obvious prodigality to those who do not comprehend his faith nor understand the mechanical processes of his logical mind working from its premise that in capital are the soul and seed of progress; that in waste and extravagance is the fall of man.

To understand Coolidge we must first of all give him credit for a clean, hard-fibered brain, for an absolutely honest heart, for a noble soul. His limitations are in his experiences. He told a Kansas girl that he had never ridden in a Pullman car until he was nominated for Vice President. Enter the house in which he was inaugurated. On the plain nondescript table is a guest book. Beside the ink bottle lies a pen. Colonel John Coolidge will say:

"If you use that pen you will use the one the President used to sign the oath of office when he was sworn in."

Observe the pen—a thin, pearl-handled pen, slimmer than a pipestem, tapering at one end and with a gold ferrule at the other in which the pen sticks. Such a pen has not been seen on land or sea for a generation outside of Vermont. To a visitor's question about the pen, Colonel Coolidge will answer:

"Let me see; we have had it something more than fifty years."

There is the story: careful, conscientious, saving. There stands Vermont!

Across from Colonel Coolidge's house is the little union church where men of all creeds worship.

Vermont Has Fixed Us

YOUR Vermont mountaineer is not pious, never sanctimonious nor given to creedal wrangles, but he is deeply religious, deeply conscious of a power outside himself that makes for righteousness. From this union church and Sunday school without creedal or factional discussion, the boy Calvin took the faith of the Puritans, the passionate belief in the nobility of man and the goodness of God. Here the mystic was born. With no other exterior aids was his faith implanted, but it goes deep into his heart. And because he believes in the goodness of the things his childhood and youth saw so unmistakably—the worth of industry, the value of frugality, the high honor of capital, the decent attitude of labor, the compact organization of a simple society in neighborly affection—his faith has flooded into his whole life.

The other day in the White House the reporters asked the President why he always had rich men and politicians about him; why he did not invite to the White House representatives of the arts—the painters, sculptors, poets.

"What poets?" asked the President.

They were listed for him: Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Louis Untermeyer, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edgar Robinson, and the rest. He paused a minute, reflected and drawled meditatively:

"When I was in college a man by the name of Smith used to write some verse."

And the episode closed. The question did not touch his interest. The arts are doubtless good things in his world but extraneous, unimportant. They are not in his faith necessary components of an orderly and useful life. Vermont has produced no more artists than Kansas.

Next to Coolidge, the greatest man who ever came from Vermont was Admiral Dewey, who went to war with the laconic order: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley!" No more fuss and feathers than just that! Whereupon the United States became an empire. It is the Vermont way. Going back to Vermont, this is what we get.

This is the last in a series of sketches of Calvin Coolidge prepared for Collier's by Mr. White

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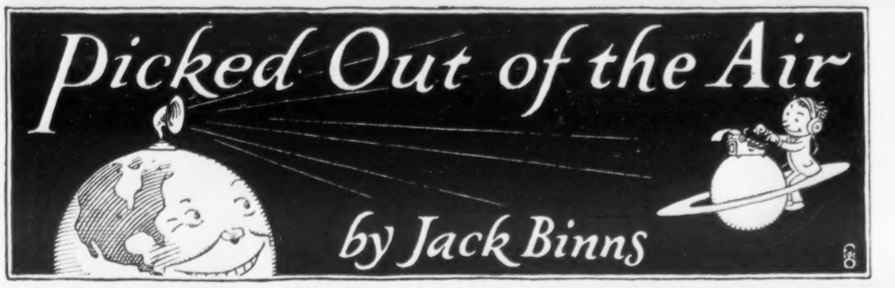


Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns

The Treaty of Progress

THE Fourth Annual Radio Conference called by Secretary Hoover was a complete success. It was animated by a distinctive spirit which accurately reflected public opinion. We are to have a curb on the number of broadcasters. The industry itself is charged with keeping objectionable matter off the air—a far better solution than government censorship and likely to be more effective.

There is to be no direct advertising by broadcast stations. The splendid attitude of the delegates on the latter subject was emphasized by the spontaneous manner in which they voted down the lone defender of this practice.

All in all Secretary Hoover, Paul S. Clapp, secretary of the conference, and the delegates deserve unstinted praise for the job they performed.

The Acme of Waste

THE fact that three New York stations have been transmitting the same dance orchestra *simultaneously* is a splendid illustration of the utter uselessness of the majority of broadcasters in the big metropolitan centers.

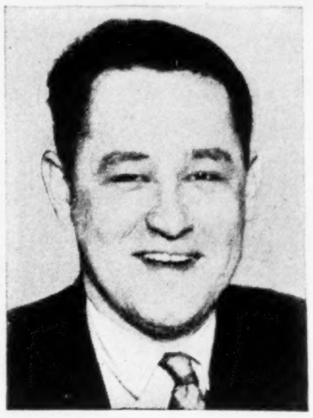
Does Anybody Know?

THERE is a tantalizing mystery enshrouded in the story sent me by Mrs. G. W. Sorensen of Langlois, Oregon. She says that while trying to get a certain program, she happened to tune in an unknown station. "Suddenly," she continues, "we heard someone screaming, 'He's gone crazy, he's killing her,' and confused voices interspersed with sobbing. It did not seem to belong to any play, for right away some man in a wrought-up voice announced, 'In view of the tragedy just enacted we cannot continue with the program.' Without any announcement of call letters or explanation, the station closed down. I have searched the newspapers ever since, but have not seen any reference to the incident."

Happy is the Man—

ONCE upon a time there were two rewrite men, one on the Boston Herald, and the other on the Boston Traveler. Both papers are published in the same building. At three o'clock every morning it was the Herald man's duty to run down to the mailing-room for twelve copies of the Herald's final edition, which he had to give to the Traveler man so that the latter could use them as a basis for the Traveler's first edition. During the two minutes it took to obtain these papers, the Traveler man was the Herald man's boss. The Herald man swore some day to get even.

Eventually he became manager of Station WEEI of Boston. Meantime the Traveler man became managing editor of a Vermont paper. Then Charles Burton, the former Herald man, made the new editor a tempting offer, and by virtue of that deed now bosses Walter "Hap" Myers, the former Traveler man. "Hap" has the kind of announcing personality that pops right out of the loud speaker, grasps the listener and says, "Well, old chap, this program was arranged expressly for you. Don't you like it?" Our picture shows "Hap" with his happy smile.



WALTER "HAP" MYERS
WEEI Announcer

An Astral Echo

DOES an ethereal echo exist in the mountainous Northwest?

It would seem so according to the letter of Paul F. Schuster of Garneill, Montana, in which he reports: "I live one mile southwest of the Snowy Mountains in Montana.

"Whenever I succeed in getting anything over the radio from the Northeast it comes twice, the second time more faint like an echo.

"I have no trouble, however, getting stations from other directions without echo."

Good Luck, George

GEORGE DEWEY HAY, the erstwhile "solemn old judge" of WLS, has gone to the new WSM of Nashville, Tenn. There the South will again hear the steamboat whistle he made famous at WMC in the antiquity of broadcasting.

Radio's Locarno

NOW that radio has undertaken the task of improving our bridge technique, perhaps outward domestic felicity will return as a national institution. Getting the bridge signals mixed has been a most important casus belli in domestic battles.

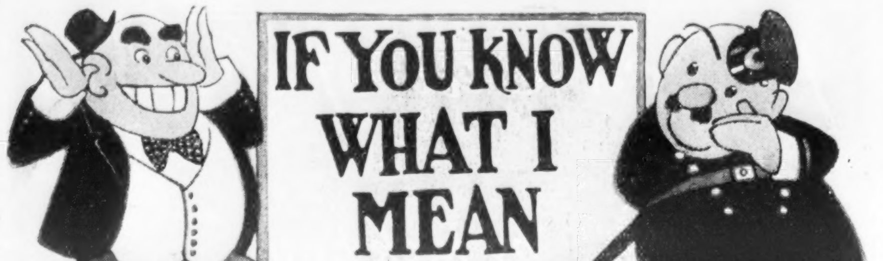
Figure It Out

THERE is one grand consolation for us poor dubs in these radio bridge lessons. It is the fact that two out of every four experts lose each game.

The Meanest Thief

HAS any state enacted laws penalizing persons who deliberately cut down another's radio aërial? R. J. Richards of New York asks this question. He tells me that the landlord of an adjoining apartment house cut down every antenna on the roof of his building. Shortly afterward the aërial on Mr. Richards' roof was stolen. He then put up another on sixteen-foot poles, but the same night the poles and aërial were taken away.

"If I catch the person," he concludes, "I can charge him with stealing private property, but the case would be surely dismissed. I would like to know whether there has been a law passed against cutting down and stealing aërials?"



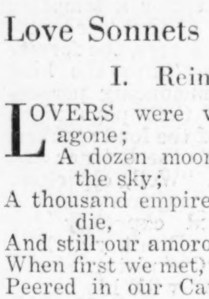
IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

by don marquis

Love Sonnets of a Cave Man

I. Reincarnated!

LOVERS were we a million years agone;
A dozen moons have fallen from the sky;
A thousand empires laid them down to die,
And still our amorous idyl carries on!
When first we met, the roaring Mastodon
Peered in our Cave and watched me black your eye;
To-day the roaring L-train rushes by
Our flat—and I shall black your eye anon!
Reincarnation once again, my Sweet,
Brings us together o'er the waste of years!
And once again I catch you by the ears,
My Love, and slam your head against the door
To show you that I love you as of yore—
A love like ours can never grow effete!



II. An Anniversary

A million years ago to-day, my Fair,
I saw thee first and chased thee up a tree
And climbed and came to wrestling grips with thee,
And bashed thy brow and caught thee by the hair
And dragged thee biting to my cavern lair
And sprained thy slats and made thee worship me!
Then I turned Poet and in ecstasy
Flung my wild songs upon the spring-time air.
I bellow forth my roaring rhymes again
This day above the clamor of the street
As in the days when men were scarcely men,
Singing the miracle that we should meet
And clash in love and battle, now as then,
Bully and Beauty evermore, my Sweet!

III. Reconciliation

It was but yesternight that I came home
And found your fair face streaked with sliding tears;
And when I asked you why, upon my dome
You gouged a furrow with the garden shears.
"What is the sad occasion of your grief,
My Love," I murmured. "Speak to me, oh, speak!"
And you sobbed through your wetted handkerchief:
"You have not beaten me for nigh a week!
Oh, you are faithless! All your love is dead!
Oh, you are faithless, faithless, cold of heart!"
Then with a roar I grabbed you by the head,
And wried your neck, and burst your ribs apart—
And you were glad again and flushed with pride,
Sweet Wild Cat, as when first I called you Bride!

IV. An Ancient Lay

Gaze on this speckled Egg the Dinosaur
Laid with a monstrous cackle in her prime!
It has turned flint to blunt the teeth of Time—
An asset to the Poultry Trade no more!
When Tiger sword-toothed Tiger met,
When coiled Leviathans drowsed in the slime
And yawned and meditated Food and Crime,
Oh, what a memorable Omelet!
But might this stone grow sappy—from this shell
A beakèd monster peck his way to life—
How reminiscent were the miracle!
It was squab Dinosaur we had to eat
That day I beaned and won you for my wife,
A million years come Martinmas, my Sweet.

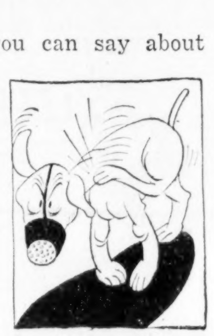
THERE is not the least reason for comparing jazz with classical music. Nobody ever really expects a good dancing partner to make a good soul mate.

The exceedingly highbrow critics would be more effectual if they wrote so that the artists could understand them without taking too much time from the job of creating things.

Literature is an accident that sometimes happens when a writer is engrossed in trying to tell his story.

If you wish to be prosperous you will not go to an extreme either with crime or virtue.

The best thing you can say about work is that for a while every day it takes your mind off of what you owe the butcher.



Humanity is cruel and selfish. Men muzzle dogs so that they will not be bitten. But they never think of muzzling the dogs' fleas.

The writer is almost the only worker who can capitalize his own weaknesses and failures of character. He can always get copy out of them.

Work in New York is something they pad out the time with between hooch parties.

No man ever understood women, say the ancient aphorisms. But that doesn't worry the men so much. What perturbs them is the lingering fear that women understand men.

Fate loves to put all the materials of happiness in the grasp of a man just to see how miserable he will make himself with them.

Every time a detached student starts out to make a clear, impartial, unbiased authoritative study of Woman his Life Work, he is sure to be checked by marriage or something.

The woman who really loves a man is aware even of the infidelities he does not act but only meditates. Men call this causeless jealousy.

Fifty-seven different varieties of prophets tell us that the world is going to the bowwows. When they are all able to agree on the reason for it, then it will be time to worry.

Slipped Through His Fingers

Continued from page 16

facing away from the sea, De Soto set forth on another hunt for golden Chisca.

It was a tattered, famished band that went into winter quarters on the upper Yazoo, but, to their credit, they did not cringe under misfortune. What time they were not plundering the Indian villages of maize and women, they tore down idols and preached the beauties of the Christian faith. The Chickasaws, reinforced by neighboring tribes, were finally strong enough to strike, and on a wild March night the Spaniards woke to find their huts in flames.

"But God," boasts the Gentleman of Elvas, "who chastiseth His own as he pleases, and in the greatest wants and perils hath them in His hand, shut the eyes of the Indians." The riderless horses, plunging everywhere in mad panic, were thought to carry cavaliers, and the Chickasaws fled before them. Everything that had been saved from Maubila was lost in this last disaster, but reverses seemed only to tap new wells ot courage in De Soto. Rude forges retempered swords, steel stirrups were beaten into lance heads and ash trees gave new shafts; shields were made from hides, clothes from skins and grasses, a vision of the Holy Virgin strengthened their hearts, and April saw them marching across Mississippi, bearing always to the north.

Balboa waved back his men that he alone might have first view of the Pacific, but the Gentleman of Elvas makes no mention of the emotion that De Soto must have felt when he came to the banks of the Father of Waters and beheld that mighty flood. To the weary Gentleman, at least, it was merely another river to cross.

"What now!" De Soto reproached his grumbling soldiers when they dared at last to talk of home. "Having it in your power to become lords in a vast and noble land, do you prefer Spain and the lives of base dependents? No one shall leave this country until we have conquered it."

Swinging through southern Missouri and eastern Oklahoma, De Soto pitched his winter camp on the banks of the Arkansas near Fort Smith. Several restful months repaired the ravages of the ghastly march in some degree. "Hump-backed cows," as they called the buffalo, gave them ample food and skins for covering. But even the Iron Captain realized the impossibility of further wandering. Of the proud array that had set forth with him from Havana three years before, less than half remained, and these were worn and wasted.

Return was compulsory. Strangely enough, almost at the same time a similar tragedy was working to its grim conclusion further north, for Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, starting from Mexico, had come as far as Nebraska in his vain search for the Seven Cities of Cibola.

Reaching the Mississippi once again, after a terrible journey, De Soto felt himself sickening to his death. "Deep was his despondency," writes the Gentleman of Elvas, and who shall say that there was not excuse for his despair? What of his wife, stripped of fortune to finance this mad venture? And the shame of failure, for in his following there was none with enough vision and faith to make the emperor see that this land of mighty forests, shining rivers and fertile plains was a possession more to be prized than all the gold of Mexico and Peru!

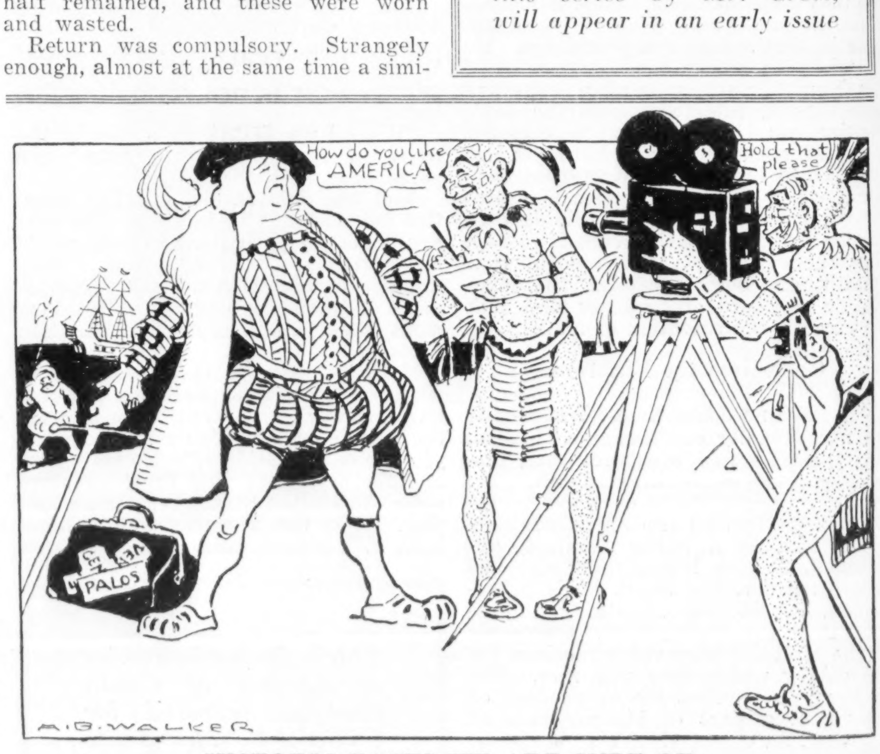
When he knew the end to be at hand De Soto called his men together and, out of his knowledge of their fierce, contentious natures, named Luis Moscoso as his successor; then, swearing all to obedience and thanking them for their loyalty, he pulled the skin coverlet over his face and died, old and worn at forty-two.

Five slaves, three horses and some swine composed the estate of this man who but nine years before had sailed from Peru with a fortune in gold and silver bars, precious metals curiously carved and glowing emeralds.

They buried him at night that the Indians might not know his grave, but the keen eyes of the bearers marked the fresh-turned earth, and when darkness fell again Moscoso had the body carried down to the Mississippi's edge. Working by touch, not daring to show a light, they took a huge tree trunk, half hollowed by native boat builders, and packed the gaunt body in soft skins. Sealing the whole as best they could, a push gave it to the current, and the wind in the trees joined with their sobs for requiem.

An epic of lost opportunity! Had Hernando de Soto come of a race that loved the soil, he could have changed the history of the New World, for all of the rich sweep of America was in his grasp to have and to hold. It was the tragedy of Spain, however, that her hawk-faced adventurers saw wealth only in gold and silver, and scorned to plow except with swords.

"The Man Who Dreamed Too Soon," the second article in this series by Mr. Creel, will appear in an early issue



HISTORIC FACTS WE ARE SURE OF

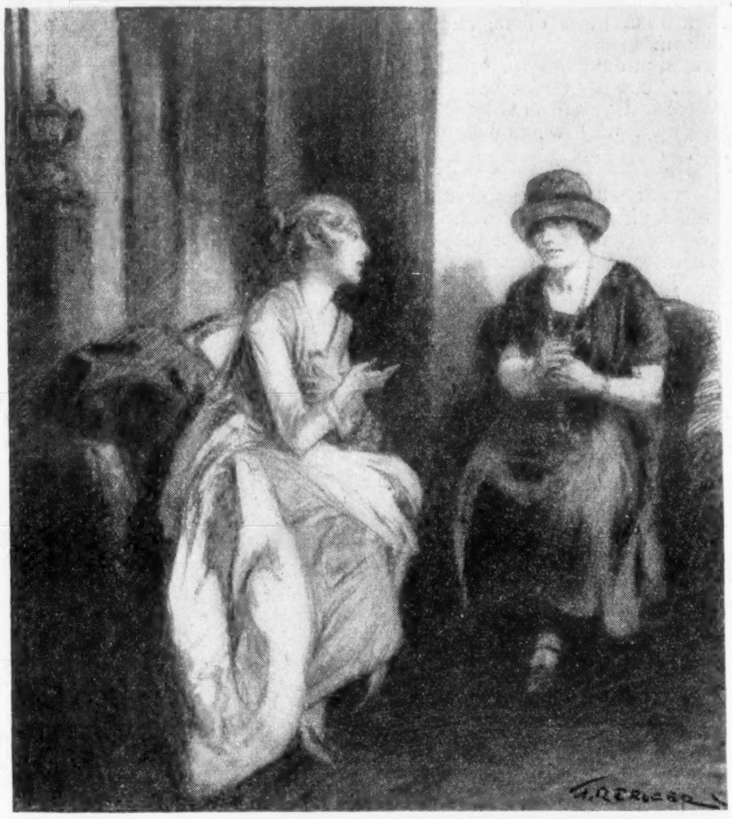
That Columbus wasn't interviewed (this way) on his arrival

Locate the Cause!

"HOW do you feel?"—In too many instances your answer is, "Not very well. I am troubled with indigestion."

Your answer is given in perfect good faith, but are you certain it is correct? Physicians tell us that half their patients who believe they are suffering from indigestion have some serious organic disturbance. When you say you are troubled with indigestion you have given the usual name for a condition of wretched discomfort—and you may not even suspect the real difficulty.

That miserable feeling called indigestion is not a disease in itself. It is a warning that something has gone wrong in some part of the body. The trouble may not be in the stomach at all. It may be in the intestinal tract, or the gall bladder, the kidneys, the liver, the pancreas, or the appendix. It may be in the nervous system or the heart. Or it may be that faulty habits of eating or emotional disturbances have brought about disordered bodily conditions which masquerade as indigestion.



The Beloved Quack

You know them—the men and women who say: "Just try this for your indigestion. It *always* helps me." Not content with "doctoring" themselves for a chronic complaint, they venture advice concerning the possibly serious ailments of others.

Nature's Warning

These attacks of pain, nausea or discomfort are Nature's warning to look for the real trouble. What folly it is to try to soothe a symptom and leave the cause untouched.

Indigestion may be the shadow of some real, hidden difficulty which should be located. Because it is not thoroughly understood, men and women sometimes treat it lightly—they are almost ashamed to admit having so slight an ailment. *So slight!*—It may be the early warning of a serious disease. *So slight!*—They go to the medicine cabinet and take their favorite remedy or some "cure" passed along by a friend. *So slight!*—yet by merely dulling pain, not correcting the cause, they may be cutting many years from their lives.

If you suffer from pains after meals you may have an ulcer of the stomach. A violent, stabbing pain which recurs at intervals may mean gall-stones or a diseased appendix.

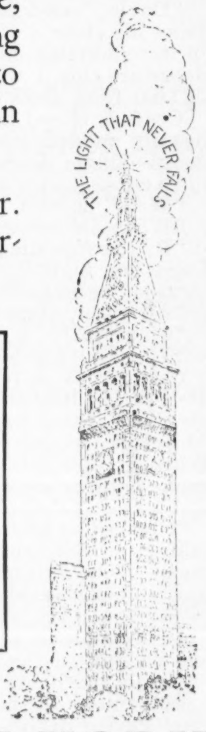
Treat Your Stomach Well

When you are in sound health you should be able to digest, without distress, nearly every kind of good food. It is only when something has gone wrong in your body that special diet is necessary.

That stomach of yours is at your mercy. Be good to it. You cannot get another if you cripple it through abuse. It is strong but it cannot do the impossible—it cannot take on the work of the teeth in addition to its own work. Chew your food thoroughly so that both in your mouth and in your stomach the digestive fluids can act easily upon it. Certain foods which you think "disagree" with you could perhaps be digested without difficulty if they were sufficiently masticated.

Remember that the nutritive parts of steak, chops, vegetables and all other foods must be taken into your blood before they can be of the slightest service to you. Eat regularly and never hurry your eating. If you have only fifteen minutes' time, you will get far more real benefit from eating fifteen minutes' worth than from trying to crowd an hour's meal into the stomach in a quarter of an hour.

If you are subject to indigestion, see a doctor. It may be a temporary disturbance, easily corrected, or it may be serious. Find out!


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Practicing physicians tell us that the majority of visits to their offices are made by persons suffering from so-called indigestion. Medical authorities say it is probably the most common ailment of men and women.

When we look at the mortality records and see that heart disease takes more lives than any other cause of death—that the death rate from appendicitis has not diminished in the past ten years—that cancer and gall bladder troubles are claiming thousands of victims every year—

—and when we think that many of the victims of these diseases neglected the early warnings which seemed to be indigestion—

—then we realize the necessity for paying attention to the message which Nature is sending.

One common cause of indigestion is badly cooked food. Wrong methods of cooking make digestion a difficult process.

If, in your care are the health and well-being of your family—if, to you are left the choice and preparation of nourishing, easily digested food, you will find the Metropolitan Cook Book a tremendous help. It contains hundreds of tempting recipes planned to give the right amount of nutriment without overtaxing digestion. Send for a copy. It will be mailed free.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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The Little Gold God

Continued from page 30

was plunged in a delicious daydream. Undisturbed the flies promenaded over his large brown face. He saw himself, attired in his lavender tie, brown suit and cloth-topped boots of Sunday wear, calling in the little motor car of his cousin, Boulos, to pay his respects to the family of one Miriam, daughter of old Morcos, of the State Railways, a plump damsel whose jet-black eyes and appetizing curves filled his soul with delight.

Old Morcos was grasping, but there were certain undeniable social advantages, Todros told himself, in having a ministerial official for a son-in-law. Todros' pay was, of course, at present miserably inferior to his attainments, but he had, or could represent himself as having (which was often as good) the ear of Mr. John Villiers Bastable, C. M. G., a claim that sometimes had a definite pecuniary value in the market of Egyptian public life. And there was always Mr. Voronian, his Armenian friend at the Café Sheesha. . . .

The angry whir of the telephone at his elbow dissipated the reverie of Todros Effendi. He lifted the receiver. "Who is it?" he asked. Then, suavely, "Please to wait for a minute. I go to see." He snatched up his tarboosh from the desk before him, stood to survey himself for an instant in a mirror on the wall, laid his cigarette aside and in his brown button boots tripped across the floor to his chief's room.

"Meestair Ceradock on the telephone, sair," he announced. "He ask can he come, please, and see you."

Bastable glanced up through his horn spectacles. With his gray mustache and grizzled hair, his dark suit and his rather aloof bearing, he was a good type of British government official. He wore a harassed mien which his fellows at the Turf Club could understand, who, two years before, had seen Cairo flame with red posters offering "£10,000 Reward" for information leading to the arrest of the assassins of his predecessor in office.

"Certainly, Todros Effendi," Bastable replied. "He can come along at once."

THE clerk returned to the anteroom and gave the message. He was smiling happily to himself as he hung up the receiver. He glanced at his wrist watch. Half past eleven! In two hours he would be free to go to the Café Sheesha. He hoped that Mr. Voronian would be there as usual. Mr. Voronian should be generous to-day. His mind flashed back to his slender bank balance, slowly increasing, piaster by piaster.

"David," cried Bastable, springing up from his chair as Cradock was ushered in ten minutes later, "see that both doors are closed, will you? I'm not sure of that Copt clerk of mine. Well?"

Cradock closed the outer door and the heavily padded door within. In Egypt doors—single doors as well as walls—have ears.

"Well," he said, "I'm back, John!"

"When did you get in?"

"By the Aquatic yesterday. I reached Cairo last night."

"Good passage?"

"All right, after Naples."

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks. I prefer a pipe."

Cradock came round and sat on the desk beside Bastable, who had resumed his seat. There was a moment's silence while the visitor crammed his pipe. When he had got it lighted at last, he said, "Things are even worse than you and I anticipated, John."

"I feared as much," Bastable rejoined, taking off his spectacles and wiping them. "The Antiquities Department is in a proper stew about it."

"And with reason," Cradock retorted. "There's all sorts of stuff leaving Egypt and coming on the market that the department has never set eyes on, I swear. I went round all the big dealers in London, Paris, Berlin—yes, the Germans are in the game again—and Rome, and I was flabbergasted. Right and left the excavations are being pillaged. I was shown Middle Empire things, Tel-el-Amarna statuettes and pottery and earlier stuff in wood from Sakkara and the Pyramids, selected pieces, every one a marvel. As it's obviously stolen from the excavations, most of it, one can't tell its origin.

"The department does its best," Bastable put in, "but it's understaffed. And the inspectors, devoted as they are, are known. That's why we roped you in, Dave. . . ."

"ONCE your damned government started trying to get into its hands the whole of excavation," Cradock persisted stubbornly, "and allowing the foreigner to dig only on terms ensuring that the best of everything should go to the Cairo Museum, it was inevitable that the contraband trade would increase. You know, there's always a market for rare and beautiful antikas—I mean the real museum stuff—and when the Gyppie Government bottled up the regular source of supply it was virtually certain that the underground channel would take its place. There's always been a certain amount of haphazard excavation on the sly, and all of us have been annoyed by occasional pilfering. But this time we're up against a big thing, a formidable organization and no mistake. And, believe me, John, they'll stick at nothing!"

Metro-Goldwyn

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. LUKE, 2:15

"You mean . . . Seaton?" said Bastable.

"Seaton?" repeated the other sharply. "What about Seaton?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"Damn it, I've been traveling for the past six days. What's happened to Seaton?"

"He shot himself in a telephone box at Monte Carlo."

Cradock's face was stony. He took his pipe out of his mouth and then very deliberately stuck it back, his teeth gritting hard on the stem.

"When was this?"

Bastable consulted the calendar on his desk.

"To-day's the 26th," he answered. "Let's see, it will be a week to-morrow."

"The 20th of January, then," Cradock observed grimly, "the day the Aquatic sailed. Where did it happen?"

"At the Florida Restaurant, late in the evening."

"Are you sure it was suicide?"

Bastable shrugged his shoulders. "You know what Monte Carlo is. The embassy in Paris got us a few particulars. Seaton was dining that night"—he glanced sidewise at his visitor and made a deliberate pause—"with Aronfels!"

Cradock's brown hand gripped the desk. He stooped down to Bastable. "The meeting *did* take place, then?" he said.

"I'd hoped that *you* would be able to tell me that. Seaton was called away during dinner to speak to someone called Mayer, a man who had lunched with him at his hotel that day. The telephone at the Florida, it seems, is rather remotely situated under the staircase round a turn at the end of the hall. There was nobody in the immediate vicinity, apparently, when Seaton entered the box, and the next thing that happened was that the chausseur at the front door heard a shot and Seaton was found dead in the box with an automatic on the floor—so, at least, the official version runs. Obviously one person who can throw a good deal of light on the mystery is Mayer, as he was the last person to speak to Seaton, presumably. But Mayer has vanished!"

"I see," commented Cradock. "And I don't give sixpence for his chance of being alive either!"

"What we do know, however," Bastable added, "is that this man Mayer is a private detective."

"What does Aronfels say?"

BASTABLE laughed dryly. "He didn't wait to be heard. He caught the night train to Paris, crossed to London by air and took the next steamer back to America. He seems to have got the wind up properly."

"I'm not surprised," remarked Cradock. "By those letters of Ramosi's that you intercepted, John, we know that there were at least three dealers invited to this meeting with him in January—Seaton, Aronfels and Ismail. Would it astonish you to hear that not one but two of them have committed suicide already?"

"Two?" cried Bastable. "Who's the other?"

"Ismail!"

Bastable whistled. "How did it happen?"

"On the Aquatic. He joined her at Monte Carlo. If I'd only known that he was on board! I went to Paris to see him, as we arranged, but he had shut up his shop and gone away without leaving an address. He disappeared overboard the night before we got to Naples. A woman passenger heard a scream and that was the only direct evidence we had of the tragedy apart from his empty bunk. I made every possible inquiry—I had to take the captain into my confidence, but without result. What haunts me, John, is that less than an hour before he disappeared the poor devil was hunting the ship for me. And all the time I was up in the wireless room having a yarn with the operator. Ismail left me a note in my cabin: but he doesn't say what he wants. Here, you can read it for yourself."

FROM his pocket he produced a folded half sheet of note paper with a flag and "S. S. Aquatic" at the top and handed it to Bastable. The latter put on his spectacles and read the penciled scrawl. Its quaint English ran:

It must that I see you most importantly to-night. No matter what hour he is, come, I you entreat, to C deck where I walk. It is most urgent.

ISMAIL.

In French was added:

Fail me not, I supplicate you.

David Cradock leaned over and picked up the sheet of paper. He put it back in his pocket. Then, folding his arms, he straightened himself up and looked his friend in the eye.

"Foul play, John!" he said.

The other's careworn face seemed a trifle more haggard.

"I quite agree," he rejoined. "But how are you going to prove it?"

Cradock squared his chin. "They're devilish astute, whoever they are," he said. A pause and he added: "Simonou was on board with us!"

"That's suspicious enough in itself," commented Bastable, toying with his glasses. "That yellow rat has been in the contraband business for years!"

"I found Ismail's note within a minute or two of that cry of his being heard," said Cradock. "I went straight off to C deck. It was deserted. Ismail's cabin was on the same deck, but he wasn't in it. Do you know what I did before I alarmed the bridge? I went to Simonou's cabin. Whatever the man's record, it is clear he was not in this. It was a roughish night and the fellow was absolutely prostrate with seasickness, almost in a state of collapse. Then I gave the alarm and they stopped the ship and turned on the searchlights. But, with her speed and the seas running as they were, the poor chap hadn't a chance. They found no trace of him."

"Were there any other Egyptians on board?"

"Only one other that I know of."

"Who was that?"

"Said Hussein."

Bastable glanced at the other's face. It was impassive. Silently the two men exchanged a look. "And *he's* got a perfect alibi," Cradock added rather hastily. "He was up in the wireless room with me until midnight, when the operator was relieved and the three of us went below together. We parted company on the promenade deck, but the operator, a thoroughly reliable young fellow, says he escorted Hussein as far as his cabin. They must have been together at the very moment that the scream was heard. So that counts Said Hussein out. But I am certain within myself that Ismail was pushed off that ship, and I believe that the captain, though he won't admit it, thinks so too. Does a man *scream* when he jumps overboard? Not on your life! He slips over quietly."

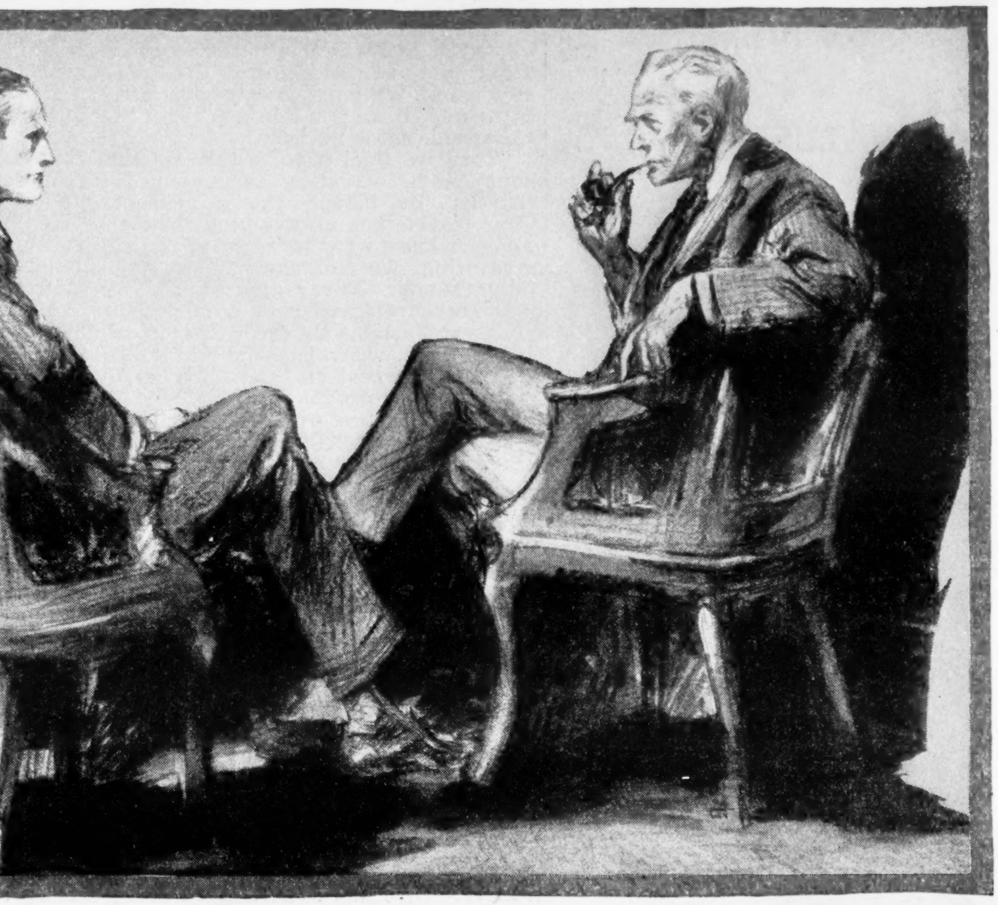
"And this meeting between Ramosi and his friends?"

Cradock's features darkened. "I'm afraid I failed you there, John; I drew a blank. It was a pretty hopeless task from the first. But from the fact that, from our joint information, we now know that Aronfels, Seaton and Ismail must all have been at Monte Carlo

(Continued on page 38)

YOUR SON!

Is he being trained for future leadership?



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Get enough for your Christmas needs *now* before your dealer is all sold out.

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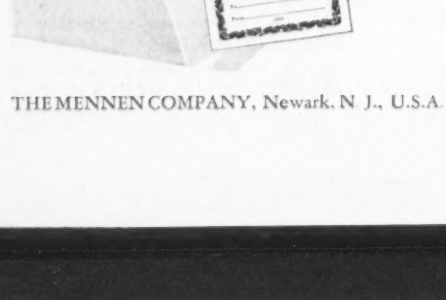
(*Mennen Salesman*)



THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

The Little Gold God

Continued from page 36

together we can assume, I believe, that the meeting took place somewhere on the Riviera."

"And Ramosi?"

"As far as I was able to discover he's totally unknown in Europe. He operates here. We must discover his identity here. Have you had any luck?"

Bastable shook his head.

"Then we shall have to take up the hunt again," Cradock announced decisively. He thought for a moment. "Our trouble has always been that, as we don't know what we're going to find excavating, we can never trace anything that our native diggers pinch."

He broke off and shot a humorous glance at Bastable out of the corners of his blue eyes. Then he whispered in his ear. Bastable bent his head and a broad grin spread across his face.

"Well, I don't see why not," he said.

Cradock pointed to the telephone. "Ring 'em up now and fix it," he suggested.

But Bastable shook his head. "I don't trust the telephone for this sort of thing," he remarked. "Between ourselves, I'm not too happy in my mind about Todros Effendi, that clerk of mine. For some time past it has struck me that he has been altogether too interested in my callers. I'll see our friends myself this afternoon and send you word to the Continental."

But Cradock seemed not to hear. He was gravely contemplating the door leading to the anteroom. "What time does that clerk of yours go off, eh, John?"

"Half past one. Why?"

"I'd like you to send him straight to me at the Continental. Don't give him a letter. Give him something to bring me—that blue book will do. Tell him it's essential that I should get it without delay."

"My dear Dave, what is precisely the idea?"

"The idea is that as soon as he goes off duty here Todros Effendi should come straight to the Continental. See?"

BASTABLE laughed. "What a mysterious devil you are! All right, I'll send him along. But don't rush off like that! It's not twelve yet. I'm lunching at Gezira at one or I'd ask you to come and have a bite with me over at the Mehemet Ali Club. What sort of a time did you have at home?"

"Oh, all right. But I'm glad to be back. London's so crowded!"

"Unsociable devil!"

"Big cities scare me, John. They make me feel so lonely."

Bastable burst out laughing. "Well, for a fellow that lives out in the desert alone for three or four years at a stretch—"

"I know it sounds perfectly lunatic," Cradock rejoined apologetically, "but it's true. In the midst of all these millions of people rushing about on their own particular business I feel lost, confounded, like—like Paolo and Francesca in the Inferno, knowing no rest. Up there on the old Gebel, the mountain range, I love my solitude but at home it weighs me down like a diver's dress. Sometimes I find myself envying the very old women one sees fussing in and out of busses, because they have a home to go to and I have none."

"It's nobody's fault but your own, old boy."

"I know, I know, John. You see, I don't get on with my father. He took that old affair very hard and he's sore with me because I won't get married and produce an heir. But I'm too uncouth for polite society. I can't make pretty speeches to women." His face clouded over. "It seems to me I can't speak to women at all."

Bastable walked round the desk and tapped him on the shoulder. "Poor old Dave," he said, "that was a devilish bad knock, wasn't it? And it's so long ago. Let's see, getting on for twelve years, isn't it?"

Cradock nodded. "I'm over it now," he affirmed.

Bastable looked at him intently for a moment. "By the way," he said slowly, "talking of Said Hussein, Nadia Alexandrovna's back!"

Cradock whipped round. "Nadia!" he faltered. "But the decree of expulsion?"

Bastable threw up his hands. "Egypt has her own government to-day," he retorted. "And Nadia Alexandrovna has returned."

With bowed head Cradock gathered up his hat and stick from a chair. "Well," he said slowly, "I'd better be getting on. You'll send Todros along, John, and let me know about that other matter in due course? So long!"

As he reached the door, he raised his head, straightening himself up as though to face the outer world once more. Bastable's eyes were sad as he watched him go.

IF YOU desire to smoke the *sheesha*, which is the Persian pipe; if you wish to find the purest *dumbak*, which is the pale Persian tobacco, freshly washed, you will go to the Café Sheesha, across from the green Esbekia Garden facing the Opera Square.

Though it is in the heart of Cairo's European quarter, the Café Sheesha is mainly frequented by the native and his parasites, Greek, Syrian, Armenian and Hebrew.

His errand at the Hotel Continental accomplished, to the Café Sheesha Todros Effendi bent his steps. To his great content, his friend Mr. Voronian was already there. He sat just inside the open door, biting his nails and reading "Al Ahram."

As Todros, one fat brown hand pressed to his heart, greeted him by name, the Armenian raised his eyes from under his tufted brows and laid down his newspaper.

"Thy day be happy and blessed, Todros Effendi!" he returned in Arabic the other's salutation and clapped his hands for the waiter. The Copt drew up a chair.

"We had a visitor this morning," he remarked confidentially and peered into the Armenian's face. Voronian glanced about him cautiously. The only person in their neighborhood was a tall sheik, a dervish of the Rifai sect, as the blue center of his turban announced, a splendid-looking man in a silk kaftan who sat at a table smoking.

"Speak in English!" commanded the Armenian. Then, "Who was it?"

"The man from the mountains again."

Mr. Voronian frowned. "But he went to England, did you not tell me? Beware of deceiving me, Todros Effendi!"

"He arrive by the ship last night and come straight to the Ministry this morning. The chief greet him like his brother. They made much talk together."

The Armenian's yellow fingers plucked nervously at the grayish stubble on his chin. "Of what did they speak?"

For a fraction of a second the Copt balked. Mr. Voronian was watching his face. Then Todros said glibly:

"He complain that his excavation is plundered. The skill of the thiefs, he say, is extraordinary. He ask that they shall send soldiers and police to guard where he dig in the ground. He was angry. He beat the table several times in his passion—"

He broke off and stole a glance at the other's face. But the Armenian shot out a skinny hand and laid it on the clerk's sleeve.

"No, no, my friend. Reflect a little! Are you sure of what you tell?"

It was as though a shadow fell athwart the smooth brown face of Todros Effendi. His eyes shifted uneasily. "He spoke as I have tell," he affirmed sullenly.

Voronian's lean forefinger tapped the marble table. "The visitor came, yes," he said. "But you heard nothing, my friend; is it not so?"

Todros Effendi writhed in his chair. "In effect, it was not easy . . . the door was closed," he muttered unwillingly.

"You heard nothing?"

"At any rate," affirmed the Copt stoutly, evading the question, "when their speech was done my chief send for me in haste and order me to take at once an important document to the Locanda Continental for the man from the mountain."

"What was this document?"

"Report on ravages of boll-weevil in Lower Delta!" readily answered the clerk. The Armenian made a note on his cuff. "And that is all you know?" he asked, staring fixedly at the Copt.

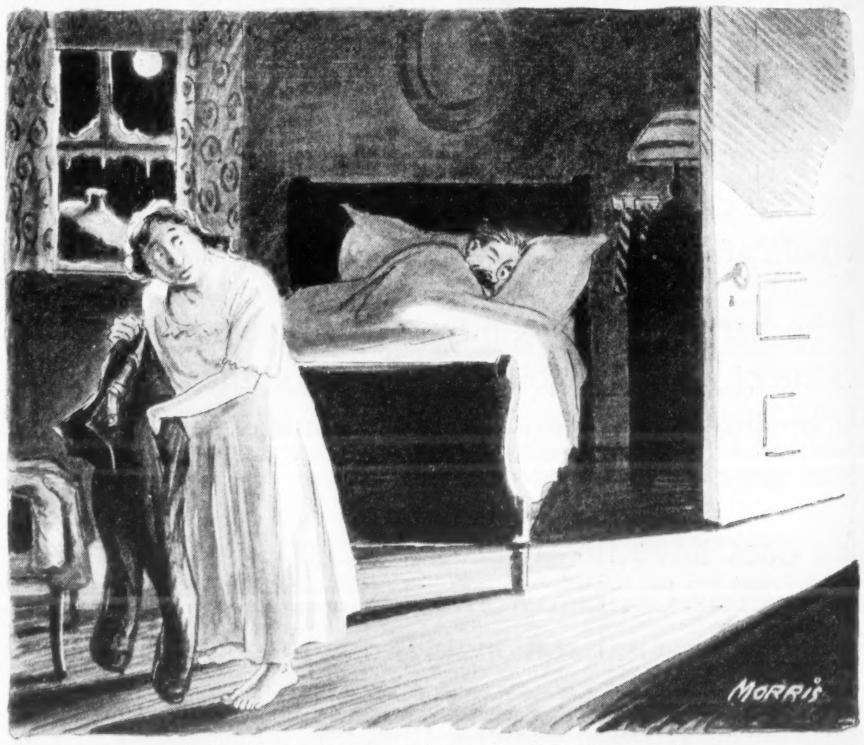
"For the moment, yes. But soon I shall have good informations for you, my dear Meestair Voronian. You shall see this soon, very soon."

Covetously his little eyes searched that grim and yellow face. Voronian's hand flicked and a blue bank note lay under the coffee cup.

"Have a care," he hissed, leaning forward and speaking in the clerk's ear. "Tell me not the things you think I would like to hear. It is the truth I want, mark well my words, Todros Effendi! It is only the truth for which I pay!"

He laid a hand on his cap and shuffled out of the café.

(*To be continued next week*)



The Optimist (to himself): "Perhaps she wants to buy me a Christmas present."

Ladies of the Jury

Continued from page 23

women who have served so far freely declare their willingness to do it again whenever they are summoned. In only three states among more than twenty where women are summoned to jury duty may they be excused if they do not care to serve. In the other states, the usual fine is provided for the woman who neglects the small slip of paper which summons her to court for a week or two of legal argument and the judgment of crime. This is part of the plan of the National League of Women Voters and of the National Women's Party to have women made equal, by law, to men in all respects.

The practical effect of making them jurors, however, is to make them more than equal to men in the jury room. The women members have been found to do nothing less than take control of the juries where they are mixed with men. They do it by insisting on their opinion until the men give way, as often happens at home, and the verdict of the women members becomes the unanimous verdict of the mixed jury. It has happened so generally that it is plainly the handwriting on the courtroom wall. Men are about to lose control of the institution of trial by jury which has grown up with the English-speaking people and is regarded as one of their greatest achievements.

The men on the jury no longer take time to smoke and play cards or tell stories. The records show they speedily recognize the futility of arguing with the women, and they get through with it as quickly as possible by giving the women their own way.

Nevertheless, the experiments of the past few years with women jurors show on the whole that when they enter a jury they become fierce champions of applying the law to others. They are filled with uncompromising devotion to the strict letter of the law—especially the dry law.

In Wisconsin the judges praise the example of the strong-minded wife of a doctor who held out for twenty-four hours against ten men and another woman until she secured the conviction of a moonshiner.

In Pottsville, Pa., a bootlegger who had declared himself innocent took one look at the women among the men on the jury which was to try him, and then he asked permission to change his plea to guilty.

Judges admit the women jurors may make apparent mistakes in complex matters like bank swindles. But they make up for this by seldom failing to convict the girl who admits carrying a pistol for days to shoot the man who ruined her.

As for the lawyers, from the first they accepted the women jurors unchallenged, with every appearance of welcome. Women's sympathy and understanding were mentioned tenderly. Each lawyer seemed to think he could persuade any woman juror in court.

Now the lawyers know better. But, after all, their work has been simplified.

Heretofore a lawyer was often required to prove two things that were difficult to do at the same time. First, he must show that the prisoner didn't do it. Second, he must show that even if it was plain the prisoner did do it, he should not be blamed. Now, however, the only way for a lawyer to get a prisoner away from a mixed jury is to prove he didn't do it. The other question, "Should he be punished for it?" seems to have been eliminated from the jury room by the women jurors.

Here Are the "Sports Money" Winners

The whistle has blown in Collier's competition on the subject "Is Money Taking the Sport Out of Sports?" and the letter referee announces the score as follows:

A. B. Corey, 1929 E Street, Vancouver, Washington, made a $25.00 touchdown; Frederick S. Cook, Yardley, Pa., a $15.00 field goal, and W. E. Farbstein, 203 Liberty Building, E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa., a $10.00 safety.

IN ALL the history of sport there has been the same difficulty in drawing a true line between the amateur and the professional, and as to the desirability of the latter.

The influence of money agitated the ancients no less than to-day. The early Olympic games in all their greatness that survived the centuries could not keep out the taint of professionalism. After a strenuous period of ten months' training, the victor in each event was awarded only a crown of wild olive. The poets sang the praises of the Olympic hero, and he was carried back to his native city in glory, through a breach in the wall. All very fine, but the chronicler unblushingly records that the athlete usually lived thereafter at public expense! There is no comfort in the record; these games and those of the Roman amphitheatre degenerated to pure professionalism; the gladiators strutted the streets of Rome an insolent menace to decent citizens. The most pessimistic must admit our heavyweight champions have no such inclination for fighting.

The average American may cynically contend that baseball has become only a matter of money, a tiresome squabble of pay checks, contracts and gate receipts, but the same citizen pushes his way to the ticket window, leaves his change, sits in the hot sun for three hours, and forgets all his contentions that the game has gone to pot. The atmosphere of the hot dog, the vocal accomplishments of his favorite ump, the crack of the base hit, bring all of us, banker and bootblack, to the support of the national pastime—just as it is. It is an American institution and cannot be reduced to an amateur basis.

Football is just as essential in American life. No matter how many conferences of college presidents may "deplore and condemn the tendency," the game will persist as a spectacle, and therefore on a money backing that will build the bowls and stands to hold the thousands of "old grads" and other devotees.

By regulation, baseball and football have not only held but have immensely increased their public support. The boxing game, with a champion dictating the contender, the price and the year he will defend his title, is without parallel in any sport and emphasizes the strict supervision and control that are necessary for all our popular sports, that they may survive—as they are.

A NEW KIND
OF INVENTORY
EVERY MAN
SHOULD TAKE

The New Year . . .

A TIME for taking stock, computing business profits or losses, and determining new policies, based on the results of the year before.

An excellent custom in business — indispensable. Yet how much more important that this inventory should begin with *yourself*—with your *health*. Measure your *physical* gains or losses. Determine what is to be done to turn losses into gain!

A good time for doing it — the New Year — *now!*

* * * * *

ASK YOURSELF THESE QUESTIONS

HOW DO I USUALLY FEEL? Bright and new—or shop-worn? Am I riding on top of my job—or is it riding me? Do I wake up refreshed and optimistic, or jaded and depressed? At the end of the day am I too fagged out to enter heartily into the enjoyment of my leisure?

The New Year—a good time to check up. A good time to decide on a definite plan of rehabilitation, so that next year will show new assets, instead of new liabilities, in your health account!

During the last year, hundreds of thousands of people in this country began their program of rehabilitation by making the thirty-day test of Postum. And in four out of five cases this test resulted in the permanent barring of caffein!

These people were not entirely satisfied with their physical condition. They knew or learned something about the character of caffein—how it *seems* to give new energy, but how this energy is actually drained from the body's reserve. They felt the menace of a dwindling reserve.

So when a way was shown to measure the effects of caffein, through an easy and convincing test, they were glad to take it.

In place of caffein beverages, they used Postum during the test. They learned how *good* it is—how fully it satisfies the natural desire for a hot drink at mealtime. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor!

At the end of thirty days they were able to judge fairly what the change had meant for them—and the vast majority decided that Postum was *their* drink, from that time on!

Doesn't it seem foolish—just a little bit short-sighted—to stay in a rut? Why not start the New Year with the thirty-day test? It won't inconvenience you in the least, and it may mean so much for the future!

Accept the free offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will send you one week's supply, free, and my personal directions for preparing it.

"If you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, send me your name and address. Please indicate whether you want Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

FREE — MAIL THIS COUPON!

P.-C. W. 12-25
POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name..

Street..

City.......................State.......................

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd.
45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario

Reload your Flashlight—now!

No flashlight battery lasts forever. Perhaps yours has served its purpose faithfully and has at last died in harness.

Give your flashlight new life. Load it with a Burgess Battery—Burgess Uni-Cels, which for fifteen years have been the standard of quality.

They fit all makes and sizes of flashlight cases and furnish an unsurpassed length of service and source of brilliant white light.

No finer flashlights are made than Burgess. You may secure the recently developed focusing flashlights that throw a safe, controlled light 200, 300, 500 feet, or you may select a handy pocket size.

Ask your dealer to show you his Burgess products. You are probably already a user of Burgess Radio Batteries and, if so, you know you will get the same high quality in your Burgess Flashlights.

A Laboratory Product

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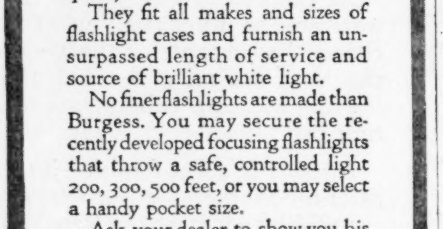


BURGESS
FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

The Dagger

Continued from page 8

This was a cruel complication. Helena was very honorable, and she disliked intensely inflicting pain upon innocent persons in order to carry out noble actions. Irena was honorable too, but she knew that innocent people who get in the way of great projects are generally more sharply punished than guilty people who keep out of the way. Imperceptibly she shook her head. "I know nothing about the key, Sister," she said with steady candor. Helena repeated the statement, but her color rose. Maria met Irena's eyes and came through the ordeal very creditably. She did not mind a lie so much as the drastic purposes which a lie can conceal.

It was a long, harassing but successful week. When the night arrived Helena had secreted three loaves at the foot of her bed, the key and the dagger. Irena was in charge of three exquisitely forged passports, and had stolen the salad oil which was saved for Easter and with a feather oiled all the necessary locks. Maria was responsible for nothing but her fears. Time had blunted these, and she slept.

It was an icy January night; there were fifteen degrees of frost and no moon. The large dormitory was very cold, the wooden floor had gathered to itself the crackling quality of frost. Helena saw Irena's shadowy figure already clothing itself in a distant corner. She rose softly, but her very bedclothes seemed to whisper as they fell away from her. The dagger barked her shins and then settled with a cold solidity against her thigh. The loaves she fastened neatly in a soldier's pack, made of the blanket. Round her neck she wore a locket with her dead brother's hair.

Irena woke Maria. She did it by putting her hands on Maria's shoulders, her lips against her ear; her dreadful will invaded Maria with the ruthlessness of a tide. Maria got up meekly and let Irena help her on with her clothes. Like a sheep before her shearers, she was dumb.

Maria saw with horror that her boots were to be tied round her neck and she was to start barefoot. But horror was as useless and as cold as everything else.

HELENA already stood at the door. Irena took Maria's hand and led her through the long dormitory, between the rows of white and peaceful beds—each bed a hope turning to slow despair. Nobody moved, there were no gaps in the steady, placid breathings, no sudden "What's the matter?" to make the awful matter cease.

The door closed soft as wool behind them. Helena flashed a torch lamp in front of them. They followed her dark, intrepid figure into a gulf of blackness—down, down, down the interminable well of the stone staircase, into a most hideous place, as full of shadows as a forest is of trees. It was the unknown, unending hall, which they used so familiarly every day.

At last they reached the great iron door of the kloster. Irena took the latch in one hand; she pushed her soft, firm fingers under it and above. Helena drew out the key, and they leaned their light weights against the door till it slowly yielded. They held their breaths while the echo of the audible creak trailed behind them down the long empty corridors, like the reverberation of a bell. Another moment and they stood outside on the threshold. The icy air struck their faces with the force of a blow. Maria's whole body winced at the sharp, freezing impact. Neither Helena nor Irena so much as sighed. They took Maria by the hand and plunged into the snow as if it were powdered sugar.

At the edge of the park they came to a brook of rushing icy water. Helena waded across it first, holding the torch to guide them. Irena took Maria on her back and carried her over. "She is only thirteen," she explained apologetically to Helena, when the breath came back to her.

Helena nodded. "The first danger is over," she said. "The dogs haven't heard us. We can put on our boots now."

They accomplished this agony in silence; then they marched single file, for the path was narrow, through an endless expanse of field.

The path turned between two high walls. On either side of it lay cemeteries. One was the old cemetery of the neighborhood, filled peacefully through long years by normal deaths. The other was the swiftly filled and piteous cemetery of those who died by thousands out of their time and their course, suddenly shattered in the temple of their youth which should have been their refuge.

"Must we go through the cemeteries?" whispered Maria.

"Yes," said Helena firmly; "it is much shorter. We must go six versts to the second station; someone might recognize us at our own. Maria, don't be afraid! The dead who died for their country sleep sweetly. They said this of my brother Roman."

"I said—I said," cried Maria, tears, teeth, flesh, all crumbling into one cruel weakness together—"I *would* fight against the Bolsheviki if you liked, but never—never against ghosts!"

"But there are no ghosts," said Irena sternly. "'The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God; there shall no torment touch them.' Don't you remember?"

"But everybody isn't righteous. We aren't, ourselves," moaned Maria. "We stole bread!"

"So did St. Elizabeth of Hungary, for that matter," said Helena reassuringly, "and the Virgin turned it into roses when she wanted to get out of its being bread. It's the cause that matters, not what you do to win it. Hark! Irena, what's that noise?"

In the crystal silence a far-off sound broke like a stone. It was a craving, mournful sound; even Helena felt her blood run chill.

Irena caught Maria into her arms. Maria wanted to faint, but couldn't; fortunately she choked.

The sound came again, but much nearer, much hoarser, much more hungry.

"Pooh! It's only dogs," explained Helena stoutly—"wild dogs; they come to the cemetery at night, poor things, because no one feeds them."

Irena turned sharply to Helena. "But what shall we do?" she gasped.

They dragged Maria to the wall and stood in front of her. They had no time to think of anything else. Through the dim silvery light a monstrous form dashed toward them, with flaming eyes and wide red mouth. There was a horrible, fierce sound of gritting teeth; then another monster flew toward them, and another, all biting, snarling, tripping over each other.

Helena and Irena fought instinctively. They had no time for fear. They fought for their lives; and Irena, who had only a bough from a tree to defend her, fought for Maria. The dagger took first blood—a dog rolled over with a hideous cry; five of its fellows tossed themselves upon it and began tearing at its still quivering flesh.

"Now!" cried Helena. They dragged Maria, with her eyes shut, out of the horrible circle. A trail of single, snapping, leaping dogs, followed them for a time, but without determination. The dogs fell back at last, to join their fellows. The awful sounds died down. The last of the white tombstones flickered past them; the three children were out once more on the open, endless, stainless snow.

Irena said suddenly: "I thought I saw the Virgin standing in front of us with her cloak between us and the dogs. Did you see anything, Helena?"

"Yes," said Helena briefly. "I saw the dog's blood on my dagger, and I thought of Roman."

IT WAS obvious that Maria had not thought of anything. She sobbed in broken, breathless gasps. "I want to go back!" she pleaded. "I want to go back! I don't really hate the Bolsheviki as much as all this. I'm so cold; I couldn't fight, Helena, I couldn't."

"One gets warm fighting," said Helena.

"If you go back," said Irena sternly, "you go back alone, through those fighting dogs. We go on."

Maria's sobs died suddenly away. Irena felt Maria's chilled silence more than the cold.

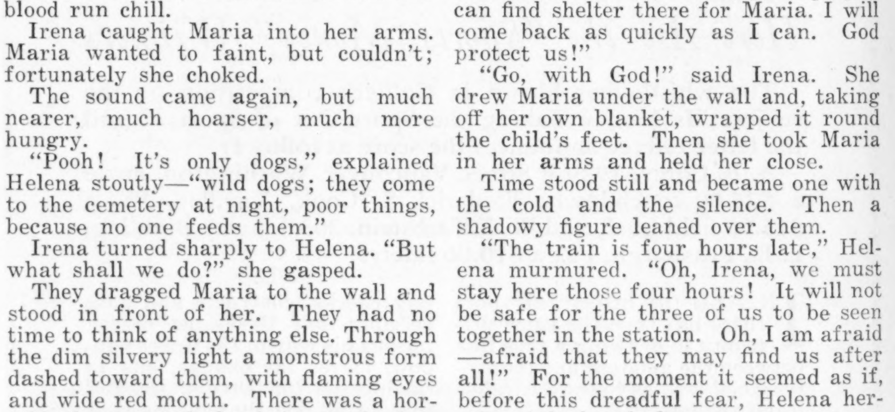
Far away across the snow a tiny light gleamed beneath the light of the stars.

"We are nearly there," said Helena. "That is the station light. I will go first to find out when the train is due. We must separate. There is a wall behind the station, Irena; perhaps you can find shelter there for Maria. I will come back as quickly as I can. God protect us!"

"Go, with God!" said Irena. She drew Maria under the wall and, taking off her own blanket, wrapped it round the child's feet. Then she took Maria in her arms and held her close.

Time stood still and became one with the cold and the silence. Then a shadowy figure leaned over them.

"The train is four hours late," Helena murmured. "Oh, Irena, we must stay here those four hours! It will not be safe for the three of us to be seen together in the station. Oh, I am afraid—afraid that they may find us after all!" For the moment it seemed as if, before this dreadful fear, Helena herself might break down.



"No!" she said firmly. "Reverend Mother, if to fight for our country is a sin, then there can be no good Poles!"

"They will not miss us," said Irena reassuringly, "until six o'clock. If we are lucky, they may not see that we are not there before seven. What time is it now, Helena?"

"It is three o'clock," said Helena. "Nothing passes—not a freight train nor a single engine—before seven."

Helena sank listlessly beside them in the snow.

"We must not go to sleep," said Irena warningly.

Helena flung her discouragement from her. She sat up straight. "I will tell you stories," she said; "stories of our family, and from Sienkiewicz' novels; it is all the same. We Poles have always fought, from the ages to the ages."

They sat there in the snow till the dawn glimmered faintly behind the night; and Helena told them stories. Her low, hoarse voice held them like a charm. She told them stories of brief love between the flickering of swords, light death under fiery dawns, and the swift and stirring Polish tragedies as wild and as quick as the mazurka, and almost as gay. They swallowed up the interminable hours. Even Maria listened. No one slept. Once or twice Helena paused to listen for suspicious sounds, and once or twice toward morning the station telephone bell rattled and jerked in a sinister way into the station box.

"There is the train signal at last," cried Helena. "Watch the road, Irena! Maria, go into the waiting-room till you see me climb into the train, then follow. I will take the tickets. Irena, you come last. Oh, God, to know that we are off!"

MARIA tottered, forlorn, half blind with sleep, yearning for capture, but still obedient, into the waiting-room. Irena stood alone, her face to the wind, and scanned the empty road.

Helena took the tickets. The telephone bell rang madly again, like a furious woman in a panic. A police officer sauntered along the platform and beckoned to Helena. Helena ignored him. He stepped forward and said:

"The little lady must say where she is from, and where she is going."

Helena's replies were prepared and clear, but undeniably haughty, and her eyes, frosty and determined, failed to remind the police officer of the peasantry to which she claimed to belong.

The police officer moved nearer; he laid a sudden hand on her wrist.

"It is no use, young lady," he said, not without a certain rough kindness. "You have run away from the Nowy Sacz. Where are the two others?"

Maria tottered toward them, a willing victim.

"Let me go," said Helena sternly to the police officer. "The train is moving. You see for yourself that I cannot catch it. I wish to be alone."

The police officer hesitated; then, shrugging his shoulders, he released her wrist.

Helena hardly looked to see if she was obeyed; hurriedly she ran behind the station, and with a swift, secret movement flung the portress' key over the wall. It sank deep into the soft snow, and with it sank half their consciousness of guilt.

Irena had seen the capture. She had already buried her own and Maria's loaf of bread in the snow. She now took Helena's.

"They cannot punish us for stealing what we have not got," she said in explanation, and she stamped the snow down tight over the loaves with her numbed feet.

In an hour they found themselves driving swiftly through the familiar gates of Nowy Sacz. The sun was shining; the dark torrent they had waded through in the night looked a friendly, shallow stream. The great door stood open. A band of terrified and infuriated nuns awaited them. Maria, who had collapsed completely, was promptly carried off to bed. Helena and Irena were taken into the hall of convocation. The Mother Superior sat in her great chair awaiting them; around her sat the silenced nuns. The Mother Superior was a very terrible old lady; she had features which looked as if they were carved out of ivory, and eyes which might have come out of an eagle.

Helena and Irena were half frozen and blue with exhaustion. Their clothes were in rags. Irena's left wrist hung limp from a dog's bite; Helena had a wound in her leg and another on her shoulder. Two of the nuns began to cry from pity.

"What," asked the Reverend Mother, "have you to say for yourselves?"

Before her cold old eyes their heated heroism seemed a poor affair.

"We went to fight the Bolsheviki," said Helena in a remarkably uncertain voice. "We didn't think you'd let us if we asked."

"Ah," said the Reverend Mother with a faint twist of her old white lips, "you had that much perception! My children, you are too young to fight the Bolsheviki; nor should you fight devils with their own weapons. Disobedience and lawlessness are the qualities of the Bolsheviki; you have made them your own. You, Irena, may very probably have killed your younger sister. You, Helena, might have broken your sorrowing parents' hearts. They have no other child. Think of these things for your punishment. You will be placed in the lower rooms for a fortnight."

The Reverend Mother paused sufficiently long to bring their defeated scheme home to them. Then she said, turning to Irena:

"Irena Makowska, do you admit that you have committed a disobedient and evil action?"

Irena admitted it.

"And you, Helena Bieluniecka," the Reverend Mother continued with even greater severity—"you also, I hope, are prepared to admit that you have acted lawlessly and evilly. None of you knew how awful might have been the consequences of your rash action, but you knew you were acting against the rule under which you were placed by your parents?"

Helena looked up suddenly; her fiery blue eyes met, and actually held, those of the fierce old nun's.

"No!" she said firmly. "Reverend Mother, if to fight for our country is a sin, then there can be no good Poles! I broke a rule because I felt something higher than a rule call me; and I shall break a rule again if I feel such a call!"

The Reverend Mother appeared suddenly and distressingly to have received the visitation of deafness. She said hastily to the twittering sisters: "Remove these girls. Feed them, rub them with hot towels, put them to bed, and incarcerate them. They are to have no communication with the outside world."

THEY did not have at all a bad time downstairs. They received better food than usual. Once a day the Reverend Mother visited them. She said it was to convince them of the enormity of their crime. But, strangely enough, she said nothing further about it, and when there were no nuns in attendance there sometimes shone a most sympathetic twinkle in the Reverend Mother's eagle eyes. After all, she was herself one of the family of Polivonski, the most formidable of all the fighting Poles.

Helena continued successfully to conceal the dagger. When she went home for the summer she had to tell her father the whole story.

Helena was afraid of her father. Since her brother Roman's death he had never smiled, and he thought disobedience the worst sin of which a woman can be guilty.

He listened to her story in stern silence, and when she had finished he said: "Go and bring me the dagger."

Helena thought that he was going to punish her by taking it away. She had grown very fond of her dagger, and she wore it now almost painlessly.

When she came back Graf Bieluniecki kissed her forehead; and then he took the dagger out of her hand and walked across the hall to the great open fireplace, above which the most famous of all the weapons of their family shone on the wall.

Every weapon that hung there stood for some splendid deed. Bieluniecki hesitated for a moment, and then he hung the dagger under the sword of his dead son Roman.

"The First Set I Ever Built"
Hammarlund Roberts

200 Harvard Ave.
Rockville Center, N.Y.
Nov. 22, 1925.

Hammarlund-Roberts,
1182 Broadway,
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:-

Last night I completed my Hammarlund-Roberts Receiver and dialed twenty-one stations including seven from Chicago, but the big surprise came when I got CFYC(Vancouver B.C.) Received all these stations on the loud speaker.

The results were surprising to me as this is the first set I have ever built and I want to commend you for designing a set which can be assembled so easily by an amateur.

The tone and volume which I received last night was much better than some of my friends' high priced sets.

Sincerely,
Charles H. Fuller

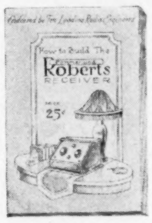
You Too Can Enjoy The New Hammarlund-Roberts Receiver

AT LAST radio set building has come out of the mists of technical terms and professional jargon that baffled the beginner! The famous engineers who designed the Hammarlund-Roberts have created a plan of assembly so simple to follow that you may build this remarkable five-tube receiver in the course of an evening.

Start your work in the late afternoon. The panels are already drilled; all that you have to do is to assemble the units, and solder a few connections. Before the evening is over you're sitting back listening to broadcast programs from stations all over the country—tuning them in with the amazing facility for which the Hammarlund-Roberts is noted. And think of the money you save on the price of a really fine receiver! A factory-made set of nearly equal efficiency would cost two to three times as much as the Hammarlund-Roberts.

The staff engineers of ten world-famous radio parts manufacturers designed the Hammarlund-Roberts. This receiver is different, not only in its amazing performance—it is guaranteed to equal any standard eight-tube set—but in the fact that it incorporates only the finest parts, perfectly synchronized. Whether you are buying your first radio set or changing your twentieth, you cannot afford to overlook the Hammarlund-Roberts. Today it is the one receiver talked about above all others in the radio world.

Price of Complete Assembly (less cabinet) $62.30



Send for this Book

This clearly written instruction book gives directions for assembling and operating the Hammarlund-Roberts. Fully illustrated. Most complete book of its kind ever published.

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Alden Mfg. Co.
Radiall Company ("Amperites")
Carter Radio Co.
Union Radio Corp.
International Resistance Co., Inc. ("Durham Resistors")
Westinghouse Micarta
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AN ALL-AMERICAN TRADE MARK TRANSFORMER

This famous instrument and other parts shown below are some of the quality units used in the Hammarlund-Roberts receiver.

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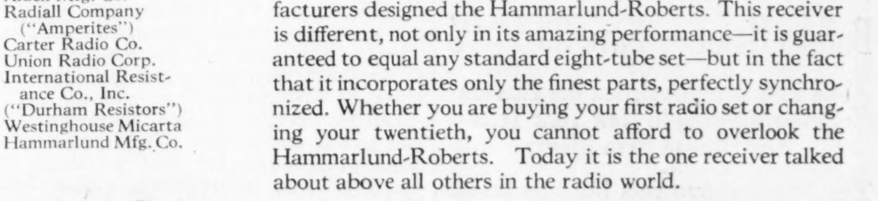

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Warmed up to Win

Continued from page 13

"That ain't what the railbirds tell me."

"We-e-ell, Trumble, when you get to be my age, you'll maybe learn that the railbirds didn't write all the book. There's one or two things even some of the railbirds ain't found out yet."

"All right, E. B., let it go at that. What distance you going to try him at this time?"

"Six furlongs, I was thinking of."

"Six furlongs! Why, that oat hound don't start to run until after a mile. You start him at six furlongs and he'll get mixed up with the finish of the next race."

"So?"

"'Course he will—if he's lucky and gets away to a good start. If he don't do that, he won't be finished by even then."

"We-e-ell, you may be right. I don't aim to have folks think I know it all."

"Ouch! What a dirty crack! Meaning to say I do, eh? Well, I tell you what, E. B. When you do start Canobean at six furlongs, don't patronize the other books. I'll give you some real sure-'nough odds, or let you take an' write your own ticket. So be a good egg and do your betting with me that race, will you?"

"Thank you, Trumble," replied E. B. equably. "Since you put it that way, don't be surprised if I take you at your word."

TRUMBLE laughed uproariously as he retailed the conversation to his intimates later. They too appreciated the jest, and, seeking out E. B., asked him to let them in on the melon when it was ripe. E. B. took the baiting in good part; so much so that the bookmakers set their clockers to watching Canobean's exercise sprints. After all, you couldn't tell what E. B. might have up his sleeve. But the reports of the clockers were distinctly reassuring.

"Canobean does the first mile in two weeks and the next six eighths in close to the track record. After that his bolt's done shot and they pretty near have to load him in a van and haul him back to the stable," ran these reports.

Thus, on the day when E. B. entered his unkinkable bay for a six-furlong race, he was besieged by a merry crowd who offered him unthinkable odds. But the big horseman quite calmly singled out Holy Joe Trumble from the rush.

"What odds did you say, Trumble?" he inquired mildly.

"Any odds, E. B. Fifty to one if you want it."

"Well, that'll be nice. Not afraid of a big bet, are you?"

"Not on Canobean at six furlongs. Bring on the mint, and anything I can't cover I can get plenty help for."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of betting more than three hundred dollars. That's a smart of money, though. Calls for fifteen thousand if Canobean wins, at fifty to one."

"Right here," smiled Trumble, "I can get a dozen men who'd pay me a good percentage for the privilege of being allowed to underwrite that bet. Make out your ticket, E. B. Three hundred will be all right, and so will three thousand. Got a blank?"

E. B. had a blank. For be it known that betting has been purified on Louisiana race tracks by solemn state law. In the old days the bookmakers wrote out the tickets and handed them to the bettors. Thus they made book, and making book is now forbidden by the statute. As such things are conducted to-day, it is the bettor who writes out the ticket, which he hands to the bookmaker. Thus the matter becomes a private transaction between gentlemen, and the bookmaker, instead of making book, is merely "oralizing." The law does not forbid the making of private bets between friends, and the list of any oralizer's friends may be found in the reports of the census takers.

Taking a blank card, E. B. scrawled upon it the words: "Canobean, $15,000/$300 (1) E. B. Charnley," and handed the memorandum, together with three one-hundred-dollar bills, to Holy Joe, who was happily profuse in his thanks to the other party to this strictly oral transaction.

"It's a little late for Santa Claus," he observed, "but much obliged to you, E. B., just the same."

E. B. strode placidly away to the paddock, into which the horses were just being led. As he reached the inclosure, a buzzer shrilled. Jockeys and uniformed track valets appeared from their guarded quarters, the jockeys swaggering a bit in the consciousness of immaculate silks and the critically admiring regard of the multitude, close-packed about the chicken-wire screening that fenced off the crowd. Carefully folded blankets, number cloths, weight pads and finally the light racing saddles were deftly placed, adjusted and fastened.

"You know what to do?" E. B. asked casually of little Fleabit, glowing in silks of carmine and white.

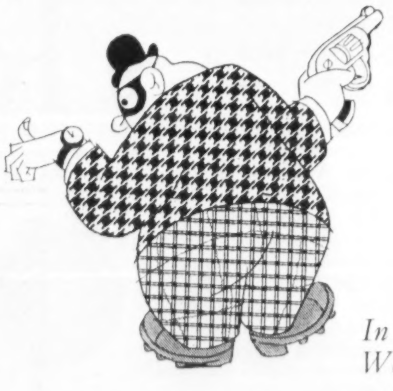
Fleabit nodded.

Again the buzzer shrilled a warning.

"Everybody up!" ordered the paddock official.

E. B. stooped and cupped his two big hands. Fleabit rested his left heel lightly in the cup and was almost flung into the saddle. The uniformed valet handed him the braided leather bat and reins, which he knotted carefully. Distantly, from the judges' stand, came the silvery summons of the bugle.

A SCARLET-COATED parade leader, mounted on a beautifully pied pony, led the procession single file out of the paddock and to the track where they would be reviewed by the judges, according to ancient custom, before being led to the barrier for the start. It was an old story to the "talent," but none the less they crowded forward into two solid walls to watch the parade from paddock to track gate. Between these living walls the horses minced nervously or ambled sedately according to their divers dispositions. Nobody knew exactly how it happened. Somewhere someone suddenly opened a folded newspaper as the horses filed by. One of them shied violently. The



The BOOK *of* CRIME-WAVE ETIQUETTE

Never be guilty of rudeness to a burglar. Don't be a boor when interviewing a stick-up man. Learn how to do the right thing by reading what good form decrees under the guns. By H. I. Phillips

In Next Week's Collier's

TOM MASSON SAYS

JAMES HOUSE JR. '25

LITTLE *girl (after looking at her Christmas gifts): "Well, Mother, I certainly am all dolled up.*

* * *

Some drivers are disappointed every time they miss a safety aisle.

* * *

Ponce de Leon's Florida fountain of perpetual youth seems to have turned into one of filthy lucre.

* * *

California has reduced the number of subjects in its public elementary schools from 27 to 12. Maybe if they keep on digging they will turn up the three R's.

* * *

He laughs best who gets the first laugh on the other fellow.

* * *

"Seven days without stopping," reads an auto advertisement, not so far away from the one that urges us: "Meet the wife!"

* * *

Some of the Western members of the Methodist Church have referred to New York as a modern Gomorrah. Why pick on Gomorrah?

* * *

Two new musical instruments have just been invented—the mandolinarpa and the swinging harp. If one fails to rouse the neighbors, the other can be combined with it.

* * *

Someone asked us to write an essay on friendship, so here goes: The man who was once your worst enemy may become your best friend; while your best friend may become your worst enemy.

* * *

In India it is considered bad luck for a man to marry an educated woman. In this country it is inevitable.

* * *

Now that the buffalo have come back after such a narrow escape from obscurity, they had better join the Elks and make themselves permanent.

* * *

The railroads are trying to reduce the running time between Los Angeles and Chicago by six hours. Why bother? At the present rate of growth they will meet in a few years.

* * *

A medicine man in Alaska was caught trying to cure babies by making mysterious signs with the colored cover of a comic magazine. Perhaps he thought they were already laughing too hard.

* * *

The Prince of Wales planted an olive tree in front of Napoleon's prison house in St. Helena. That's like some people—to come around after you are dead and buried and try to make it up.

crowd suddenly swerved away, thus adding to the confusion. Jockeys, using the full power of their muscular wrists, gentled the horses down—all but one.

That one was Canobean. Shying, rocketing from side to side, ears laid back flat, he suddenly bolted down the track away from the rest, and dashed off on a wild gallop of his own. Standing in the stirrups, Jockey Corrigan could be seen sawing the bit in what was evidently a desperate attempt to halt the runaway. But Canobean would not be gainsaid. A full mile he ran, bringing up only when he reached the barrier, where the other entries in the race were waiting for the start.

"E. B. better let you run his sewing machine instead of his horses, Corrigan, if that's the best you can do," remarked the official starter with emphasis. "Bring 'em up now—slow. Jerry, turn that big gray the right way. Come in, Flynn, bring your—say, d'ye want me to set you down? Bring that . . ."

With a taut "Whang!" powerful springs shot the barrier up, and the jockeys, gathering their respective mounts into their laps, flung them forward and away.

The far-off grand-stand crowds voiced the roar with which the start of every race is greeted, but the roar came muffled across the wide green infield to the riders. And, anyway, the real drama was enacted under the grand stand, in the Palm Garden, where Holy Joe Trumble, in color a delicate green splotched here and there with yellow, was counting out fifteen thousand dollars. For Canobean, thoroughly unkinked, off to a magnificent start, had kicked clotted dirt from the soft track back at the other horses with every drive of his powerful legs, and was never headed. For the six furlongs of that race he was the fastest-moving horse on the track!

There was a frosty tinge to E. B.'s eyes as he came around to collect.

"Lots of witnesses, Trumble," he said in tones so low that only the oralizer heard. "Plenty of people around to make sure that you didn't welch on this like you did on that ten-dollar bet with little Fleabit. Oh, yes, I knew what it was all about. Mighty few things about a race track an old fellow like me don't get to hear sooner or later, if he keeps his ears open and his mouth shut. Even learns how to unkink an unkinkable horse. And what he don't hear or see he can sometimes figure out. Er—yes—thank you, Trumble. This here'll do right nicely."

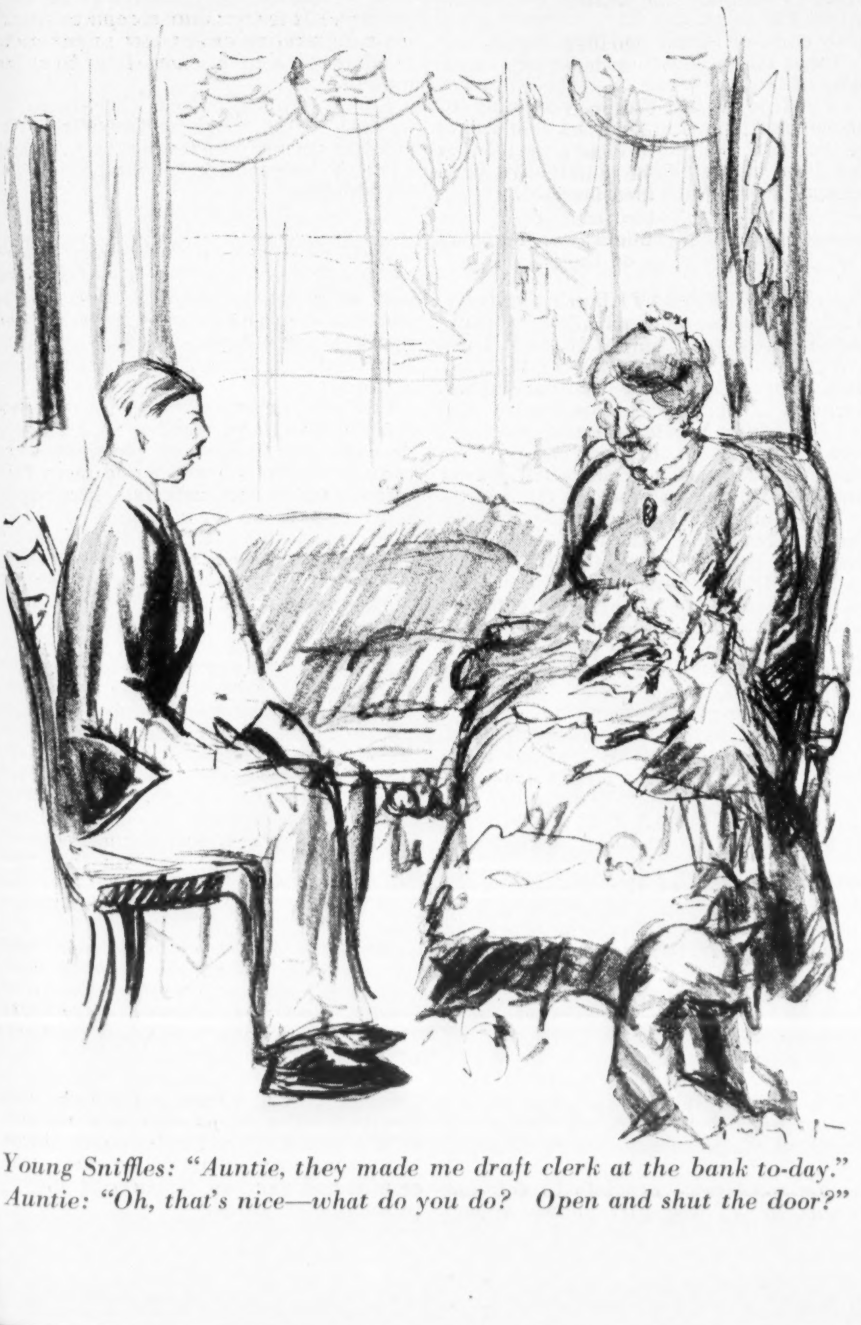
Quite different was the conversation up in the judges' stand at this particular moment.

"If it was anybody but old E. B.," remarked the presiding judge, "I'd say investigate. But Charnley—hell! That old fellow's as straight as they make 'em. Yes, sir! And you heard what Chats Mason said when we talked to him just now. Every horse in the race shied as they were being led out of the paddock because some fool opened a newspaper, and little Corrigan evidently wasn't strong enough to hold that big Canobean. That's a powerful horse, you know."

"Still, Charnley won a lot of money on the race, didn't he?" worried one of the two associate judges. "They tell me he got fifty to one from Trumble for three hundred dollars. That makes fifteen thousand he cleans up. I honestly think it's our duty to look into—"

A commotion at the door of the little glass-sided kiosk interrupted the conversation. The superintendent of grounds broke in, careless of rule and defiant of all custom. He was waving a sheaf of bills of large denomination.

"Say, judges, wha'd you think of this?" he gasped, out of breath. "Hadn't we ought to make some kind of public announcement? Old E. B. Charnley just comes up to me and donates fifteen thousand dollars to build a free clubhouse and gymnasium for the boys and jockeys at the fair grounds."



Young Sniffles: "Auntie, they made me draft clerk at the bank to-day."
Auntie: "Oh, that's nice—what do you do? Open and shut the door?"

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What is he reading?

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WILL that taste be for the great inspiring books to which Lincoln, Lloyd George and so many other great men owe so much? Or for the trashy fiction which never inspires, always harms?

The free book offered on this page is of vital interest to thoughtful parents. It tells the story of the Young Folks' Shelf of Books, how and why they were compiled, what they can be made to mean to your child, and how you can have them in your own home on terms to suit your convenience.

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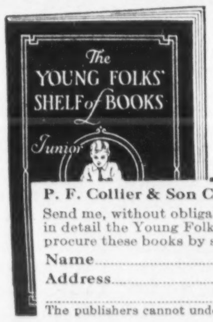
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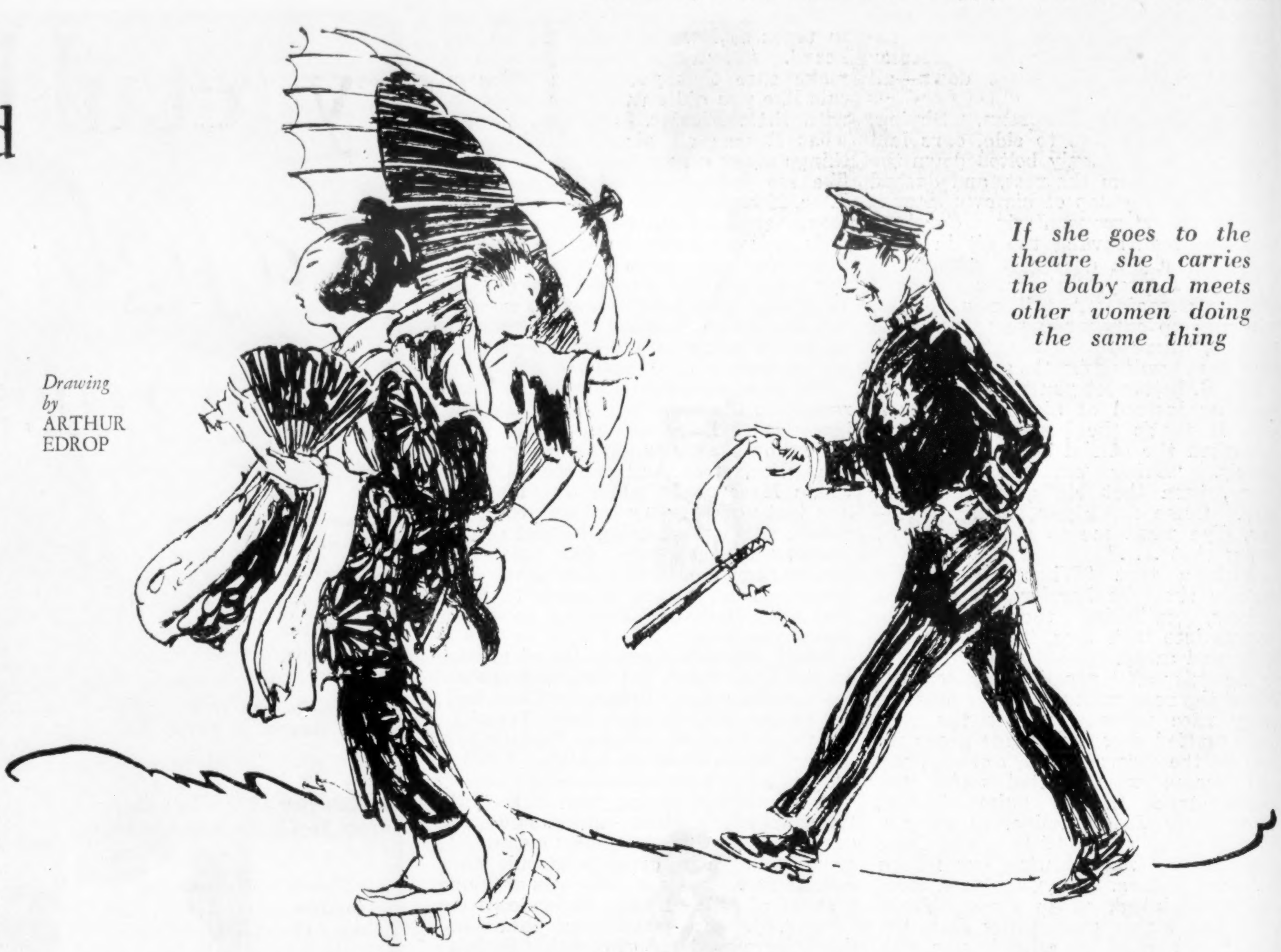
The Land of Well-Behaved Babies

By WILLIAM E. BARTON



Drawing by ARTHUR EDROP

If she goes to the theatre she carries the baby and meets other women doing the same thing

AMERICAN children are the worst behaved in all the world. So far as I have observed, the *best* behaved are in Japan. But I wish to deny the statement that Japanese babies never cry. I heard one cry—one out of about a million babies that I saw in Japan.

When we asked, "Where are the sick babies? Who cares for them?" we were told that the exceptional baby who is too sick to appear in public is cared for by some infirm grandparent. The grandparents that we saw were caring for *well* babies—fat, rosy, smiling ones.

The way in which the Japanese mother carries her baby is the best that has ever been invented. The baby is on the mother's back. A broad band passes around under the mother's arms and below the baby's buttocks, and is crossed over the baby's neck, and passed around again, this time over the shoulders of the baby and his mother and fastened in front. The baby is secure. He cannot fall off nor wriggle himself loose. If he ever tries to do so, he will soon learn the futility of his effort.

Indeed, I saw no single baby protesting against the method of his conveyance. The mother has both hands free. The weight of the baby is not great, and I was told that Japanese mothers do not know much about backache.

The mother goes about her housework without experiencing any inconvenience on the baby's account. That being done, she goes out for her marketing—and of course the baby goes with her.

If she goes to the theatre she carries the baby and meets other women doing the same thing. If the baby needs nourishment she provides it in public, with no suspicion that it is immodest to do so.

When baby gets tired he goes to sleep, and the mother makes no attempt to keep quiet lest he wake. If a noise wakens the baby he does not cry. He simply rubs his eyes and either goes to sleep again or wakes up. It is all the same to the mother.

And what becomes of the baby after the mother must lay him down and until he can care for himself? He is then strapped upon the back of his brother or sister. The "little mothers of Japan" are hardly more than babies themselves. As they clatter about on their wooden clogs with babies on their backs foreign women pity them! So far as I can learn, they ask no pity. They play with other children at all the usual games, unimpeded by the presence of the baby.

And now consider again the education which baby is getting. He is a participant in all the activities of the children who are a little older, and he is learning from them the priceless knowledge which the older ones have acquired since they came off their mothers' backs.

I was told repeatedly that every member of a Japanese household bathes every day. I did not witness any of these family bathings, but I imagine it is true that they keep clean. Yet I saw children whose faces would have been cleaner if they had been washed.

We have introduced the kindergarten into Japan, and it is very popular. To see Annie Howe in her Glory Kindergarten in Kobe, with the little Japanese children telling how the flowers grow, is worth a trip to Japan. But I want to propose something in the way of reciprocity. It is that Japan send to America a deputation of Japanese mothers to teach American mothers how to bring up children.

Some adaptation of the Japanese method might prove an important element in primary education here, and it would be as good for the mothers as for the children.

You Wouldn't Know the Old Place

Continued from page 9

regimen of the theatre. So things were ordered strictly according to rank. The leading lady would come first, being naturally ahead of the others, then the leading man, then the first old man or woman, the 'heavy,' the juveniles, soubrettes, etc.

"In matters of fair dealing the actor will meet the manager three quarters of the way. The manager who doesn't realize that is frequently in trouble.

"As with actors, so with playwrights—the bigger they are the less temperament they display. C. Haddon Chambers, the well-known author of 'Captain Swift' and 'Passers By' and originator of the phrase 'the long arm of coincidence,' had a brother who was more jealous of his lines than any other author I have known. Once when producing a play of his it was found necessary to cut heavily into speeches and scenes. He objected strenuously. I argued that Dion Boucicault, author of 'The Shaughraun' and about three hundred other plays, never disputed either with a producer or anyone investing cash in the presentation of his plays. He listened to the humblest. Young Chambers was adamant, and only when I gave him the choice of our changes or nonproduction would he consent to what we knew were improvements. Such they proved to be.

"In my opinion, Bronson Howard was the greatest of American playwrights of his time. Bartley Campbell was also a leader. Then came Clyde Fitch. While Campbell appealed to the masses, Fitch reserved his talents for the comedies of manners; but Howard was a versatile genius. Howard's 'The Banker's Daughter' and 'Shenandoah' are as fine as anything in modern drama. Like Belasco and De Mille's 'The Charity Ball' and 'The Wife,' which I produced at the old Lyceum, they truly dramatize the period in which they were placed.

"The most perfect play produced in America was, I believe, 'The Two Orphans.' Here was a drama with everything in it—constructive skill, keen pathos, suspense, character and humor.

Always Room for More

"WHEN Kyrle Bellew appeared in 'Raffles' we had the beginning of the crook-play era, and the crook play is even now running neck and neck with mystery hokum in popularity. Here the rich divergence of American theatrical types was given full play, and we found ourselves with an acting medium in which Americans excelled all comers.

"But the pendulum of popularity swung the crook play too far, and there came the flood of rough-stuff drama.

"Stage boldness in this country really started when I presented Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the celebrated English pair, in Pinero's 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' That was the first play about a woman with a past—a frankly written piece. Protests were registered against it everywhere; I observed that it was especially patronized by women, furtively, at first; but when the play became fashionable they stormed the theatre. I did not choose to present this play with my own company. It was then too daring. I turned it over to the Kendals.

"But I have never produced and shall never produce a sex play merely because of the matter of sex. All drama has, of course, sex appeal. It must have, to be popular drama. In my judgment the dirt for dirt's sake plays have been produced primarily, strange to say, because of their appeal to women. Many of them outrage good taste; that is where they offend. Produce a play with good taste, no matter what intricate problem of sex it deals with, and you have sound, human drama—that is the art of the theatre.

"It is in plays of regeneration that we have the best type of drama, of the surest popular appeal. Begin with 'Camille' and go down the roster of the longest-lived plays, that intelligent fluke, 'Abie's Irish Rose' always excepted, and the plays of regeneration down to 'Ladies of the Evening' head the list of successes. 'Alias Jimmy Valentine,' a good example of the American play of regeneration, was in its theme an adaptation of the Hugo idea in a scene from 'Les Misérables' and pointed the way to American authors who have since given us plenty of fine plays on that theme.

"Censorship will never make or keep the American stage clean. For what's the use of ruling out risqué drama—as the Lord Chamberlain does in England—when glamorous revues, exploiting female nakedness, are left to run undisturbed? These girl shows appeal primarily to the senses, to the eye; whereas even the roughest of sex plays requires some degree of intelligence to appreciate it from the author's point of view.

"Of course opportunity for producers, authors and actors is now greater than it was when we pioneers were young. There is a wider and more constant demand for material. But there is always room for a smart producer with money and ideas, for a new acting talent and for new writing talent that has a new slant or a novel angle on the vagaries of humanity.

"What the young playwright should remember is that he has no new play unless he has a new dramatic idea. If he has an idea, technique in writing is secondary. Any good stage manager can do that for him. Consider George M. Cohan, a great playwright who knows nothing and cares nothing about classic technique. Nor does Augustus Thomas care for it. Doesn't need to. They have an instinctive knowledge of the theatre and know how a story should be disclosed.

"Candidates for royalties and stellar electric lights must remember that natural talent counts more heavily than anything else. It simply must be there, with authorship and with acting; it is born in a man or woman or they never succeed. Dramatic instinct is the basis of success in the theatre.

"To-day those fortunate enough to possess it have a chance for fame and fortune. But those without natural ability are best advised to stay away from the stage. They'll be more successful and far happier in an ordinary profession or trade."

Every retail business *is a fight against* TIME

"WATCH the clock and the calendar", said a prominent retailer recently, "and the cash register will take care of itself."

Every retail merchant stands in the shadow of—a clock.

It ticks away the precious minutes that his clerks use up in making sales.

Its hands move slowly through the days required to move his merchandise from off his shelves.

Silently, relentlessly, it writes its story of profit or loss, success or failure, in terms of TIME.

MANUFACTURERS who advertise in the Woman's Home Companion are helping retailers win this fight against time.

Their products (listed below) do not require long explanation or "selling" upon the part of clerks. They save expensive time—time that consumes half or more of retail operating cost in the form of salaries.

Such products have a high rate of turnover—from two to three times faster than unknown brands, say America's most successful merchants, such as Phillip Gross Hardware and Supply Company, Milwaukee, Wis. Here again a saving of valuable time—time that eats into working capital.

These are well known facts. But not so well known, perhaps, is the opportunity offered merchants in all lines to attain *even more* profitable results in handling these fast-turning, quick-selling products.

Any investigation of your trade will show you that scores of the Woman's Home Companion's 1,900,000 readers live in your vicinity. You would find one in every fourth or fifth of the better homes you visited.

These women read and are influenced by manufacturers' advertisements in the Woman's Home Companion. Their desire is aroused; they decide to buy—and they *do* buy.

But from *whom* do they buy?

That you can settle, to a large extent, yourself. For your opportunity lies, not in just *carrying* these Companion-advertised products, but *in letting people know you carry them.*

A great many progressive merchants have gained a real advantage in their fight against time by doing simply this. They display the products of Companion advertisers prominently. They use the display material these manufacturers send them. They make their stores known as *the place where Companion-advertised products can be bought.*

In this way they have taken full advantage of the work manufacturers are doing to help them. They are reaping the profit from quicker sales and faster turnover. They have, in the words of one merchant, "licked the clock."

The same method is open to you. Why not test it out in your store—now? Representatives and salesmen of the products listed below will be glad to give you suggestions. Ask them.

Tie to these products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion

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Coca Cola
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Johnson's Baby Powder
Kleenex, The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover
Kolynos Dental Cream
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Lifebuoy
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Lysol Disinfectant
May-Breath Tablets
Mennen Borated Talcum Powder
Mum Preparations
Neet
Nonspi Deodorant
Norida Vanitie Case
Nujol
Odorono Preparations
Osborn Blue Handle Brushes
Ovaltine
Packer's Liquid Tar Soap Shampoo
Palmolive Soap
Pepsodent Dentifrice
Pinaud's, Ed., Hair Tonic
Pompeian Creams
Pond's Creams
Primrose House Preparations
Princess Pat Preparations
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Resinol Soap
Roger & Gallet Products
Squibb's Products
Vantine's Temple Incense
Vauv
Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Cocoa Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Hair Tonic
Woodbury's Facial Preparations
Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap
Zip
Zonite

FOODS AND FOOD BEVERAGES
Armour's Star Products
Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour
Beech-Nut Products
Blue Label Tomato Ketchup
B. &. M. Fish Flakes
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Brer Rabbit Molasses
Campbell's Soups
Certo
Cream of Wheat
Crisco
Davis Baking Powder
Del Monte Products
Diamond Crystal Salt
Dromedary Dates
Eatmor Cranberries
Ferry's Purebred Seeds
Fleischmann's Yeast
Fould's Macaroni Products
French's Cream Salad Mustard
French's D. S. F. Mustard
Gold Medal Flour
Grape Nuts
Hawaiian Pineapple
Heinz 57 Varieties
Jell-O
Klim
Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Libby's Products
Maxwell House Coffee
Mazola Salad and Cooking Oil
Mellin's Food
Minute Tapioca
Morton's Salt
None Such Mince Meat
Nucoa
Pillsbury Pancake Flour
Post Toasties
Postum
Premier Salad Dressing
Quaker Oats
Quaker Puffed Rice
Quaker Puffed Wheat
Royal Baking Powder
Royal Fruit Gelatin
Sealdsweet Florida Oranges and Grapefruit
Snowdrift
Steero Bouillon Cubes
Sun-Maid Raisins
Sunkist Oranges and Lemons
Sunshine Biscuits
Swans Down Cake Flour
Swift's Premium Brand Products
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
Washington, G., Prepared Coffee
Wesson Oil
Wheatena—The Whole Wheat Cereal

FURNITURE & FURNISHINGS
Armstrong's Linoleum
Bee-Vac Standard Electric Cleaner
Berkey & Gay Furniture
Bird's Neponset Rugs
Bissell Carpet Sweeper
Blabon Art Linoleum
Chambers Fireless Gas Range
Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs
Davenport Bed
Dupont Tontine
Everhot Electric Cooker
G. E. Electrical Supplies
Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle
Globe Wernicke Sectional Bookcases
Griswold Kitchen Ware
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper
Hotpoint Electric Devices
Imperial Tables
Kiddie-Koop
Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods
Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting
Kroehler Living Room Furniture
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
Libbey Safedge Glassware
Lloyd Loom Woven Baby Carriage and Furniture
Lorain Oven Heat Regulator
Marsden Kold-or-Hot Utility Glass
Masland Argonne Rugs
Mirro Aluminum Ware
Mohawk Rugs
Nairn Inlaid Linoleum
Niagara Refrigerator
Noelting Faultless Casters
One Minute Washer
Orinoka Draperies and Upholsteries
Osborn Blue Handle Brushes
Ozite Rug Cushion
Premier Duplex Electric Vacuum Cleaner
Standard Hood Seal
Stanley Vacuum Bottle
Stevens Bed Spreads
Universal Cutlery
Veritas Furniture
Whittall Rugs

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE
Community Plate
Heirloom Plate Silverware
Holmes & Edwards Silver
Sessions Clocks
Seth Thomas Clocks
Tudor Plate
Wallace Silver

MUSICAL
Atwater Kent Radio
Brunswick Phonographs—Records—Radiolas
Fada Radio
Music Master Radio Products
Victrola—Victor Records

PAINTS & HARDWARE
Acme Quality Paints
Alabastine
Kyanize Varnish Enamels
Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes
Valentine's Valspar Varnish and Enamel

SHOES & SHOE FURNISHINGS
2-in-1 Shoe Polish
Arch Preserver Shoe
Bixby's Liquid Polish
Cantilever Shoe
Endicott-Johnson Shoes
Jung's, The Original Arch Braces
Queen Quality Shoes
Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances

SOAPS & HOUSEKEEPERS' SUPPLIES
A. P. W. Toilet Papers
Bon Ami
Chipso
Colgate's Fab
Fairbank's Gold Dust Washing Powder
Fels-Naptha Soap
Ivory Soap Flakes
Johnson's Liquid Wax
LaFrance for Washing
Lux
O-Cedar Polish
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old English Wax
P & G, The White Naphtha Soap
Rinso
Rit Fast Dyes and Tints
Sani Flush
Sapolio

STATIONERY & BOOKS
American Boy, The
Dennison Paper Novelties
Eaton's Highland Linen Stationery
Le Page's Glue
Wahl Co. Products—Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Ward's A-Line-A-Day Book
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

TOYS AND GAMES
Famlee Doll, The
Parker Games

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY – NEW YORK

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Get rid of any that's troubling you by broadcasting it here

He Riddled Our Home

To the Editor of Collier's:

THE late Capt. B. E. McCulloch, my father, was the superintendent at Huntsville when John Wesley Hardin was a prisoner there. We lived inside the penitentiary walls. I saw Hardin every few days and only once did he have to be punished while there.

Hardin met his equal in fearlessness and firmness when he met B. E. McCulloch and he so stated.

Hardin was put in the black cell and remained until he sent for father and promised obedience to all rules.

He was first in the wheelwright shop and later Father transferred him to the shoe shop, where he finished his term.

When his term had expired Hardin came to us, thanked us for all we did, asked forgiveness for all past faults and told Father this:

"Capt. McCulloch, you will never hear of me being in the 'pen' again. I will try not to kill another man."

Many thought Hardin was with the Sutton crowd that shot up Cuero, Texas, in '71—but he came a little too late. Our house was used as a barricade by the two crowds.

I was then a babe one year old. My mother and one three-year-old child and I were ordered out of range.

I could often find bullet holes years after in all portions of our house.

Hardin is gone and can't defend himself, but bad as he was he never took a "shot-in-the-back" advantage of anyone. Always he sent a warning, but—watch out where he did.

MRS. A. M. HICKS,
San Antonio, Tex.

Kids Know Better

To the Editor of Collier's:

Not so many years ago a kid on our street appeared with a soap box, a thin board and an old roller skate so rigged up that he covered ground on the thing at no mean rate of speed. Now all the kids on the street have metal contraptions with rubber tires operating on the same principle and costing five to ten dollars per.

The kids now have a new modified baseball game for use where there are windows that might be broken. A sawed-off broomstick and a soft rubber ball are the paraphernalia required. Probably the stores will be selling an improved broomstick at a dollar before long.

But the kids will have a new idea by then. They seem to know by instinct that half of the fun is in making their own implements and contraptions. They're a lot wiser than some of their older brothers in that.

F. M. B., Bronx, N. Y.

Health via Radio

The following letter tells an interesting story of the response made by Collier's readers to the opportunity to aid a disabled young veteran. Incidentally it also shows how useful a radio set may become in the recovery of an invalid.

To the Editor of Collier's:

On account of the bad weather and *deep mud* I did not get out to see Mr. Hillhouse until yesterday. He came here from Tennessee eighteen months ago and has steadily grown worse. In my opinion he brooded over his condition simply because he has had absolutely nothing else to take up his attention. And now he has a radio and my prediction is that he will get well. And Collier's can take the applause very properly.

I found Hillhouse living in a very neat little cottage 'way on the outskirts of Aurora. The house is dreadfully bare and unfurnished but clean.

Hillhouse is a bright-looking chap, rather above the average in education and appearance. He wrote you for help in getting a radio set rather in desperation and unknown to his wife. When the little paragraph was printed he brightened up quicker and better than he had for many months, if not years.

Then he got a letter from some stenographer in Texas, who sent him a crystal set. That was just like a grab at a new life. The set came and some chap in Denver sent him a new set of phones. Some kind kid in the neighborhood put up a little aërial and then things began to happen. Business and health got better and the chap now wants to live.

Yesterday came a letter from Russell Hinton, 1253 Bush Street, San Francisco, who said he was shipping a three-tube portable set complete and ready to run. Mrs. Hillhouse, with tears streaming down her face, told me what a wonderful shock it gave her husband.

Really, I believe radio is going to make that fellow well and in a very short time. He is simply so busy listening to the programs coming in that he hasn't time to bother with himself or with such a pest as sickness. He has not been able to sleep much for many months; now he lies in bed at night and listens and the next thing he knows it is daylight and he has fallen to sleep and slept several hours without realizing it.

I will do my best to keep track of this case and see that he is properly hooked up and running when the California set gets here. And in the meantime I hope you will realize that entirely through your kindness this fellow has a chance to get well and live and take care of his wife and baby.

H. H. BUCKWALTER, Denver, Col.

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The Dirt Farmer From Colorado

To the Editor of Collier's:

Your friend Uncle Henry unearths some real humor at times, but when he roasts the Coolidge Cabinet, well—

If a course in the United States Naval Academy will not fit a man to be Secretary of the Navy, what would Uncle Henry suggest? Sailing a motor boat on the Hudson River and being a good regular Democrat perhaps. And his reference to Dr. Work as spending his life trotting around Washington with a little black bag and never familiarizing himself with affairs and conditions in the West is even worse. Doesn't Uncle Henry know that for some twenty years Dr. Work was breeding cattle on his Colorado ranch? Or did he just think that his readers would not know it? And does Uncle Henry think that the present Secretary of War never saw a soldier? Or the Assistant Secretary, who is a Past National Commander of the American Legion?

WILLIAM A. PRESCOTT,
Pulaski, N. Y.

This "Hoosier" Question

To the Editor of Collier's:

The word "Hoosier" originated in pioneer days in the Middle West, in the early '40's. When coming up to a cabin the party would call out "Hello!" and someone inside would ask "Who's here?" Thus from the custom of responding to the stranger's "Hello" originated the word "Hoosier."

"TOMMY" THOMAS, Columbus, O.

The Booster Horns In

To the Editor of Collier's:

Bill, I'm surprised at you; Hoosier is not a word; a Hoosier is a national asset, a person of unique qualities, a character in himself, whether he be a resident of Meridian Street or a hard-fisted dirt farmer down in Posey County. In the words of our own Kin Hubbard, "A Hoosier is an institution, prolific of Indiana." CHARLES D. CAMPBELL,
Jeffersonville, Ind.

Tracing It Back Five Centuries

To the Editor of Collier's:

In A. D. 1455, Matthias Corvinus, Hungarian ruler, raised a body of cavalry to fight the Turks by selecting one of every twenty of the inhabitants. They were called "Huszárs," which in Hungarian is "one in twenty."

In the early settlement of the Wabash the men went down into the heavy timbered bottoms along the Ohio River to cut timber and cord wood. The Kentuckians disputed the trade with them, and usually whipped them out. A Hungarian "huszár" had come into the settlement and told wonderful stories of the fighting "huszárs" who couldn't be whipped. So upon a time he and his Wabasher partner were at work the Kentuckians came to run them off. They whipped the Kentuckians and ran them off. The Wabasher jumped on a log, yelling "I'm a hooshar—I'm a hooshar," readily transposed into "Hoosier."

J. E. BRYAN, Chanute, Kan.

Tongue, be happy!

I'VE kept you traveling a weary, hot-smoke trail, until you felt like a sunburned shoulder. I've peppered you for years—but that's all over. I didn't know I was mistreating you. Forget it, Tongue. Be happy. I've discovered Prince Albert.

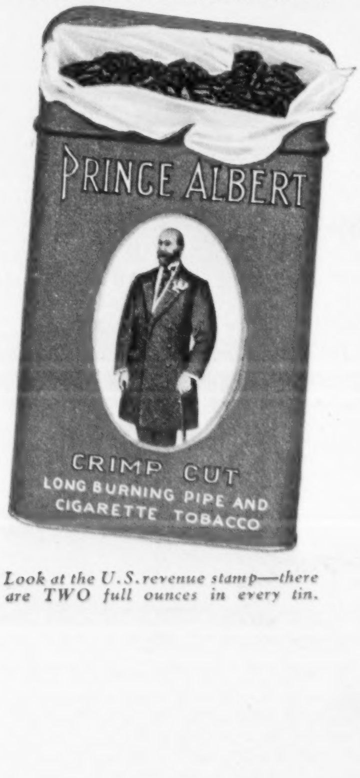
Briar or corncob, your future is just crammed with comfort. From now on, hot soup is your only enemy. For P. A. is cooler than the old swimmin' hole.

And me—I've sung the last verse of those Hot Pipe Blues. No more wasps in my smoke-life. I load up with Prince Albert and light up with happiness. I lean back in the old armchair and blow blue rings of bliss clear into the horizon of hope.

I'm set to slap down trouble, because I've found the one tobacco that makes my jimmy-pipe a pal for life—and nobody can tell me different. We're happy, I and my tongue and me.

As for you . . . be wise, Brother, be wise. Streak into the nearest smoke-shop. Get you your own tidy red tin of Prince Albert. Smoke up . . . and let the first fragrant pipeful break the glad news that your tobacco troubles are over.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



Look at the U. S. revenue stamp—there are TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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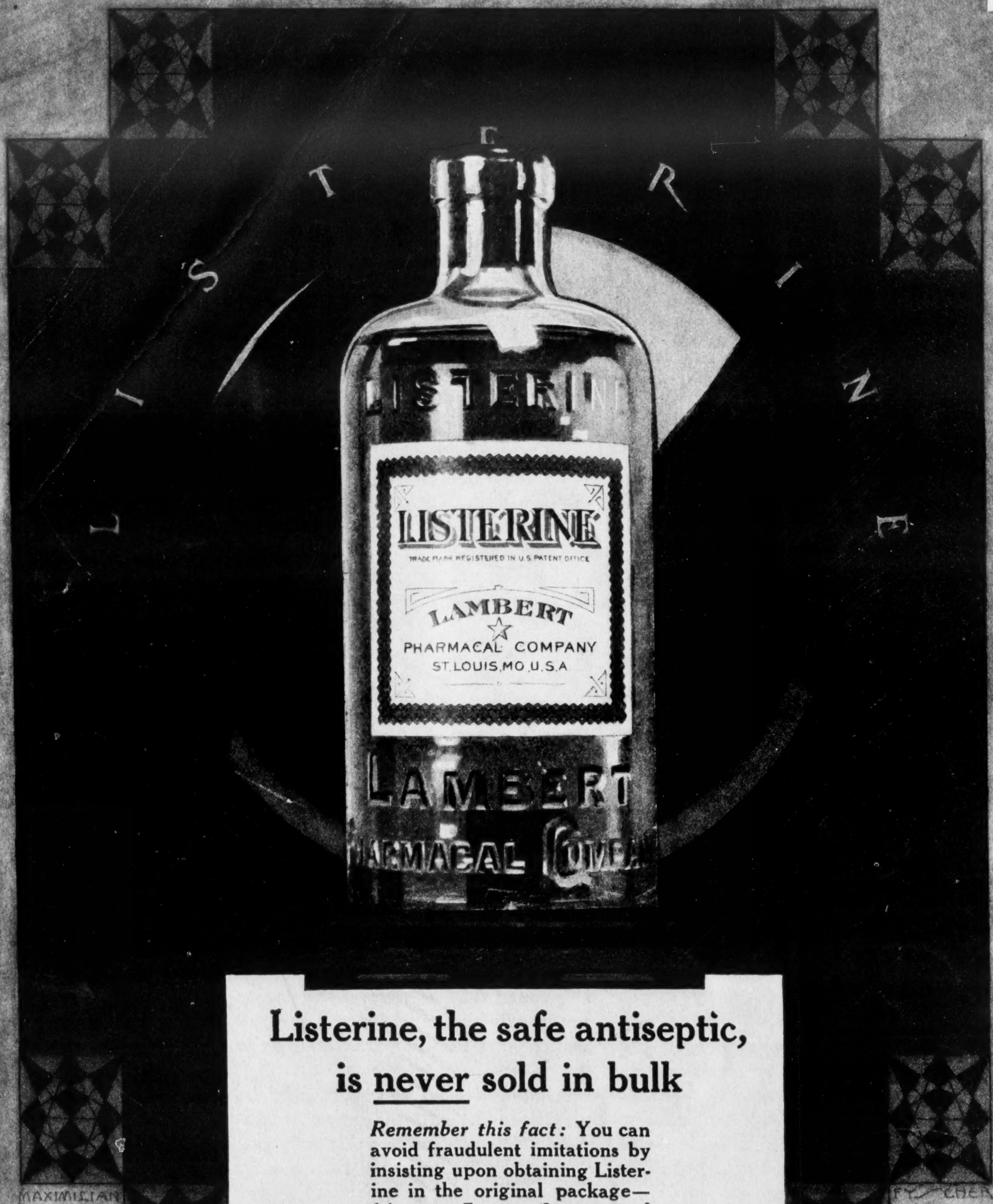
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MAXIMILIAN FISCHER

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, is never sold in bulk

Remember this fact: **You can avoid fraudulent imitations by insisting upon obtaining Listerine in the original package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce.**

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.
TORONTO LONDON MELBOURNE PARIS MADRID MEXICO CITY